WEEK
ENDING
NOV. 21, 1931

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

LARGEST SINGLE COPY SALE OF ANY MAGAZINE

Leslie Thrasher
MARIBE
THEA
COSMOPOLITAN CAPERS
150 BEAUTIFUL GIRLS

Beginning a series of new revelations – **EDUCATION IN EXILE**

by **MARIE, GRAND DUCHESS OF RUSSIA**

Here's flexibility

THE great heron is almost as quick as the fastest snake in striking at his prey. The power in his long, serpentine neck is perfectly controlled. To control the power in gasoline, oil refiners add Ethyl fluid. This prevents the stumbling explosions that cause power-waste, harmful knock and overheating. It *controls combustion*, delivering power with a smoothly increasing pressure that brings out the best performance of your car, and gives real economy in the long run. Try it! Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.

BEST FOR WINTER, TOO—Ethyl Gasoline sold during winter is good, quick-starting gasoline *plus* the greater power Ethyl fluid adds for driving in snow and slush. Like yourself, Ethyl changes coats to suit the season, bringing out your car's best performance every day of the year.

GOOD GASOLINE + ETHYL FLUID = ETHYL GASOLINE

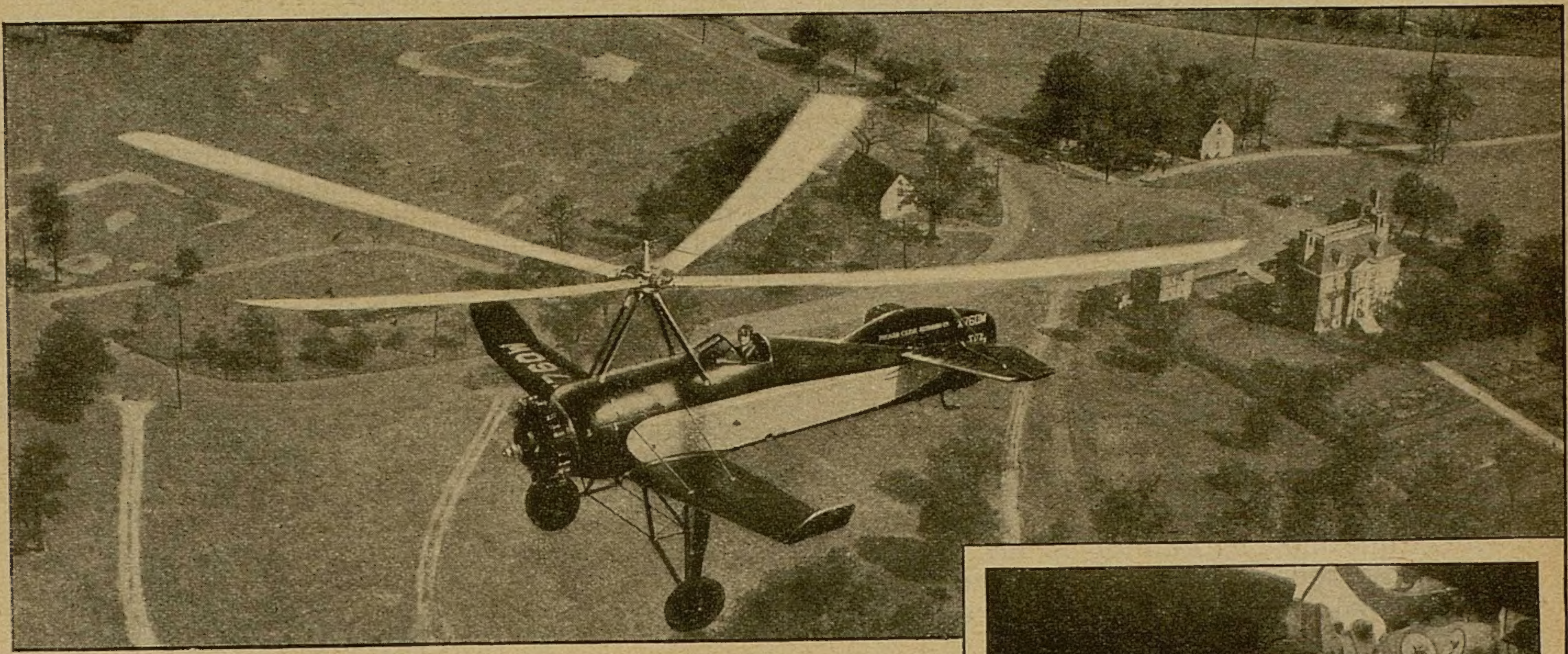
WITH ETHYL TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PATENT OFF. BRAND OF ANTI-KNOCK COMPOUND ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION NEW YORK, U.S.A. Controls Combustion

The active ingredient used in Ethyl fluid is lead.

© E. G. C. 1931

ETHYL GASOLINE

POCKET BEN WHIRLS DIZZILY ON AUTOGIRO'S SPINNING BLADE



AND STILL KEEPS ACCURATE TIME!

PHILADELPHIA, PA. (*Special*)--Whirled around on the rotor blades of a Pitcairn Autogiro, Pocket Ben has pulled still another trick out of his bag of thrills!

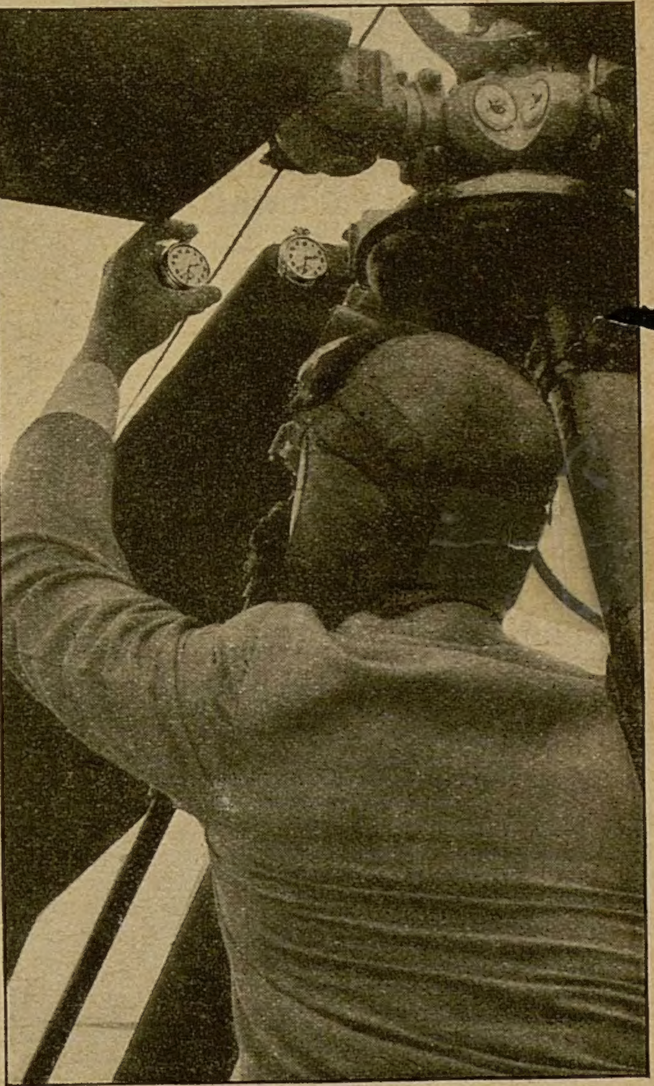
C. J. Faulkner, chief test pilot for Pitcairn Aircraft, Inc., took Pocket Ben for this "stunt-ride". His hands pointing to 2:08 p.m., the "shock proof watch" was clamped to one of the rotor blades—ready to go.

With its great rotor cutting a wide horizontal swath, the 300 H.P. autogiro rose into the air. UP . . . UP . . . UP—the rotor turning steadily—the plane climbing almost vertically far above the clouds.

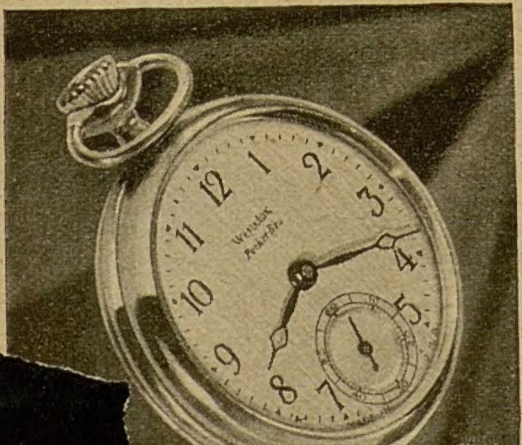
Could even Pocket Ben--whirling around at a speed that threatened to fling him loose into space—still keep accurate time?

Now Pilot Faulkner leveled his ship, cut down his motor, and—his spinning rotor serving him like a parachute—dropped in almost a straight line to a gentle landing in front of the hangar. Spectators, photographers, pilots, mechanics—all rushed to the "giro"—to find Pocket Ben still ticking away *on time to the dot*—2:32 p.m.

That's Pocket Ben—the "shock-proof" watch, that faithful fellow who's always on the job and on the dot, whether he's out doing stunts or just telling time for his millions of friends.



On Time to the dot—after a dizzy "merry-go-round" ride above the clouds on one of the rotor blades of a Pitcairn Autogiro.



$1.50 Thinner, smaller, and as faithful and dependable as the day is long. Pocket Ben comes in lustrous nickel, with silvered metal dial, and attractive pierced hands. Convenient pull-out set. He's fully guaranteed and a member of the famous Westclox family of La Salle, Illinois.

Have you seen and heard the "first polite alarm clock in history"—the new Big Ben 2-Voice Chime Alarm?

POCKET BEN

Made by the makers of Big Ben

Westclox . . . POCKET WAT [illegible] . A [illegible]

Nov. 21, 1931
Liberty
Vol. 8 No. 47
A Weekly for Everybody

Editorial and Executive Offices:
Macfadden Building, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.
Advertising Office: Graybar Building, New York, N. Y.
Branch Offices—Chicago: 333 North Michigan Avenue.
Boston: Little Building. Detroit: Fisher Building.

Published weekly by Liberty Publishing Corporation, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.; Lee Ellmaker, Publisher; Orr J. Elder, President; Harold A. Wise and Carroll Rheinstrom, Vice Presidents; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Wm. Maurice Flynn, Executive Editor. Entered as second class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1931, by Liberty Publishing Corporation in the United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved.

Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions; otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by postage); but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

Five cents a copy. By mail, $2.50 a year for the United States and possessions, also Cuba, Mexico, and Panama. All other countries, including Canada, $5.00 per year. No subscriptions less than one year. Allow four weeks for change of address.

☞**Address all communications to Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.**

> *"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."* —*Abraham Lincoln.*

MORE TAXES? YES

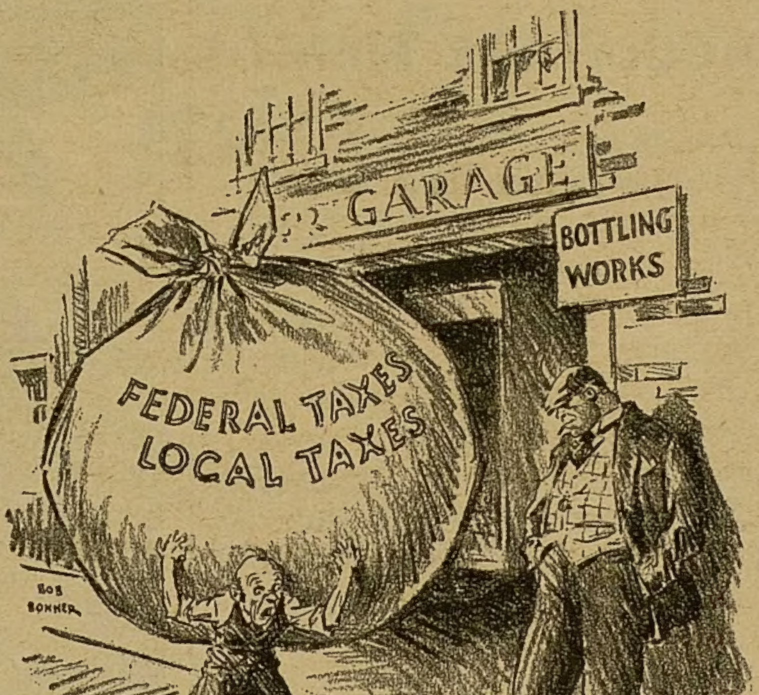
Government officials tell us that the deficit for 1930 was one billion dollars, and that the deficit for 1931 will be one and a half billion dollars.

There is no doubt about it, we will have more taxes—many more, and still more. By the time we pay the debts that the European nations are not able to pay—the money we loaned them during and following the war—we will be inclined to use the language of longshoremen. They are said to be experts in profanity.

Naturally the problem of our legislators is: Who is to bear the burden? If the income tax is increased it is hindering business. It is the profits of large incomes that extend business.

But we do not hear a word from our government officials about a liquor tax.

Bootleggers have been rolling in wealth about long enough. It is absolutely idiotic to think we can stop the drinking habit by law. Every intelligent observer of conditions as they are today will admit that there can be no controversy about that conclusion.



"Only Saps Work."

People will drink. You cannot stop them. And there is an opportunity of insuring a good quality of liquor and at the same time collecting a huge tax.

The entire deficit could be wiped out with the liquor tax, and the people who insist upon drinking would actually be benefited by the procedure. They would be able to get reasonably good liquor—although our prohibitionist friends will probably say that all liquor is bad.

But with business organizations everywhere cutting down expenses and lowering overhead by every possible means, we find that the federal government has increased expenses within the last year more than two hundred million dollars.

The average citizen is inclined to ask: What is the matter with using a little business sense at Washington The spirit of economy should be especially in evidence there at this time. There seems to be no check to the constantly mounting expenses—apparently no one is interested in lowering them. They just go on increasing automatically, and the problem of meeting these expenses through taxes is the only one that is considered.

The most important problem at this time ought to be the selection of some superexecutive who can delve into the activities of the government and get rid of the monumental waste which is now costing our country hundreds of millions every year.

Governmental business should be guided by the same foresight that directs some of our great business organizations. The average business man will tell you that if his enterprise were conducted in the same manner that government officials handle their affairs, it would be bankrupt before it started.

High-class business efficiency with the appropriate attention to economical management should guide our governmental activities. The present administration has been afraid to raise taxes because of the effect upon the voters, but they are not entirely blind. With the enormous deficit of one billion dollars in 1930 there should have been some effort to balance the budget.

Increased taxes are certainly necessary under these circumstances. The government cannot continue to borrow money to pay the running expenses. In fact, there should be something left over every year to lessen our national debt, which is a huge sum at this time.

But more taxes we will have to pay. In fact, if all taxes were doubled at the present time, it would still take us many years to pay off the huge national debt with which we are now burdened.

The expense of running our federal government during 1931 and 1932 is almost seven times the expense required during 1916. Why this enormous increase? The war debt accounts for a large part of it, but not for all of it by any means. The expenses are increasing in every department.

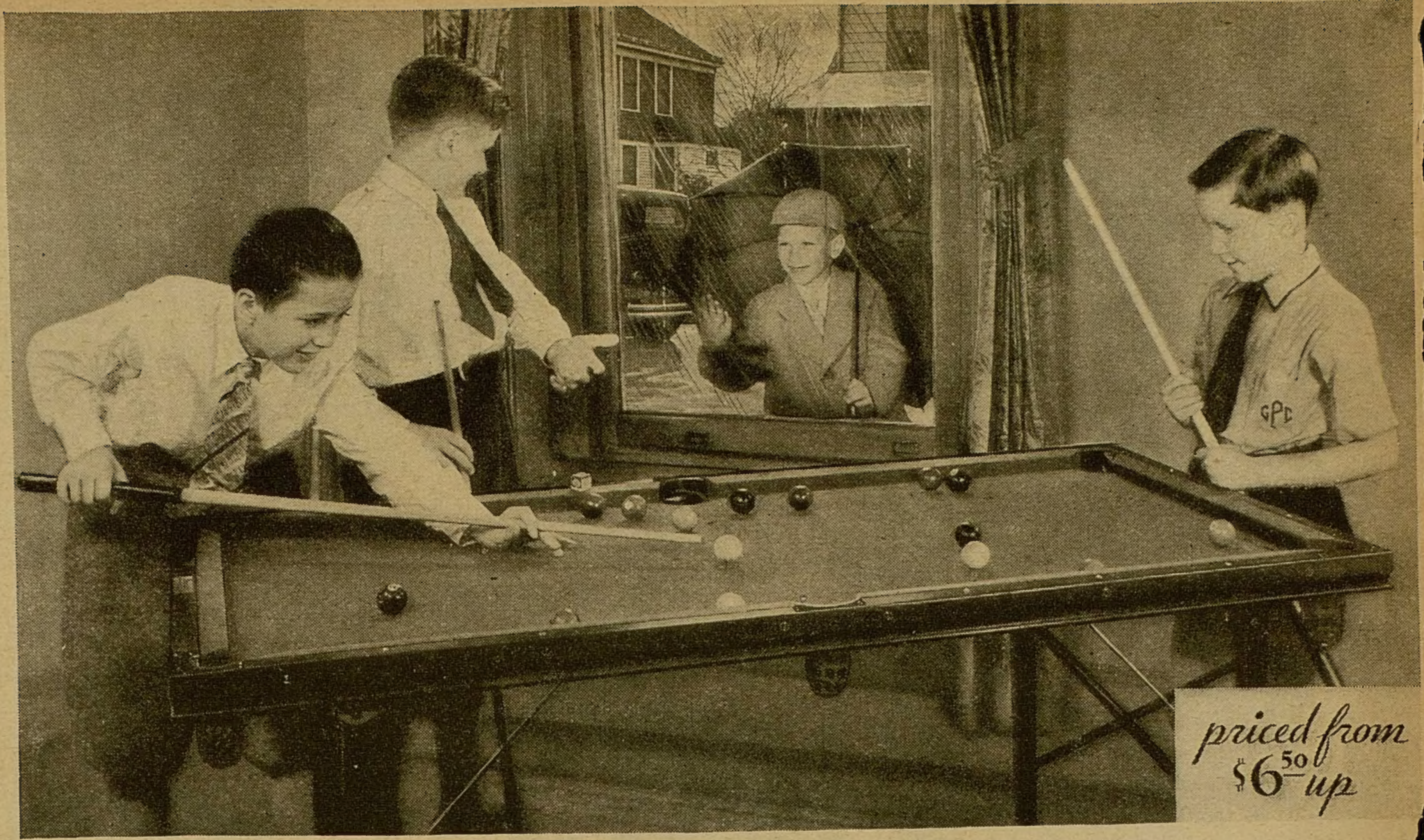
A business man compares his expenses in each department year by year, and any increase is carefully checked.

Why cannot the same policy be adopted at Washington?

Why cannot the various departments be conducted on an expense budget at the present time similar to that which was necessary in 1916?

Naturally there would have to be some increase, but it would not be doubled, trebled, and even quadrupled as it apparently has been in some stances.

Let us hope some of our Washington legi will get up on their " hind legs " and make a row about this serious situation.



BILLIARDS *is* BEST *when the* WEATHER *is* WORST

WHEN it seems it will never stop raining, or it looks as though it would snow and storm for days on end, or when it is too damp, too cold for your young ones to play outdoors, the mother of average, healthy children, certainly has her hands full. The boy or girl during inclement weather, which averages about three and one-half months to the year, must have indoor amusement and entertainment.

It is then that Billiards in the home presents its greatest attraction. For youngsters love the game. They don't require coaxing to play it. Indeed, you can't keep them away from the Table. They take to Billiards naturally and never tire of solving, in their own way, the ever-changing interesting situations it presents.

Billiards is not only a *good game* for both boys and girls, but it is a *good influence.* It doesn't merely engross them, but it cultivates traits you are glad to have them possess—*unselfishness, sportsmanship, fairness, mental* and *physical alertness.*

And you'll find, before you know it, that you also will be playing Billiards with the children, and that's good, too, for both of you.

Billiards fascinates adults—just as it does youngsters—whether it is played in the home, at the club or in one of the modern recreation centers. It is the most interesting and healthful of indoor games and provides enough but not too much exercise for those of us who lead, by inclination or necessity, somewhat inactive lives physically.

Brunswick has developed a number of models of Billiard Tables, specially designed for juvenile purposes—strong, sturdy, lasting Tables, built to the same rigid specifications as the regular Brunswick Home and Championship Tables. Each item of playing equipment is built with the utmost care and with the same regard for quality as the Table itself. Not toys, but real Billiard Tables, reduced in size, they are almost essential to any home where there is one child or more.

Brunswick Junior Playmate Bi liard Tables are available in sizes at $6.50, $12.50, $17.50, $25. $60.00 and $100.00.

Leading department, hardware furniture and sporting goods stor sell them. Look for the gold a black Brunswick trademark on th rail (shown below). It's your gua antee that your money is buyin not a cheap imitation, but the gen uine Brunswick JUNIOR PLAYMATE Billiard Table, built and backed by Brunswick, the world's oldest an largest manufacturers of Billiar Tables for children and adults.

Mail the coupon for "The Ho Magnet," a book with complet formation, sizes, prices and illus trations of Brunswick Tables. *Als the name and address of the neare authorized Brunswick dealer.*

Brunswick
JUNIOR PLAYMATE
MF'D BY
THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.
623-633 So. Wabash Ave., Dept.5-D, Chicago, Ill

Gentlemen: Without obligating me, please sen your "Home Magnet," a booklet giving descri tions, sizes, prices and your easy-payment pl on Brunswick Home Billiard Tables.

Name ....

Address ....

City .... State ....

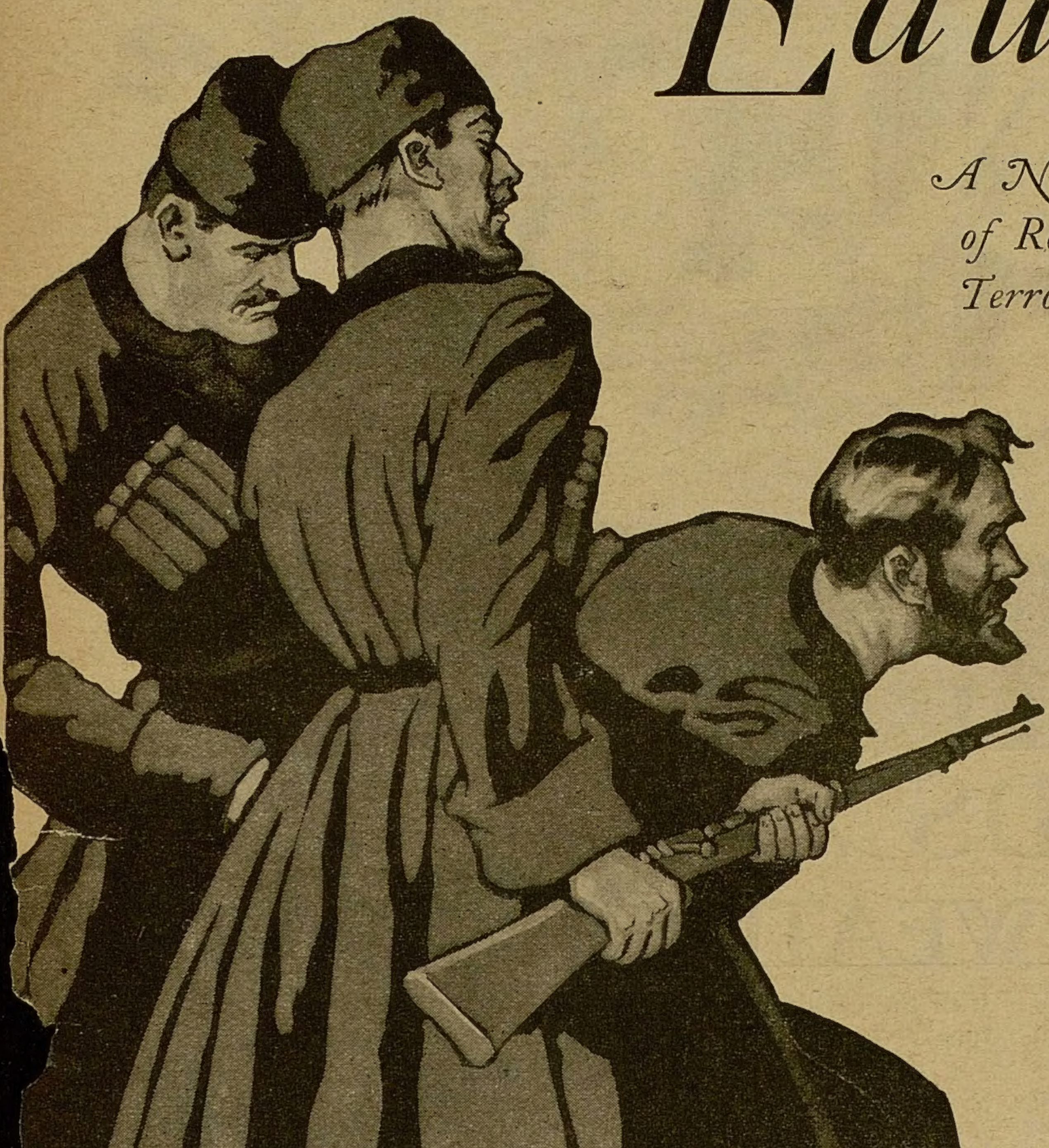
THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., 623-633 So. Wabash Ave., CHICAGO, IL

Beginning— Educatio

A New Revelation of Experienc of Royalty Escaped from the Re Terror and an Intensely Huma Story of the Downfall and Humiliation of the Romanoffs

By

MARIE
Grand Duches of Russia



Gradually dissolution set in, followed by mutiny and the torturing and murdering of the commanding officers.

The author, Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia, first cousin of the last Czar.

(Reading time: 28 minutes 35 seconds.)

ITOR'S NOTE: Although she is but slightly older than his hters would be, were they alive, the Grand Duchess ie is a first cousin of Russia's last Czar, whose father predecessor was the eldest brother of her father, the d Duke Paul. She was born in 1890, and when a year a half old was bereft of her mother, who died in giving th to a son, the Grand Duke Dmitri. This brother of rie was destined to distinguish himself in the World War d to be one of the plotters of Rasputin's assassination. He ow a refugee in France, as his sister is in this country.

The half-orphaned Marie and Dmitri had an especially sequestered and " unreal " childhood, since they were brought up mainly under the supervision of an especially reactionary uncle and strait-laced aunt: the Grand Duke Serge, governor general of Moscow, and his wife the Grand Duchess Elizabeth, a sister of the Czarina. The children adored their father and he returned their feeling—but, after 1901, from afar; in that year he made a morganatic second marriage, whereupon the Czar banished him.

When Marie was sixteen, her aunt brought about her betrothal to Prince William of Sweden. She was marri

n EXILE

Drawings by
B. Latham Kidder

eighteen, bore the Prince a son, mildly scandalized Swedish court circles as a madcap; then, at twenty-four, after a period of indecision and illness, she succeeded in getting her loveless marriage annulled by the Czar. Her father having been recalled to Russia, she too returned. At the outbreak of the World War she went to the East Prussian front as a Red Cross nurse, and later she took charge of the military hospital at Pskov, where she labored devotedly until the March revolution of 1917 and the Czar's abdication.

These experiences had been gradually setting free the young Grand Duchess from the traditions and taboos that, under the old régime, incased women of royal blood, and had been making her ready to cope with the grisly realities now forced upon her. The story of her final year in Russia is the story of the downfall of the Romanoffs and their persecution by the Reds. During a brief lull she fell in love and, with her father's approval, was married to Prince Sergei Putiatin. But with the November revolution came dread and privation; the Grand Duke Paul was imprisoned for a time, and a nightmare-like winter in Petrograd followed. Early in the following summer a son was born to Marie and her husband. A month later, just as wholesale massacres were beginning, they managed to escape by rail to the Ukraine, which the Germans then occupied.

The foregoing is the gist of what the Grand Duchess has told of her life story in The Education of a Princess. If you have not yet read that sensationally successful book, which appeared last January, this outline may enhance your enjoyment of its equally absorbing continuation, Education in Exile.

Part One—We Find Refuge in Roumania

After escaping from Petrograd at the end of July, 1918, my husband and I found our way to Odessa, on the northwestern coast of the Black Sea, where we hoped to remain. This, however, was not to be. At the beginning of November of the same year circumstances forced us to leave our country altogether.

One cold and dreary autumn night we crossed the Russion frontier for the last time. A particularly virulent epidemic of the "Spanish flu" was raging at Odessa during the last weeks that I was there. People died by the thousand. On the eve of our departure from Odessa I contracted it myself, but the journey could not be postponed. Of all the lurking and direct dangers which had been already faced, this one was the most unexpected and was to be the hardest to overcome.

Although this second escape was not attended by the same risks as our flight from Petrograd, it was far more moving because I felt it might be final. On this my last journey through Russia I was accompanied by a chance escort of unknown volunteer officers, and when at the Bessarabian frontier they left me to return to what was then considered their duty, I felt somewhat of a shirker. Parting from them was taking leave of Russia.

The Roumanian train for which we had exchanged the Russian one rattled over the Dniester estuary bridge. Our future was as dark and mysterious as the November night. Several chapters had already gone to make up my comparatively short life; now I was to begin a new lume. What would it contain? Would I be able to e lessons of the past?

going to map out unknown courses and new ur destinies. The old molds were broken; fresh d be cast; we would suffer; it was going to e aspects of the new life woul n to lack ideals, to encourage or at least to excuse a selfish attitude; some, on the other hand, would contain unlimited possibilities for free development, for moral growth. We were going to be tested according to merit instead of birth; individual goals would be set for us, but fate's rare rewards would be worth the struggle, and to triumph in a test or reach a goal would be a novel and marvelous experience, a satisfaction which nothing that had been before could equal.

The rest of the journey from the frontier to Kishine Bessarabia's capital and the residence of the Roumania military governor, I can hardly remember. My last vita resources had been exhausted in saying good-by to our Russian escort. We arrived very late at Kishinev and were taken from the station to the governor's residence. It was, I believe, understood that on the following day

EDUCATION IN EXILE
Continued from page seven

we were to proceed farther on to Yassy, a little town in the province of Moldavia where the King and Queen of Roumania had spent many dreary months since the occupation of Bucharest by the Germans.

The house occupied by the governor, as I vaguely recollect, stood by itself on a little hill. It belonged to one of the wealthy local merchants and was a somewhat pretentious building. A supper was all ready for us. Since the hosts, General Voytaiano and his wife, were away, one of their daughters, with the help of the governor's staff, was doing the honors. But I was too ill to think of food and asked to be shown to my room. My teeth were chattering; I felt frozen to the marrow and every bone in my body ached with a separate pain. I undressed with the help of the old Russian maid I had brought with me from Odessa, and after taking a cup of hot soup, which somebody handed us through the door, I went to bed. My last recollection was the icy touch of the stiff linen sheets: it was like lying down between two slabs of marble.

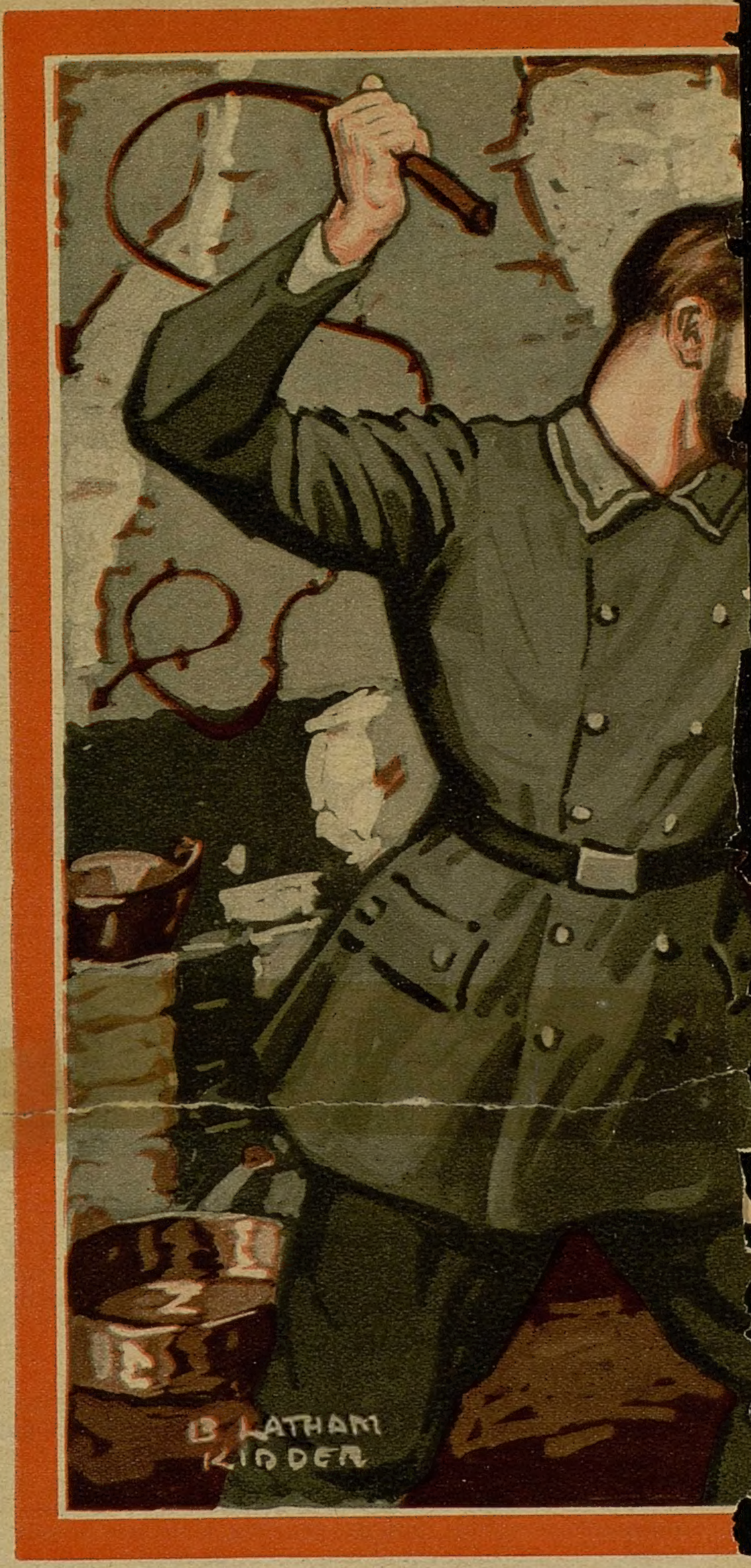
When I came to, several days later, I found myself in another room, where I was isolated from the rest of the household. My husband and a small bearded gentleman in uniform were conversing in low voices in a corner. The top of my body was swathed in a huge compress and I had a very strong and extremely disagreeable metallic taste in my mouth which until the end of my illness nothing would remove. I called to my husband, and both he and the bearded gentleman, who turned out to be the doctor, came up to my bed.

This was followed by a sequence of long and wearisome days. The little Roumanian doctor insisted that my room should be kept at the temperature of about ninety-five degrees and that I should be covered with several thick blankets. The world had ceased to exist for me. I had splitting headaches; my chest seemed to be crushed by a weight; all my body ached, and I tossed on my bed, finding no rest. I dreamed nightmares of horror. Otherwise I was solely preoccupied by the heat, by a devouring thirst, and by the real difficulty I experienced in breathing. Although apparently I was fighting for life, I did not realize it and no thought of my danger crossed my mind.

THE crisis once over, recovery was swift. I had had a narrow escape, as I was told. With lucidity returned the cares and worries of the days preceding my illness. The situation was indeed a serious one. My father had been arrested again by the Bolsheviks and since the beginning of August had been in prison, and this was November. My husband's parents, to whom we had been obliged to intrust our little son, as he was far too young to be subjected to the risks of our escape, had managed two months later to cross the Bolshevik-German lines at the small town of Orsha, the same spot as we had. We then were still in Odessa. My calculations proved themselves correct. As they were protected by the right kind of documents, their journey had been less perilous than ours; being older people they did not attract much attention and could proceed by slower stages, which was better for the baby.

They had safely reached Kiev, where it was decided they would remain until we had found at Odessa for the autumn a dwelling sufficient to house us all; but this plan had soon to be abandoned. We did not have the money to establish a household of our own, and it also became evident that Odessa could not be counted upon as a permanent residence, the political situation being too uncertain. There was no possible chance of finding occupations for the men and therefore there could be no question of settling down.

The final debacle came upon us quicker than we had xpected. At the moment we found ourselves once more eparated from the rest of the family and scattered. My parents-in-law, with the little boy, were cut off from Odessa by bands of Ukrainian adventurers who were operating on the line between Odessa and Kiev. My brother-in-law Aleck, who had been with us during our escape from Petrograd, preceded us into Roumania and [illegible] act whe[illegible]ts.

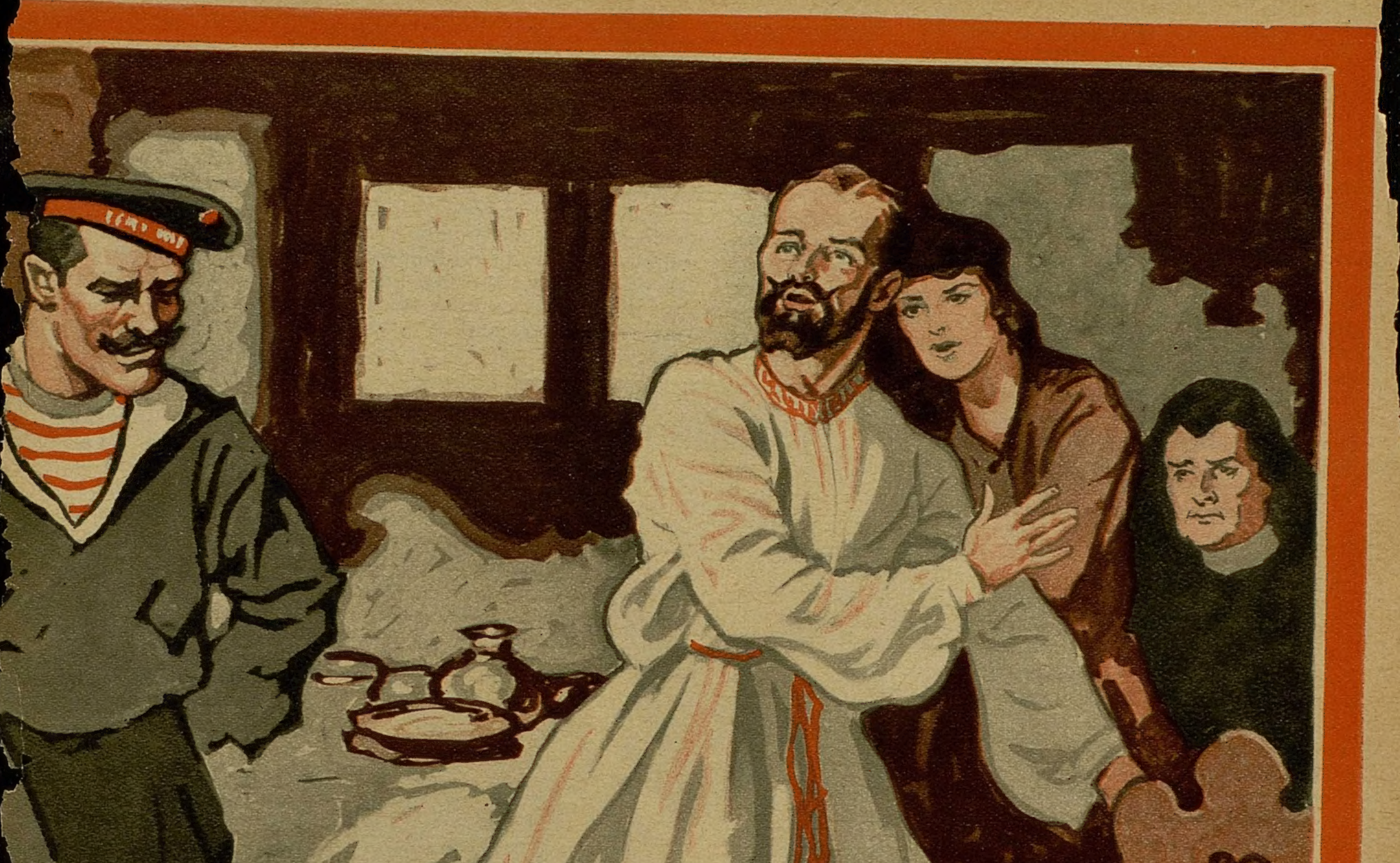


The jailers' leader played a difficult gam

The first impression which reached me from the outside world after my illness was the report of the Armistice. The news was momentous for many more reasons than one. For us personally, the end of the war could be of tremendous importance. What was going on in Russia was bound to call forth some reaction on the part of the civilized nations: it was too dangerous a situation to be disregarded. On the other hand, a general readjustment would now begin to take place, the world would be returning to conditions of peace. But in what manner would this readjustment affect us, our personal lives?

Little did we realize then that peace would mean hardly anything to us and that our struggles for existence we[illegible] only just beginning.

Now was the time to call the attention of [illegible] the suffering of those in Russia who had re[illegible] to them. My first thought was always about [illegible] over whom I never for a moment ceased worr[illegible]



pt the confidence of his men by treating the prisoners as harshly as was humanly possible.

the bottom of my heart I knew that once he was in a Bolshevik prison there was little chance for him to get out of it, but still I hoped. I was sure, moreover, that the Allies, when they heard my story, could not refuse their assistance. I knew, of course, that the Kerensky government, the last recognized by the Allies, did its utmost to discredit my family. And yet I hoped; but it was a miracle I was hoping for.

WHILE I was convalescing from my flu and still keeping to my bedroom, the military governor and his wife returned to Kishinev. They at once came down to pay me a visit. General Voytaiano had been to Yassy and brought back messages from the king and queen. As soon as the Germans evacuated Bucharest they had the intention of returning to the capital, and invited us to be their guests there, first at the hotel, and then, given the time for them to find themselves, at their own palace. The general had also been charged to offer us money. We were then in the position to refuse it, having borrowed a small sum from a friend before leaving Odessa. Apart from the fact that it was solely thanks to them that we had got out of Russia, the Roumanian sovereigns' invitation and offer were only the beginning of a series of kindnesses. Of all the royal families still in possession of their thrones and all more or less related to us, it was only from them that we met with real sympathy and understanding.

As soon as I had sufficiently recovered we were sent to Bucharest; but when this happened I could still hardly stand on my feet, from weakness. The distance we had to cover was not a long one, but to me the journey seemed endless. The territory we went over had only just been evacuated by the Germans, transport was disorganized, the railway carriages were unheated and had no light.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

EDUCATION IN EXILE
Continued from page nine

The only warmth came from a little iron stove placed at one end of the carriage, around which we all collected, irrespective of rank: brakemen, the governor's aid-de-camp who was accompanying us, conductors, stray peasants in sheepskin coats, and we ourselves.

At Bucharest we went to the hotel, and it was the first one of its kind I had seen for years. The tall mirrors on the landings, flanked by pots containing fatigued palms, the red carpets, the food, the restaurant with its band and crowd of uniformed officers and women in evening dress, all seemed to me incredible luxuries—something coming from an extinct world. It was strange also to see Russian officers walking the streets unmolested in their uniforms with their shoulder straps and arms, when at home it had become a mortal danger to have anything pertaining to the military attire even hidden away in a closet.

How queer it felt to be able to go about freely! In Russia, every step one took outside the house was like an expedition in an enemy's territory. There was hardly any traffic in the streets, which were never cleaned, and there was nobody to look after order. In Bucharest, everything seemed to us to be sparkling with neatness. The shop windows were full of merchandise, the streets of bustling, jolly crowds, automobiles, and horse carriages. At every corner stood a polite and reassuring-looking policeman.

Animation and care-free gayety were already reigning. The war was ended, though peace had not yet begun. In spite of its remoteness, one felt in Bucharest the connection with Europe which we had somewhat lost in Russia at the beginning of the war and which was altogether cut off from us during the last years of the revolution.

Underwood & Underwood photo

Ferdinand and Marie, King and Queen of Roumania; and at left, the Grand Duke Paul of Russia, father of the Grand Duchess Marie.

Brown Bros. photos

WE came across many acquaintances and friends whom we had not expected ever to see again. Like us, some of them had been by force of circumstances separated from their families, parents or children, and like ourselves they had left Russia, abandoning all property and belongings excepting a dress or two and a change of underwear. We were all alike and equal in the face of our common trials. But as yet our perception had not had the time to be deepened by what we had experienced. We took events as they came, without particularly reflecting over their significance.

Now at last I had the possibility of finding my brother Dmitri, learning of his whereabouts, and sending him word of myself. About him, at least, I had no direct reasons to worry, although in the past year I had heard from him but once. Early in 1917 he had been exiled by the Czar to the Persian border after his participation in the plot against Rasputin. His courage and the punishment inflicted upon him had won him the sympathy of everyone, and that at a time when the Romanoff family had lost all of its prestige. After the revolution the provisional government sent word to him that his exile was at an end and that he had permission to return.

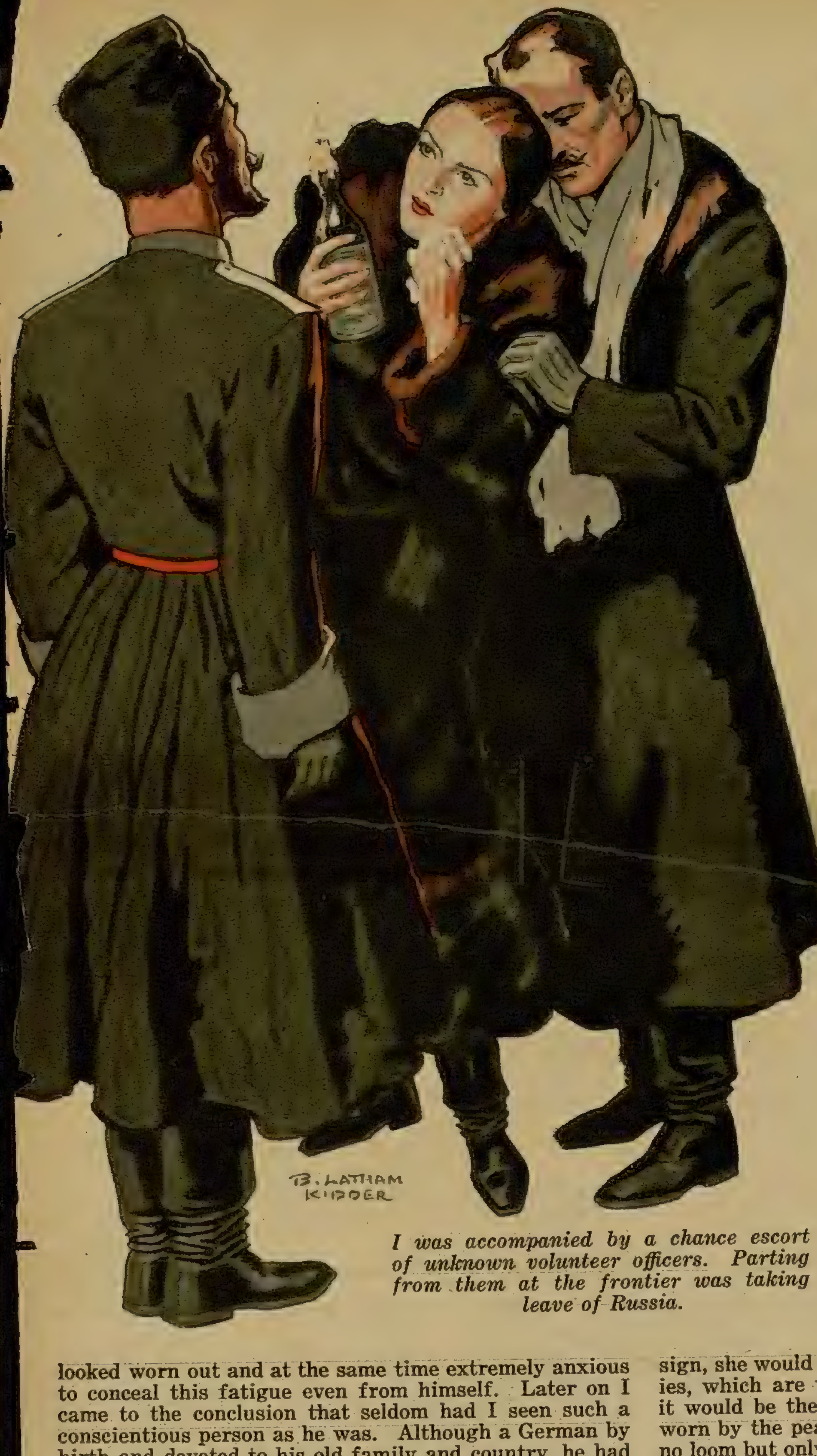
Whether the invitation was a deliberate trap set for the only popular younger member of the imperial family, or a sincere attempt at an act of justice, is difficult to tell. My brother, however, refused to come back. It was his emperor who had sent him into exile, and he would respect the command of his sovereign, even if he had fallen. His intention was to remain in the place he had been ordered to, and in the same unit, as long as the war lasted.

At first all had gone well, but gradually the Bolshevik propaganda penetrated into that remote part of the army and dissolution set in, followed as everywhere else by the fall of discipline, mutiny, and the torturing and murdering of the commanding officers. Dmitri was obliged to leave the army, and it soon became apparent that he could not even remain in Russia. He therefore crossed the border and went to Teheran, Persia's capital. This was in the spring of 1917. At Teheran he lived through a succession of very painful experiences. Some of the Russians turned their backs upon him, hoping thus to be agreeable to the new rulers. He had very little money, nowhere to go, and no friends.

IT was the British minister, Sir Charles Marling, who was the first to enter into Dmitri's situation. He and his wife invited my brother to the legation for one or two week-ends. After the second one he remained for good with the Marlings, never leaving them during the entire time he stayed in Persia, which was nearly two years. The Marlings were extraordinary people. Sir Charles, without any fear of the consequences, had extended the British legation's hospitality to a homeless grand duke at a moment when his government, wishing to be on good terms with the new Russian rulers, refused to have anything to do with our family. Lady Marling supported her husband whole-heartedly. As was to be expected, Sir Charles' generosity cost him heavily in official disfavor. It was from the British legation at Teheran that I had last heard from Dmitri. One of the first things I did upon my arrival at Bucharest was to send a telegram to the Foreign Office in London, asking them to tell me where he was.

In the meantime the King and Queen of Roumania returned to their capital, where they were received with great pomp; but upon arrival the queen was taken seriously ill with the flu. In spite of this, she asked me to come and see her, but for fear of tiring her I remained only for a few minutes. Her bedroom was particularly curious. It was of Byzantine style, with many elaborate stone carvings around the walls and windows, the stone floor covered with bearskins. The wide, low bed in which she lay stood under an equally carved stone canopy. But the room was dark and I could only dimly discern the outline of the fair head buried in a profusion of lace-covered pillows. I expressed as best I could, and as briefly, the deep gratitude I felt toward her.

The king with his two elder daughters came to se me several times at the hotel. The last time I had me him and Queen Marie was at my wedding to Prince William of Sweden in 1908, ten years before. The king ha aged and had grown somewhat heavy around the waist line. His hair, which he wore in German fashion in brush over the top of his head, was getting gray. H



I was accompanied by a chance escort of unknown volunteer officers. Parting from them at the frontier was taking leave of Russia.

looked worn out and at the same time extremely anxious to conceal this fatigue even from himself. Later on I came to the conclusion that seldom had I seen such a conscientious person as he was. Although a German by birth and devoted to his old family and country, he had resolutely turned his back on them when the time came to take sides and it became clear that Roumania's interests lay with the Allies. Because it was his duty he did it quite simply, and probably very few suspected what it cost him.

HIS appearance was of a decided disadvantage to him, and I think he realized and maybe also suffered from it. He was short, and for his height had a large body supported by legs rather too thin and short in proportion. His ears protruded in a most disconcerting fashion. He lacked eloquence and ease in speech; he had little poise, and his manner was shy and nervous.

Knowing his own deficiencies, he never attempted to step into the limelight, leaving this entirely to Queen Marie, who by her charm, beauty, and ready wit could obtain anything she desired. The king stood in the shade behind her, inspiring most of her acts. In the near future, guided by the king, she was to prove herself extremely useful to her country. In Paris, where she went during the sessions of the peace conference, she "placed Roumania on the map," as she herself would express it, by constantly reminding the Allies of the country's sufferings and sacrifices during the war, gaining for Roumania various privileges which even experienced diplomats would have had great difficulty in obtaining. But the brightness of the limelight ended by dazzling her; she was, after all, too self-centered to be farseeing and too scintillating to be satisfied with anything but a leading part. To be brilliant is not altogether an advantage for a queen in this democratic age. Having little in common otherwise, the king and she supplemented each other admirably in their services for their country.

TWO of their daughters, the Princesses Elizabeth (later married to Prince George of Greece) and Marie (who became Queen of Yugoslavia), were then very young. The elder was fair, with a small head perfect in features, but she was much too stout. She was an interesting girl, extremely gifted in all the arts. Among other talents she possessed a very fine voice and a gift for drawing and painting, in which she displayed unusual sense for color and a versatile imagination. She could have been a good illustrator. She could have done many things, but her weight made her indolent; she did not have the energy to develop her possibilities. Most of her days, as I afterward noticed, were spent in her own room, doing very little, although occasionally for a short period of time she would be taken by a craze for one particular thing. It might be embroidery; reclining on a large low divan, she would surround herself with endless little bags out of which tumbled skein after skein of delicately colored silks and metal threads; on thick hand-woven linen or fine voile, without any tracing or design, she would copy or adapt the Roumanian embroideries, which are very Oriental in feeling. Another time it would be the flat necklaces, made out of tiny beads, worn by the peasants. For making these she would use no loom but only a needle, and would compose the design and combination of colors as she proceeded, the finished results being always perfectly charming.

Then she would suddenly be seized by the desire to invent a new dish. She was a natural-born cook and the food she made was delicious. A tiny oil stove would be brought into her dressing room and placed upon the marble top of the washstand; some ingredients would be sent from the kitchen and others she would bring forth from her own cupboards. She would mix and stir, now sprinkling in this, now adding that, tasting the concoction, taking it off the stove and putting it back

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

EDUCATION IN EXILE
Continued from page eleven

again to simmer. It was a delight to watch as well as a delight to eat.

She was fond of literature, had read widely, and had, her *milieu* considered, an excellent education, which she had acquired entirely by herself. But her real passion was for clothes and perfumes. In a way she was, as her mother once remarked to me, a truly Oriental princess. Between her and her father there existed a great and tender understanding.

Princess Marie, or Mignon, as she was called in the family, had a lovely round baby face and big blue eyes. She also was rather too stout for her age but more active than her elder sister. She had no particular talents, and took herself humorously. She and her mother got on perfectly.

I saw Queen Marie again only when she had completely recovered. We had been invited to a tea party followed by music, and besides ourselves there were other guests belonging chiefly to the foreign missions. That very day the news about my brother arrived from London, and it was at this tea party that, quite accidentally, I was to hear about it.

Acme photo

A recent photograph of the Grand Duke Dmitri, younger brother of the Grand Duchess Marie, with his American-born wife, Princess Illinsky, and their infant son.

The first glimpse I caught of the queen upon my arrival was through the door of her big paneled sitting room. Dressed in a flowing orange tea gown, she was moving about the room arranging flowers, and her lovely fair hair caught the light which streamed from under the large ornamented lamp shades. Excepting the day when I had visited her during her illness, I had not seen her for ten years, and I was impressed at that first moment by her youthfulness and the vivacity of her gestures. The greeting she gave me was warm and perfectly informal and made me feel at ease with her from the very beginning. As to that, she made everybody around her feel at ease in her presence; she could not be happy without calling forth an atmosphere of sympathy and admiration about her own person, enveloping herself in it as in a rich sable mantle.

Without being in the least conscious of it, she nevertheless would take great pains to create this atmosphere of response, which was the stimulation and encouragement she most needed and without which she could not live.

THE guests and we settled down wherever we chose and tea was served. I happened to be sitting on a sofa beside General Greenly, the chief of the British military mission.

We had met before this afternoon and the general was for some reason particularly glad to see me.

"I am delighted, ma'am, at the news you got from London today; you must be awfully happy," he said as soon as he got the chance.

"What news?" I asked, my heart bouncing.

"Don't you know?" he said with astonishment. "I have probably committed an indiscretion, but as long as I started I will have to go on and tell you, if you promise not to give me away."

"Well?" I asked breathlessly.

"There is a telegram for you at the legation from the Foreign Office; your brother, the Grand Duke Dmitri, has arrived in London."

I could have thrown my arms around the worthy general's neck and kissed him; this was the only joy I had experienced for very many months, and the last one, as a matter of fact, for a long time to come.

When I returned that evening to the hotel the telegram was waiting for me accompanied by a note from the British minister. Dmitri and his hosts, the Marlings, were in London. The distance which for so long had separated us had diminished considerably and a meeting could now be planned. The king and queen suggested, upon hearing the news, that Dmitri should join me at Bucharest, and I immediately wrote to him transmitting the invitation. The answer, however, was disappointing. Upon leaving Russia in 1917 Dmitri had applied for an officer's commission in the British army, which was granted him not long before the Armistice; he had not been given an assignment and was obliged to remain in England until ordered to some post or demobilized. From that moment on I was devising means by which to join him.

NOW that the queen had taken up all her activities again, it was the moment to speak to her about my father and his three cousins, who were all in the same prison. It might be easier, as they were in Petrograd, to begin by helping them than to try to do something for those of my family who were in Siberia; and, besides, my father's fate was naturally nearest my heart. That it was too late to do anything for those in Siberia I did not know at that moment.

Queen Marie, of course, was greatly affected by their situation, realizing perfectly what might be the outcome, and she promised to do all in her power to help. But, alas, aside from her and the king, no one was interested in them. This complete indifference, this total unconcern, came to me as a shock. I understood then that we were no longer needed, that at last we had ceased to be dangerous, and that our fate was a matter which concerned us alone. The cruelty of such an attitude seemed to me monstrous and I had great difficulty in accepting it.

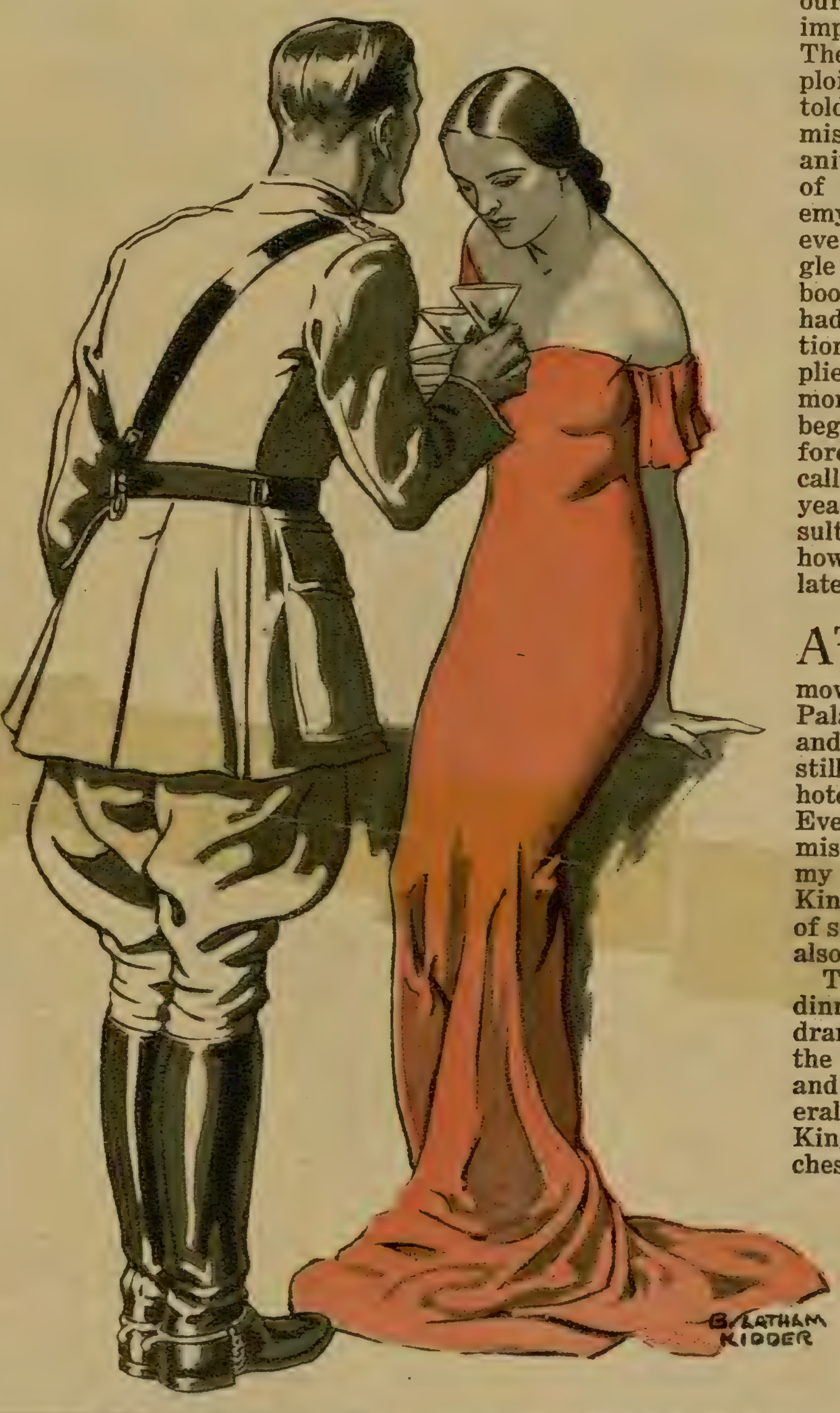
Queen Marie then did the thing which could be accomplished by her own means, devoting her interest to those of the Romanoffs who were on the shores of the Black Sea and could, therefore, be reached from the water and brought to Roumania the same way. The old Dowager Empress Marie, mother of Nicholas II, her two daughters Xenia and Olga with their families, Grand Duke Nicholas who commanded the Russian troops during the war, his brother, and their families were in the Crimea, where they were all huddled together in one house. Before the German occupation of Russia's southern provinces they had endured terrible hardships and had been spared only by a miracle.

The leader of the Bolshevik detachment of sailors who were self-appointed jailers of the family became their savior. For many months, unsuspected by anyone, he played a most intelligent and difficult double game. He kept the confidence of his men by treating the prisoners as harshly as was humanly possible, protecting them at the same time from a fate much worse. When the German troops in the early summer of 1918—after the signature of the peace treaty in Brest Litovsk—reached the Crimea, he revealed himself to the members of the family and returned, to the last object, all the jewels and valuables which he had confiscated from them.

The German authorities offered their protection and were willing to help the dowager empress to reach Denmark, her native country; but their aid was indignantly rejected, as at the time war was not yet over. Russian volunteers, all officers of the old army, gathered together of their own accord and constituted a guard which watched thereafter over the old empress and the Grand Duke Nicholas, their very much beloved military chief. The interval between the withdrawal of the German troops and the arrival of the Allies was thus safely weathered. It was during this interval that Queen Marie made arrangements to transport the members of the Romanoff family to Roumania.

To the east of the Black Sea in the Caucasus remained a few more of our relatives; they were the Grand Duchess Marie, widow of my uncle Grand Duke Vladimir, and her two sons Boris and Andrew. These also Queen Marie had the intention of bringing to Roumania after they had succeeded in getting to the coast. The first group, however, feeling comparatively safe, refused the queen's invitation, and Grand Duchess Marie's departure was indefinitely postponed because of the difficulties of traveling. Eventually they all left Russia, but were forced to do it in a much more hurried way.

We were awaiting with impatience the promised occupation by the Allied troops of the Black Sea's northern shore. My husband's parents had been obliged to remain at Kiev, and we were feeling very uneasy about them, as the Germans had long ago evacuated that territory. Communications were at the moment so difficult that we had to wait until the Allies should clear the district and make it possible for them to travel. It was of course understood that they were to join us in Bucharest, where at last we might be together again. But much precious time was lost before any decisions were taken.



Every one of them in turn came up to me and in silence touched my glass with his.

SLOWLY and reluctantly the French at last made up their minds to occupy Odessa, and the results were disappointing. The general intrusted with the operation displayed little skill and still less tact; members of his staff overstepped their powers and committed abuses which made the population regard them with suspicion. As far as the French were concerned, everything connected with the war had become loathsome to the troops, who longed for home.

People had become used by now to bloodshed, cruelty, and horrors; nothing more could arouse their indignation; their sensibility as well as their susceptibility had been numbed.

Earlier in 1918 a few Russian officers who had succeeded in escaping the first wave of Bolshevik wholesale executions had gathered on the River Don, where they formed the nucleus of the future White armies; their numbers were soon augmented by refugees from the north and men from units sent for the support of the Roumanians before the revolution. These and many others who had found themselves beyond the reach of the Bolsheviks, and could not return home for fear of falling into their hands, trekked toward the Don, some in groups, some independently. They went through hardships which are difficult to imagine in our modern times and impossible to describe. The history of their exploits has remained untold. In spite of their miseries they were still animated by the one idea of fighting the Red enemy. But they lacked everything for the struggle: their clothes and boots were in rags, they had no food, no munitions, no hospital supplies, and above all no money. The Allies had begun helping them. The foreign interventions, so called, lasted for two years, but brought no results. To this subject, however, I will return later on.

AT the beginning of January, 1919, we moved to the Kotrocheny Palace, but Christmas and New Year's Day we still remained at the hotel. On New Year's Eve the British military mission invited me and my husband to a dinner. King Ferdinand's chief of staff and his wife were also present.

Toward the end of the dinner General Greenly drank to the health of the King of Roumania and the Roumanian general offered a toast to King George; the orchestra played both national anthems.

Then General Greenly got up once more and drank to me, and the orchestra struck up the old anthem of Imperial Russia. It was the first time I had heard it since the revolution.

As I stood there at the table and listened to the familiar melody the tears poured down my cheeks. The British officers understood my anguish; every one of them in turn came up to me and in silence touched my glass with his.

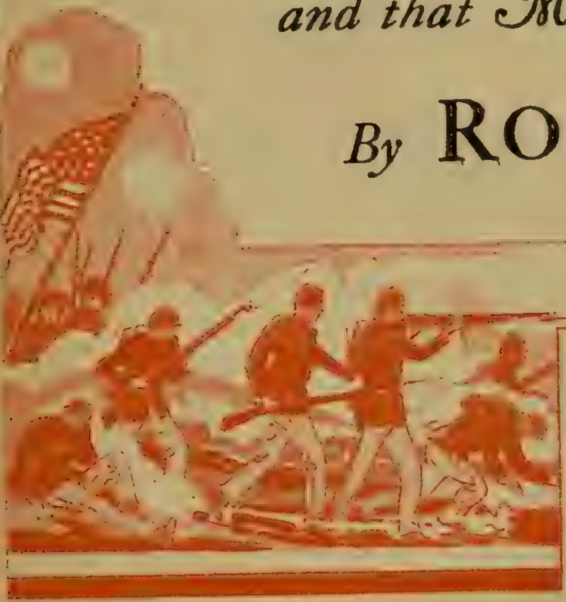
Vivid memories of the author's sojourn as guest of the ambitious, indefatigable, and sometimes histrionic Queen Marie of Roumania feature the second installment of Education in Exile, to appear in next week's Liberty. This flashing bit of verbal portraiture will be broken in upon by tragedy: the author's receipt of ghastly tidings concerning her father, Grand Duke Paul, and the three cousins who shared his imprisonment.

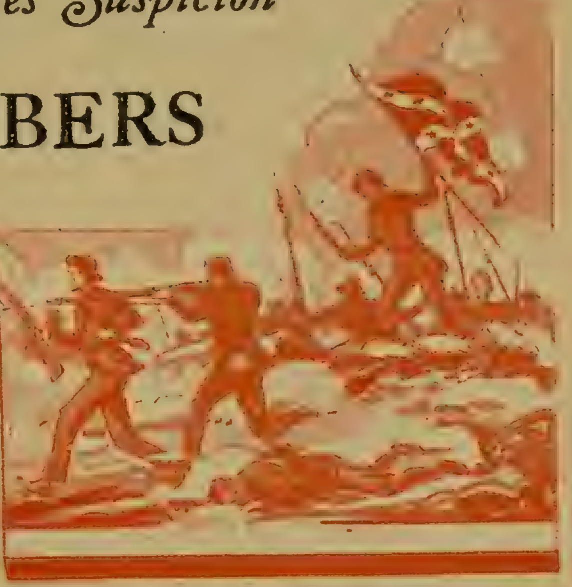
Whistling Cat

Love by Wire—Vivandiere—Grant's Coming—A Rebel Spy—and that Minx, the O'Brien Girl, Arouses Suspicion

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Pictures by NORMAN PRICE





(Reading time: 33 minutes.)

THIS is a story of stirring adventure during our Civil War, as told by Juan Maddox. Though he entered West Point, Juan was forced to resign on account of his innocent attentions to a girl, Iris, nicknamed the Whistling Cat. She was a fellow Texan who had followed her dissipated father, Captain O'Brien, north. Later, both Juan and Iris became United States Military Telegraph operators. Iris was working at Solitude Plantation when Juan received orders to go to Golden Brook Bridge, Tennessee, said to be swarming with guerrillas.

PART TWO—A YOUNG MAN'S WAR

I LEANED over and tapped out, "N. T."

The response from Iris came instantly.

"What were you doing last night?"

"Oh, it's you, Juan. I thought so. I've learned your style already."

"And I yours. In fact, the whole M. T. C. ought to know your style—"

"Are you going to be unkind to me?"

"No; I'm going to Golden Brook Bridge."

"When?"

"Now. That's near you."

"Not far. Are you detailed to assist Dan Harrison?"

"Yes. Then I am to prepare for field service."

"Well, am I to see you?"

"If I can get off before I leave on field duty."

"You call me when you arrive at Golden Brook."

"O. K."

"O. K. I'll call Harrison now and tell him you're a friend of mine."

"Yes, kiss him over the wire," said I—"one of the kind you used to practice on me when I wore knee breeches and you pigtails."

"You'll get no more, you apple-cheeked oaf!"

"Apple cheeks no longer, my good lass! I'm gaunt and haggard, and there's something coming on my upper lip under my nose—"

"You *say* so! You come over to Solitude and I'll kiss you just to show you how old you really are!"

"Try it!"

"I'll *do* it!"

"If you won't act crazy I'll take you to a party at Kingsport some evening."

"Smarty and his party! Be careful that *you* don't go crazy when you see me! I've grown to be very—noticeable, Juan."

"You! Red-top!"

"Yes, red hair and all. You'll see."

"Oh, Moses! A pug nose, skinny legs, and red hair! And Irish at that!"

There came the rattling signal, "That's all!" And I got up grinning and went out to get my horse.

I called back: "Good luck, Jimmy! Talk to me sometimes when you're yearnful."

"Like hell," Cross replied, studying his key.

Confused orders canceling previous ones delayed my departure. It was mid-April before I left. Spring came late in the mountains.

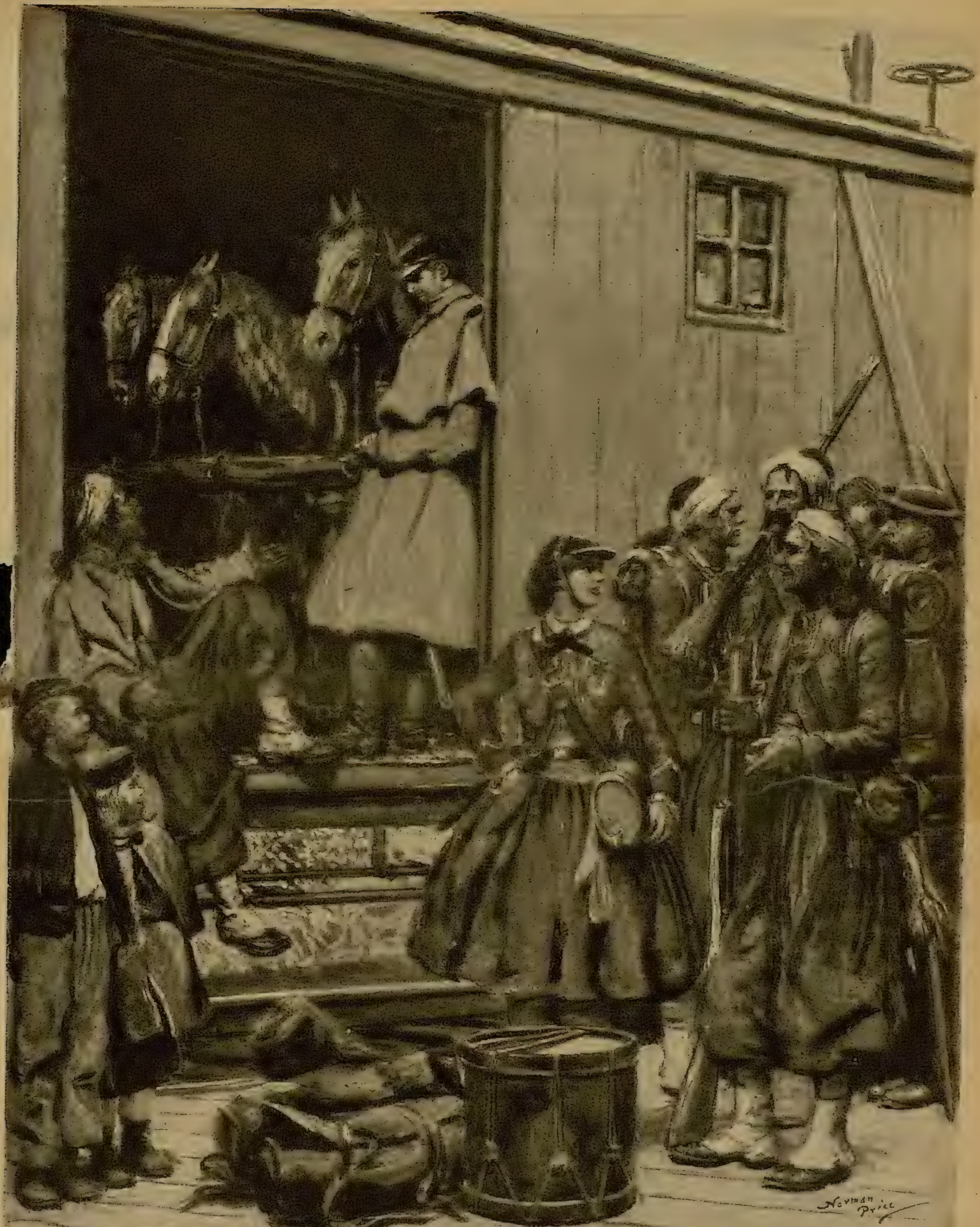
By rail I went to Knoxville. There were floods along the Holston and French Broad rivers; every mountain creek a rushing cascade; hills beginning to show a haze of palest green touched with pink snow where laurel and rhododendrons melted into bloom.

Spring was flirting with the wintry world, promising new leaves, blossoms, butterflies and birds. And from behind her rainbow skirts leered War.

Across the river I could see a stump-covered hill where Fort Stanley stood. Just here the valley seemed to be pretty well cleared of woods. On a bare knoll between the East Tennessee Railroad and the river, Fort Sanders was visible on a naked knoll, its wire entanglements in plain view—that hellish spider web of telegraph wires where Longstreet's infantry tripped and floundered into the red and dripping arms of Death.

North of it I could see the college still standing, and, on a wooden observation tower, soldiers signaling with flags.

From a score of locomotives a vast and sluggish cloud of smoke poured out, polluting earth and sky.



"Why do they send us this here Grant? We're satisfied with old George Meade. Who is this here Grant, anyway?"

The entire city seemed to be crammed with troops and with military bands.

There was a Zouave regiment boarding our train—the 114th Pennsylvania—in baggy red Turkish trousers, white gaiters, blue jackets, blue sashes, and tasseled red fezzes swathed around with white turbans.

Their band played them off with a deafening clang-bang of cymbals and other noisy brassy instruments. They had, in addition, a full and busy drum corps; and also what they called a vee-van-deer (*vivandière*)—a girl in the same uniform as theirs except for a short puffy scarlet

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHISTLING CAT
Continued from page fifteen

skirt. A flat cask-shaped canteen hung from a cross belt over her left shoulder. She wore a holster and revolver buckled at her belt, and a military medal dangled from a ribbon on her breast below a yellow trefoil. Hers was an impudent, piquant, suntanned face. Those who addressed her called her Marie, pronouncing it May-ree.

Before the train started again, a sergeant of Zouaves swung aboard the cattle car, where I stood beside my horse, and peered in. Then he called out to some orderlies, who were bringing up the Zouave officers' horses, that there was no more room and that another cattle car should be attached to the train.

THE sergeant then spoke civilly to me, saying: "Hello, old man. What's your regiment?"

"Third Black Horse," I replied, "but I'm detailed to the M. T. C."

"Oh, operator?"

"Assistant."

"Know Sam Beckwith?"

"Yes."

"Plum? Chief Operator G. H. Q.?"

"Yes, slightly."

"That's what we are—G. H. Q. guard; Brandy Station. Grant's acoming to visit old Meade there. We're agoing to knock his eye out when he sees us. You ever see this here Grant?"

"No."

"Not me, neither. Why do they send us this here Grant? We're satisfied with old George Meade. Who the hell is this here Grant, anyway?"

"Don't you know?"

"Yeah—kinda. Yeah, I know what he done over to Vicksburg. But you take George Meade—look what he done at Gettysburg! Well, I don't give-a-dam'—"

The noizy Zouave band music drowned his voice.

The long train, pushed by two locomotives and pulled by two more, began to crawl away northeastward over the East Tennessee Railroad toward Morristown, crossing the river at Strawberry Plains. I could see cavalry patrolling the line, and tents and blockhouses on the hills across the Holston River.

Frequently I saw field parties of the M. T. C. out on duty along the line; repairers, wiremen, laborers, mule-drawn battery wagons loaded with reels of No. 14 wire, telegraphic cordage, glass insulators, sheet copper, carboys, spikes, and lances; and pack mules carrying screw insulators, pack saddles, reels, cups, and batteries.

Our corps always traveled lighter than the United States Signal Corps and carried less and lighter material and fewer men and wagons than they employed with their clumsy Beardslee apparatus, which seldom worked at five and never at twenty miles.

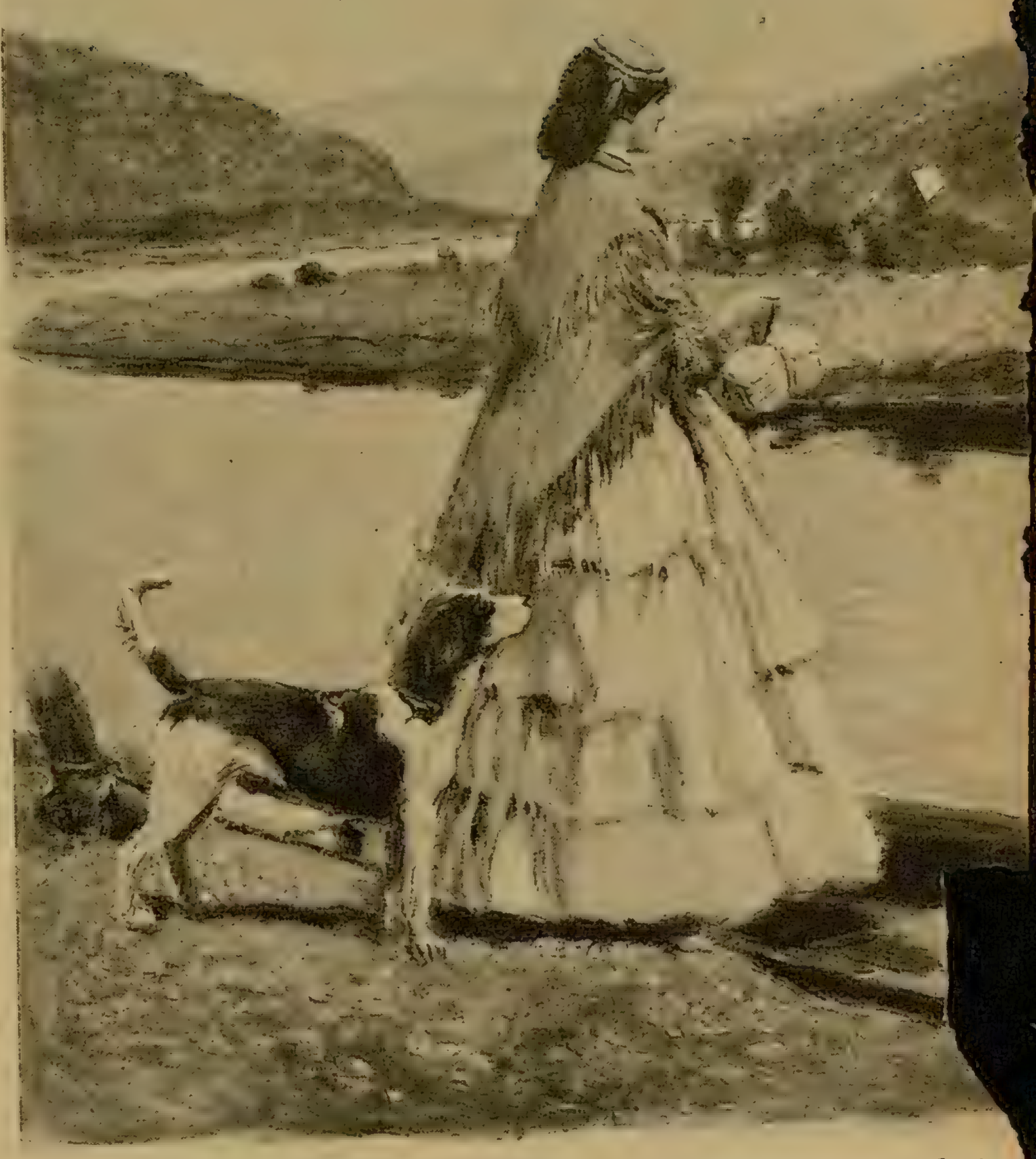
We used the Morse in garrison and the Caton pocket instrument in the field. One of our pack mules carried a reel of No. 14 wire and the batteries; and I could see, now, our men running such a wire off the reel while the reel was still on the mule's back, and working the packed batteries the same way. We also used lances here and there, but mostly screw insulators.

The Zouave and I buttoned our caped overcoats and got on top of the box car, having become rather weary of dodging death at the horses' heels.

Here the Zouave, whose name was Marrin, told me how we were going to win the war—or, rather, how he could win it if Grant, Meade, and Sherman would care to listen to him. "First off," he said, "if it was me, I'd set young Custer achasin' of this here Forrest till he run him plum' into the Mississippi—I would.

"Then, next off, I'd tell Sherman to up an' take after old Hood and old Joe Johnston an' gobble 'em good. Then —if it was me—I'd start peppery old George Meade after old Bob Lee, an' bottle him up in Richmond! Yessir, bottle him up in Richmond, I would! Then, if I was General Grant, I'd take this now Phil Sheridan and old George Meade, and I'd act like they was a pair of brooms and I'd start and sweep up from Virginia all the way down, an' jest dump the hull caboodle of 'em into the Gulf o' Mexico, I would."

Then, having ended the war, he told me all about the Zouave regiments in the army, saying that many, having used up their gaudy Zouave uniforms, were now obliged to wear the army blue. Which he considered a humiliation.



She picked her way down to the gravel shore and step

"NOT us, mister," he bragged. "We got Zouave uniforms for five years more, we have! Our colonel—Collis is his name—told us they was fifty-eight regiments of Zou-zous in the army, and all but Duryée's 1st N. Y. and Hawkins' 2d N. Y. and the 1st and 2d N. Y. Fire Zouaves, and a few others, was obliged to wear the army blue. Like them lancers—with their lances took away from them and Spencer carbines given 'em instead. Which we'd feel disgraced if they took off our red pants and turbans and put hoop skirts onto May-ree!"

"Why do you cherish Marie?" I inquired curiously.

"Our vee-van-deer? French Zouaves has 'em. We, too."

"She's rather pretty," I remarked.

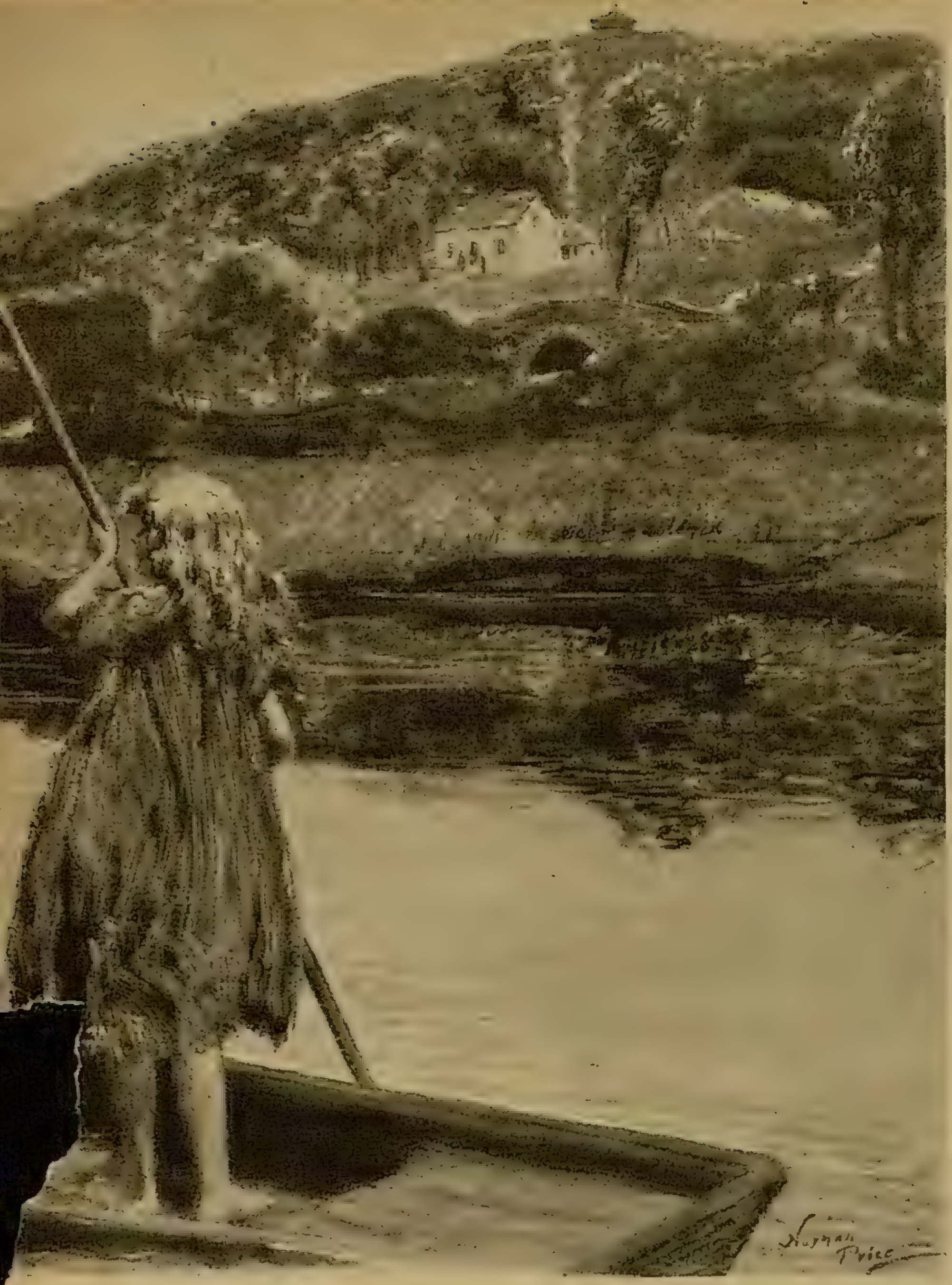
"You bet. Nice girl. No fidoodlin'. Horsepittal angel, too. And always out where the bullets are cuttin' daisies. You get hit and up comes May-ree and gives you a drink outen her kag. On the march, if your canteen runs hot or dry, she waltzes up and gives you a coolin' mouthful. That's May-ree for you!"

"Is she married?"

"No, but all the regiment is her beau. Me, too."

"I don't think much of women in war," I said.

"You would if you knew May-ree. Or if you'd ever seen any of 'em workin'. Sanitary's full o' women nurses. They're great. So's the nuns—like these now Holy Crossers. Women is the cheese! I don't mean women spies and all like that. They're pizen, they are. I seen Nancy



rd. Lord! The O'Brien girl had certainly grown up.

Hart and her two fawns when we caught her. I mean it's all right to have women like May-ree in this here war; and like the Sisters of the Holy Cross, and like these now Sanitaries. Them's the articles! Wait till some Johnny plugs you good. You'll believe me then."

The station shanty at Panther Springs came into view, guarded by a few infantry, where a little hamlet straggled along the hillside. Some Negroes put up a gangway, and I got my horse down, waved adieu to the Zouave, and was directed by a sergeant of mounted rifles to a path running west. I mounted and rode forward for half an hour through oak and chestnut woods. A small house and a barn across the bridge, overlooking the Holston River where a mountain brook tumbled into the Holston, showed me my destination. This was Golden Brook Bridge. Yonder were the quarters of the Military Telegraph. I saw a sentry pacing before the house.

SO I walked over, leading my horse, and, having satisfied the sentry, entered the little house.

An M. T. operator sprawled by the fire, pipe alight, and a glass of hot grog poised under his nose as the noise of my entrance checked his bibulous intentions.

"Hell," he said, "are you Maddox?"

"Yes. You're Operator Harrison?" I unslung my impedimenta and dropped it with a bang.

"Sure am. Sit!"

"Where's the stable?"

He jerked an indicative thumb toward the barn. So I went out again, unsaddled my horse, rubbed down, fed, watered—hungry enough to eat the fodder I fed—and presently came back through the ruddy sunset light to the fireside where Harrison sprawled beside his instrument, toasting his thin shins.

"Drink?" he inquired, yawning.

"No; food!"

He raised his voice to a shout: "Fraxinella!"

The inner door opened, a gust of culinary fragrance rushed out, nearly prostrating me, and a large lady of color appeared, wreathed in smiles and a vast scarlet turban. Her ample form also filled a red calico dress under an apron of snowy white.

"How-de-du, suh," she said. "Is yuh de new marster, suh?"

"Yes, I am, Fraxinella, and I am very hungry."

"Come an' eat, suh. Mars Harrison done wait fo' you, suh."

Harrison gossiped as we ate.

"I'm to remain here, after all," he said, "as you are to be detailed for field duty pretty soon. This is a quiet place, Maddox. Of course there's talk of 'grillas' and all that, but nobody has bothered this valley lately. Not since the Johnnies cleared out of Rogersville. It will be nice having two of us here. I had a little devil-pup of fourteen for assistant—Colt Racker—the little scoundrel! Turned out to be a rebel spy."

"Spy!"

"Yep. Worked for the South Western. Got in here somehow. I don't know how he came to be suspected. But *he* knew he was—must have guessed it—because when the cavalry came from Johnson City to gobble him he was gone."

"WERE you here?"

"I was. Never suspected him. But never let him look at my key, you know. Now you're here we can take turns off while you stay. You dance?"

"Yes."

"Up at Kingsport there's a dance Thursday nights. Mountain girls and town girls."

I was thinking of that boy spy. "If the cavalry had caught him," said I, "I wonder whether they would have hanged a child of fourteen."

"Dunno. I guess so. Shall we toss up to see who goes to the dance next Thursday?"

As I had no money he lent me a cent, and we matched. I won.

"All right," he said. "You fetch me back a jug of blockade whisky when you return. Will you? It's a dollar a quart."

"You'll have to give me the money. I haven't any."

"You *are* bust!"

"No. I send my pay to my mother."

"Don't you ever drink?"

"No."

"Well, that makes it easier. Still—" He shrugged. "I've no mother or father, but I've got a wife. She never writes to me. So—what the hell! I gotta drink a little."

We left the table and went back to the fire, where he piled on hickory and fat pine; and we sat down. It was very chilly in the hills.

Harrison lighted his pipe. "It's been a hell of a war, hasn't it, Maddox—when you think about it! They began to kick us about at Big Bethel and Bull Run and Ball's Bluff. Then they thumbed their noses at us behind Yorktown, kicked us in the pants all the way along the Peninsula, made faces at Little Mac, chased Burnside out of Fredericksburg, kicked Hooker, Rosecrans, Howard, Banks—everybody except Meade, who kicked back, and Grant and Sherman, who did what kicking was done. Except at Shiloh.

"But now I think things are going to go differently, Maddox. Our cavalry found itself at Gettysburg. What with Sheridan, Merritt, Custer, and Kilpatrick, I guess we are about to quit being chased, robbed, and kicked around.

"And this man Grant. Nobody's kicked him since Shiloh. And there's old Chickamauga Thomas and Uncle Billy Sherman. Nobody has ever kicked them unless they got a good boot in the rump in return. So I guess things are going to go better now. Yes, I guess so. . . . Sleepy?"

I was yawning.

"I can take your key if you want to go out," said I.

"You're a good fellow, Maddox. No, thanks. Go to bed."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHISTLING CAT
Continued from page seventeen

" Sure you don't mind? "

" No. I can read. Or call up Solitude and plague that O'Brien girl. . . . I don't really torment her. She loves a spat. What a vixen! "

I looked at him, mildly amused. " Is she? "

" Oho! Wait till you try to pass the time of day with her! She'll make a monkey of you and bite your head off. . . . I've seen her."

" Where? "

" Up at Kingsport. She was buying calico in the store. I didn't dare speak to her. Just sneaked out."

" What does she look like? "

" Red hair."

" Not pretty? "

" Damn' pretty."

I was halfway in a yawn, and that sudden and emphatic tribute spoiled it. I blinked at him a moment, then went upstairs to bed.

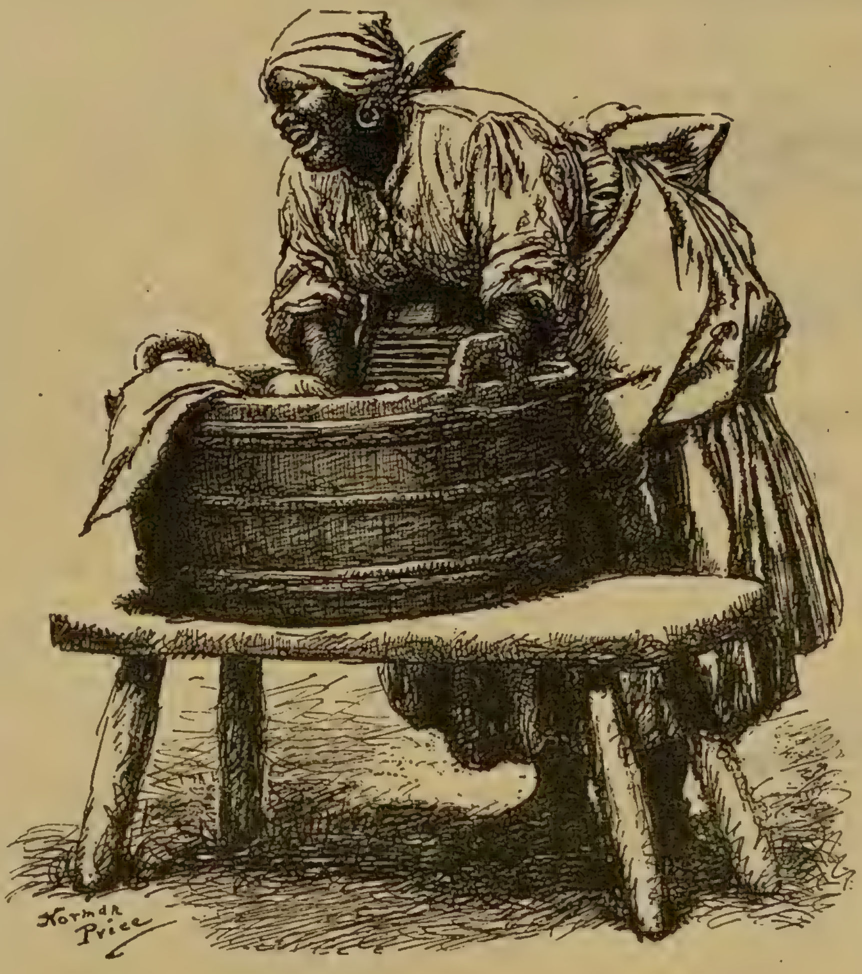
II

ACCUSTOMED to reveille, and having gone to sleep with Harrison on my mind, I awoke in utter darkness and got up and lit my candle. The clatter of a telegraph instrument below timed my ablutions.

While I was putting on my jacket and hooking up saber and pistol holster, a door crashed below and Dan Harrison's heavy voice filled the house:

" Hey! Maddox! Reveille! Turn out!"—and I heard him roaring for Fraxinella and breakfast.

I pulled on my spurred boots and went stumbling and jingling down the dark narrow stairs, shivering and smelling of chilled soap.



" Ah ain' got time for to bother wif a beau . . ."

" What do you think of these? " said Harrison, as he waved two telegrams at me from the table where he was writing. " This just came over from Van Duzer! "

And he read it aloud:

" To All Operators

" Ashford Gray, operator, formerly connected with this line, is suspected of making use of his privileges as an operator to the detriment of the service.

" He must be entirely excluded from all telegraph offices; and, if he loiters within *hearing* of the instrument, you will make the case known to the officer in command, in order that the said operator, Ashford Gray, may be removed or arrested.

" (Signed) J. C. Van Duzer, Supt."

He read the other:

" *War Dept., Washington.*

" To All Operators

" A. D. Dougherty, operator at Smithland, was removed on charges affecting his character. His assistant, Herman Henderson, is now ordered to leave this military district within three days.

" Operators are again reminded that their status is merely civilian, although their officers carry commissions; and no privileges or rights of military court-martial can be granted to operators.

" For the Information of All Operators

" Operator Redington at Medon, under suspicion, has been released and ordered to Donelson. Operator Lenox at Bolivar, who was arrested for disloyalty and ordered out of the military district, has not been reinstated. Operator Tiffany, under charges of negligence, has been released.

" Important Notice!

" The boy Colt Racker, late asst. Federal operator at Golden Brook Bridge, is now known to be a rebel spy and an expert operator in the Confederate Military Telegraphic service.

" He is between fourteen and fifteen years old, about five feet in height, blue eyes, fair skin and hair, agreeable voice, inclined to smile when talking, slim, and walks with a slight limp from a bullet wound in the left hip.

" He is left-handed.

" This dangerous youth was the assistant of the rebel operator George Ellsworth, now with Morgan.

" All Federal operators are warned to be on their guard and to watch out for him, as he is an accomplished operator and spy and has seriously damaged the Federal service.

" It is feared that there is still some leakage in the operation of the United States Military Telegraph.

" All operators are cautioned to be vigilant, as the honor of the corps and the welfare of the armies of the United States are vitally involved.

" Anson Stager,
Col. and A.D.C.; B.Q.M.T.C."

As we sat in silence, digesting these unpleasant representations from authority, Fraxinella opened the door and a heavenly aroma of breakfast smote us.

" Mawnin', marsters! Ham an' aigs am asizzlin'! "

We went into the dining-room-kitchen, seated ourselves, and fell to.

" This is the darnedest war," said Harrison, his mouth full of smoking ash cake. " Ouch! It's hot as hell!

" I told you about that boy Colt Racker," he added, bolting his mouthful, " the lad who fooled me and everybody else."

" Yes. Only fourteen, too. What a war! "

" This war is a young man's war," said Harrison. " Rank and file on both sides are mostly mere boys. Many of the general officers on both sides are very young. Only a few seem to be middle-aged; scarcely any are really old. It's a young man's war. Old men begin wars—begin fighting with their mouths. Then the young have to face the consequences and the bullets. It seems to me that youth ought to have something to *say* about starting a war, as long as they've got to do the fighting."

I shrugged. " Don't you know what youth would *always* say if consulted? "

" It would say, 'Fight!' " he admitted. " Yep. . . . You take over the key, Maddox? Line used for railroad and commercial until ten o'clock. Cut 'em off after that."

" Sure pop. You go to bed pronto."

" You bet. Come up and give me a couple of kicks about three o'clock."

As I sat down to my key I heard the bugle at the fort sounding " calomel call."

III

SINCE my arrival at Golden Brook Bridge, General Sheridan's engineers had completed a temporary and rickety single-track railway from the main line at Strawberry Plains along the north bank of the north branch of the Holston River through May's, Rogersville, and Kingsport to the Clinch River, and beyond a little way toward Cumberland Gap. The telegraph, of course, went with it; and business concerning this wretched railway was forever jamming my wire. One lovely day late in April I sat at my instrument waiting for ten o'clock. Harrison, who preferred night duty, lay asleep upstairs. Life had remained peaceful and tranquil in the Holston Valley, although all the armies of the United States were being deployed in one colossal line of battle stretching from the Mississippi River to the Atlantic Ocean. With this gigantic and glittering broom of bayonets the Northern Hemisphere was to be swept and scoured from Maryland to Cape Florida.

Possessed by unfamiliar melancholies, longings, fancies not comprehended, caressed by an April sun, I looked up at the fort where our flag rippled a little or dropped becalmed. I *saw* my flag for the first time.

SOLDIERS seated in a row on the rocky parapet, like birds on a branch, dangled clumsy feet shod with army shoes, and gossiped and spat down at the tree tops below. They were fortunately too distant to disturb the melodious and interminable musical monologue of Fraxinella, washing out our shirts on the back step:

"Is yuh true?
Is yuh true?
Ef yuh ain't, what de debbil willah dhu?
I'se aboun' ta love mah yallah niggah Joe,
An' ah hope he's alovin' me, tuh!
Lovin' yuh,
Lovin' yuh—
Das jes' 'bout all ah kin dhu.
Ah ain' got time for to bother wif a beau,
So ah'll jes' keep alovin' of yuh!
Lovin' yuh,
Lovin' yuh—"

Railroad business and commercial dispatches continued to occupy the wire until ten o'clock. Then I cut them off, strangling a persistent and angry cotton broker without mercy and inviting a beef contractor to run to headquarters with his complaint.

A train across the river whistled, bound south. By whistle signal in the Morse code the engineers always let me know what was necessary; and I called Knoxville and gave the news of its passing Golden Brook Bridge with all well aboard. Operators called me every little while, and I them, exchanging news concerning "grillas." A few military messages came through. They were not important and not in cipher.

Click! Clicky-click-click! Click! Clicky-click-click—

Somebody was signaling, "Attention!" followed by K. F., my station call, and the usual "What did you do last night?" followed immediately.

I knew that "writing." I replied: "I thought you were on night duty this week, Iris."

"I am. I've had sleep enough. I can't stay in bed such weather. I've just had a swim in the river."

"Cold?"

"Icy. I've had breakfast, too. I think I'll come down and pay you a visit."

"Now?"

"Why not? I've a horse."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Dingy, Yellowish Teeth are NOT Natural

MON.
TUES.
WED.

You'll see proof in 3 days

teeth 3 shades whiter!

NOW don't be fooled into believing that yellow, ugly looking teeth are your bad luck simply because daily brushing doesn't make them white and keep them sound.

Dingy, off-color, unclean teeth are NOT natural! If you want proof start using this new scientific technique—a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush, morning and night. Overnight you'll agree you were wrong. And in 3 days your teeth will be much whiter—at least 3 shades whiter.

Double Action, Double Results

There's nothing in the world that cleans teeth better than Kolynos. There's no preparation quite like it. It is unique. It contains two important ingredients. One—the finest cleansing agent known—literally foams over teeth and gums and into every crevice. It washes away debris, erases tartar and removes stain. At the same time the second ingredient strikes at the source of most tooth and gum troubles. It kills millions of germs that swarm into the mouth and cause discoloration, decay and gum diseases. (In tests Kolynos killed 190 million germs in 15 seconds, protected the mouth for 3 full hours.)

In this way Kolynos easily and quickly cleans teeth right down to the beautiful, natural white enamel without injury. It stimulates lazy gums and refreshes the entire mouth.

No! Dingy, yellow teeth are NOT natural. Prove it. Start using Kolynos—a half-inch on a dry brush, morning and night. In just 3 days you'll see that anyone can have clean, attractive teeth. Buy a tube of this highly concentrated dental cream today.

KOLYNOS
DENTAL CREAM
CLEANS TEETH 3 SHADES WHITER IN 3 DAYS

[WHISTLING CAT
Continued from page nineteen]

"Yours?"

"No; he belongs to Mrs. Camp. Mosby's cavalry left him last year, all broken down, and took her saddle horse in exchange. Now he's fine and fat and lively. . . . We keep him hidden. I think I'll take some lunch and ride over."

"Don't!"

"Don't you want to see me, Juan?"

"Yes. But it's a long way to come on a horse and all alone—and it's a longer way back to Solitude."

"Oh, there are no guerrillas out."

"How do you know?"

"Very well, then. I'll come by train and cross at your ferry. No. 7 leaves Kingsport in half an hour. You hold her for me across from Solitude."

"I can't *hold* a train like that. I can stop her a moment; that's all."

"All right; stop No. 7, then. I'll be on the track across from Solitude. Good-by; I've got to hurry—"

She was off the wire with a flourish.

First I found in my schedule where No. 7 ought to be. Then I got the station master at Lone Run, told him to stop her opposite Solitude for an operator, and stop her again at Golden Brook Bridge by the ford.

Then I turned from my instrument and called to Fraxinella, who came in, large, plump, dimpling.

"I'm going to have a guest at noon dinner—a young lady: the night operator at Solitude Plantation. What have we to eat?"

"Chickum, suh."

"Has Connie Spurlock been here?"

"Yaas, suh. She-all out dar waitin' fo' brekfus."

"All right. Tell her to row across when No. 7 whistles."

"Yaas, suh, Mars Maddox," she giggled, evidently vastly intrigued with the idea of a strange young lady coming to visit me at Golden Brook Bridge.

I heard the sentry outside challenge, then say, "Hello there, sis!"

"Let her in," I called from the window, and added: "Hello, Connie!"

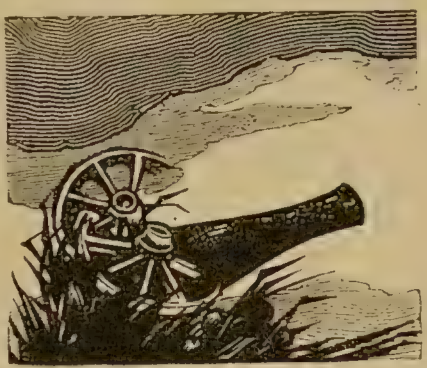
A barefoot child came in. Her sole garment was a faded blue cotton dress, ragged but clean. She gave me a breathless smile from the depths of her tangled yellow hair.

"When No. 7 whistles," said I, "row across the ford and bring a passenger over to my office."

She nodded shyly.

"Come here," said I. "I want to see if your face and hands and teeth are clean."

She came and exhibited her face, ears, neck, teeth, and hands with embarrassed pride.



AFTER careful inspection she slipped into the hollow of my arm and rested against my shoulder. "Howdy," she whispered with a happy smile.

She was one of those half-wild little creatures—the child of poor Union folk who were starving by thousands back in the mountains.

A sentry had discovered her prowling around the chickens near my office, picking up and eating crumbs of raw cracked corn, and had brought her to me, dazed but defiant.

She was dirty. I myself cleansed her verminous head and body with benzine. She had one young brother left out of her late family in the miserable cabin on the mountain—a boy named Gilfred Spurlock. All the others—father, mother, two older brothers—had been slain at various times by the murdering, raping banditti recruited from both sides.

Harrison and I always saved part of our food for her, and gave her a penny every time she ferried us across the river in the leaky boat abandoned there.

So now I fished in my pants pocket and presented her with a penny, which she finally took, reluctant and embarrassed. Then, before I could prevent it, she bent down and passionately kissed my hand.

"Oh, don't do that, Connie," I said. "White folk don't do such things!"

Her face flamed under her thick curly veil of yellow hair.

"Is Gilfred home?" I asked.

"Naw'm."

"You mean 'No, sir,'" I said. "Say it."

She hid her face against my shoulder. The "No, suh" came faintly muffled.

"I want to see Gilfred," said I. "Where's he been?"

She said he had been fighting.

It transpired that a mountain gentleman named Hank had "borried" Gilfred's mule, and had been tardy in returning it. Hence the passage at arms and a large bullet in Hank's shoulder.

"That's a lawless business," I remarked. "Does he suppose he can go about this district shooting people?"

"Gilfred air sixteen," she declared. "Reckon he's old enough ter shoot ef he's a mind ter."

"Where is he now?"

"Dunno."

"WELL, you tell him when you see him that I have authority to use him as dispatch messenger at a dollar a trip. I wish to see him and talk to him, anyway. Will you find him and tell him?"

She said she would.

"Run into the kitchen and get some breakfast. And be sure to go to the ferry in time."

She danced away happily, lightly, on little naked feet.

During the morning I remained occupied with multitudinous queries from fellow operators in my district—with routine telegrams of a military nature, with a brief visit from Captain Hamilton, commandant at the little blockhouse above, who was absolutely without news and asked for some.

Some little time after that I heard No. 7 rumbling distantly amid the hills and gullies to the northwestward, and in due time caught sight of the smoke over the forest crest on the ridge. The locomotive presently signaled all well and asked to be reported. Then the train slowed down. In a few seconds came the melancholy tintinnabulation of the bell, a shriek from the whistle, then two long and two short ones announcing that No. 7 was on her rickety way again.

Connie and her boat were already across. I saw a girl appear, followed by a dog. The girl wore a white dress, pale-blue shawl, and little chip hat, and was carrying a parcel. She picked her way down to the gravel shore and stepped, or rather sprang, aboard. The dog stood stock-still, wagging madly.

I knew that girl's walk as I had come to know her telegraphic "writing." But, Lord! The O'Brien girl had certainly grown up more suddenly than I had.

Into the boat leaped the dog at a sign from her. He was a black-and-tan beagle, and he agitated his switchy spike of a tail in violent approval of everything.

I couldn't leave my instrument to receive my visitors. I watched their approach; called to the sentry, "Mike, here comes the night operator at Solitude. Let her through."

A moment later Iris O'Brien came into my office, followed by her dog.

"Juan Maddox! Mercy!" she said. "How you have grown in six months!"

I wouldn't say as much for her, so I just shook hands. Lord, what red hair!

"How d'you do?" said she, giving me that terribly intelligent look which used to alarm and intimidate me as a little boy, though I was nearly a year the elder.

She turned to the black-and-tan beagle, who was gazing politely at me, wagging his tail a little.

"And this," said she, indicating the animal with a gesture, "is Doggie Doggett! Mr. Doggett, give your paw to my warrior friend Sergeant Maddox! . . . That's right!"

She seated herself, with a smile, and I resumed my hickory splint chair.

"It's certainly pleasant to see you," I said. "Is your father well?"

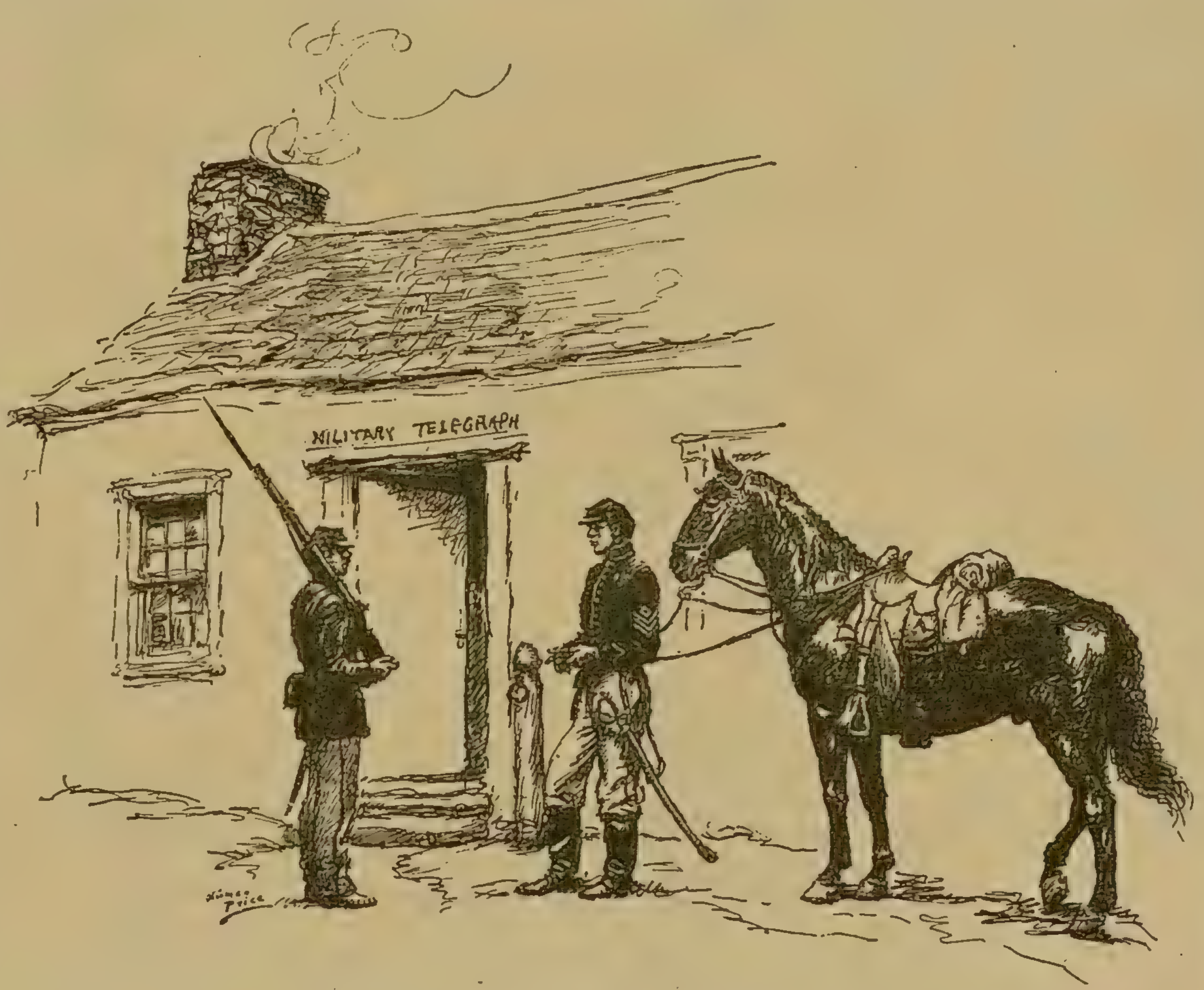
"I suppose so. He never writes. They've had a skirmish at Brandy Station—the cavalry. He must have been in it. . . . . How is your mother, Juan?" she asked.

"Very well. You know how she always is."

"And Red-Paws?"

"All right, I guess."

Those gray eyes of hers gave me a slow, lash-shadowed glance—the kind of look that always put me on my guard with her. It seemed to say, "Remember, I am a very pretty girl and you are only a grubby boy!"



I saw a sentry pacing before the house. So I walked over, leading my horse.

"It was so sweet of you to give me Red-Paws," she said.

I looked down at Doggie Doggett. He thumped his tail on the floor. Our understanding appeared to be established. I leaned over and patted his head, asking Iris the reason for his name of Doggie Doggett.

"William B. Doggett, operator at Solitude, owned him," she explained. "So the soldiers at the post called the beagle Doggie Doggett."

"What became of his owner?"

"Marauders murdered him," she said briefly—"not guerrillas. He died very unpleasantly. When he saw them coming, he disconnected his instrument, ruined it with an ax, and threw his cipher key and dispatches into the fire. They did dreadful things to him, Juan. Finally they hanged him."

"Whose men, Morgan's or Mosby's?"

"Neither. Deserters from both armies—outlaws."

"Why did they treat a Union operator that way, then?"

"Union or Confederate—it's all the same to such people. They wanted Doggett to stop a train on the South Fork below Blountsville, so they could plunder it."

"And that happened at Solitude! And that's where you are stationed!"

"ARE you afraid they'll catch me, Juan?" The slightly veiled look again. I saw that look. I leaned over and patted Doggie Doggett.

"What's in that parcel you brought, Iris?" I inquired.

"My uncooked rations. I don't want to sponge on you. Give them to your cook—"

"No, keep 'em."

"No; do as I say or I won't stay to dinner!"

So I took the parcel out to Fraxinella and came back immediately.

"There was plenty anyway," said I. "I don't eat much—"

"You ought to—a growing boy!"

"None o' that," said I. "You can't bully me any longer by taking that tone—or working your eyes at me, either."

"What tone?" she asked innocently. "How do I work my eyes at you, Juan?"

"You know well enough what tone you used to use—condescension, patting me on the head, and giving me that grown-up, kiss-me-darling squint—"

"I'll pat you if I want to! I'll squint at you, too!"

"Go on and pat. Squint away!"

"I used to make you kiss me, too."

"Yes, by crying."

"I can still cry."

"Go ahead."

"It used to scare and infuriate you," she remarked. "Probably it would yet."

"Probably I'd like it now," said I. "Any time you want to be kissed—" I rubbed Doggie Doggett's head, an attention which he received sentimentally.

"See him roll his eyes!" said Iris. "If you'll roll yours like that I'll rub your ears, too."

I ignored her impudence.

"Who was the pathetic little creature who ferried me over?" she inquired, after a pause.

"Her name is Connie Spurlock," said I.

"SHE seems to be perfectly clean."

"I cleaned her."

"All over!"

"With benzine and Castile soap."

Iris laughed and laughed. "What a model father for the future nursery!"

"There'll be no future nursery. Anyway, they don't get that way in nurseries, I hope."

"In Texas," she remarked, "you and I used to pick ticks and leeches off each other. Do you remember that time when—"

I *did!* And it infuriated me to feel myself reddening.

"How innocent we were in those days, Juan, when we went swimming together in—in the Rio Grande—" She sighed. What a young hussy she still was! I avoided that maliciously reminiscent stare of hers.

A message came over the wire presently. I knew she also was reading it by ear, but that was all right. It was short and in ordinary Morse code, but I was requested to ignore Cipher No. 1, and set it up for transmission to Knoxville in Department Cipher B, which was simpler than No. 1 Government.

Iris reached over and took my little-used department key from under my No. 1 Government key; helped herself to pad and pencil and ruler; and in an incredibly brief time had it neatly set up and all ready for me to send.

"What's the matter with Department keys X and Z?" I growled. "Don't they use 'em any longer?"

"Tony Walsh lost his pocketbook with X key in it, and General McNeil lost key Z—" She checked herself.

"So X and Z have been discarded? Funny I wasn't informed."

"You were warned."

"No, I wasn't. When did you hear about it, Iris?"

"Oh, some time ago—I don't recollect. It's of no consequence, anyway—"

"That's peculiar," I said, perplexed. "My warning ought to have come when yours did. And it ought to have come *through you!*"

A trivial thing, Iris' failure to warn Juan Maddox, yet it might awaken suspicion, might even cause her arrest as a spy. Next week you'll see what war does to her.

The MARRIAGE

Man's Age-Old Dream—Hearing Come

By THOMAS CALVERT McCLARY and HARRY SALPETER

Pictures by CHARLES DE FEO

(Reading time: 20 minutes 5 seconds.)

A ZULU chieftain, one of the few remaining absolute monarchs, marries his nine hundred and tenth wife amid savage splendor. Strong, lithe, half-naked bodies glisten under robes of a thousand colors. There is the rhythmic beat of tom-toms as the girl bride, half hidden by golden bracelets and necklaces of human teeth, is brought forth to meet her lord and master. A cry goes up, and gestures expressive of ten thousand years of jungle life are seen on every side.

On the blistering plains of Arizona, now beginning to cool from the heat of day, fires appear, flickering in the dusk. There is no definite sound, but a vague murmur fills the air. Then, as dusk settles into night, the fires are suddenly surrounded by frightening painted figures. The murmur increases to a low roar. Snakes writhe in the mouths of men, spears shine dully. It is the annual snake dance of the Hopi Indians, the oldest ritual of America.

In Hollywood two famous movie stars are married. The wedding is one of the gaudiest, most expensive and spectacular ever held. The lovers, idols of millions, join hands and kiss, much the same as other couples throughout the land. In distant places countless fans smile their delight because the marriage was put off until now, when you, although thousands of miles away, could be present—through the miracle of television!

Within fifteen minutes you have been in Zululand, Arizona, Hollywood—and you have made this miraculous tour by no more than the turning of a dial, the pressure on a button. Yes, you; not your grandson, nor your son, but yourself, will soon be able to unfold the panorama of the world in all its beauty and drama and panoply on a screen six or eight feet square. The day before yesterday your father and mother were looking at an indistinct flicker in a smoky nickelodeon, never dreaming that it would be converted into a veritable palace, that out of a clear screen would emerge not only silent pictures that moved, but later on, in their own time, the music of masters and voices of actors in an almost third-dimensional lifelikeness.

Yesterday you yourself, turning the dials of an old crystal set, could not imagine far enough ahead to sum up the matter-of-fact, finished radio programs of today.

Now the new wonder is before you. Tomorrow, the day after, meaning three months at the least, two years at the most, you will celebrate the advent of television—marriage of the miracles!

To appreciate more fully what this new wonder means to you in making you, from your own fireside, an actual eyewitness of momentous and dramatic events anywhere in the world, imagine yourself—with television already achieved, and with a set before you—back in those turbulent times, a dozen years ago, that followed the Russian Revolution.

TWIST the dial. The magic carpet of the Arabian Nights will whirl you through the air at the speed of light. Now where are you? The announcer's dulcet tones: "Ladies and gentlemen of the television audience, we are now in South Russia with General Wrangel and his White Army arrayed before the advance guard of the intrepid cavalry squadron of the Red Army under General Budenny—"

The voice fades out. The booming of cannon and crackle of machine guns are heard. You look and see the small army of the Whites making a desperate stand, striving to beat back and overthrow the Red Army of the Soviets. They put up a valiant fight against overwhelming odds, meeting defeat at the end of one of the most dramatic battles in modern history.

The mad Baron Wrangel, hero to the last, leads the tattered, colorful remnant of his army in sad retreat. Almost all are of the former nobility. Men each of whom would, under the czar, have led an army twice the size of that in which they are privates. It is the last stand of imperialism. . . .

Another twist of the dial and another scene comes into view. With royal pomp the King of Abyssinia goes forth to his coronation. Banners fly, trumpets blare, drums beat, the swiftest fighting regiments of an empire dash down the dusty street, clearing the way for His Majesty. Gold, silver, and jewels sparkle brilliantly against the

# of MIRACLES

limitable Sight and
rue at Last

The Magic Carpet *of* Television

By

MERLIN HALL AYLESWORTH

President of the National Broadcasting Company

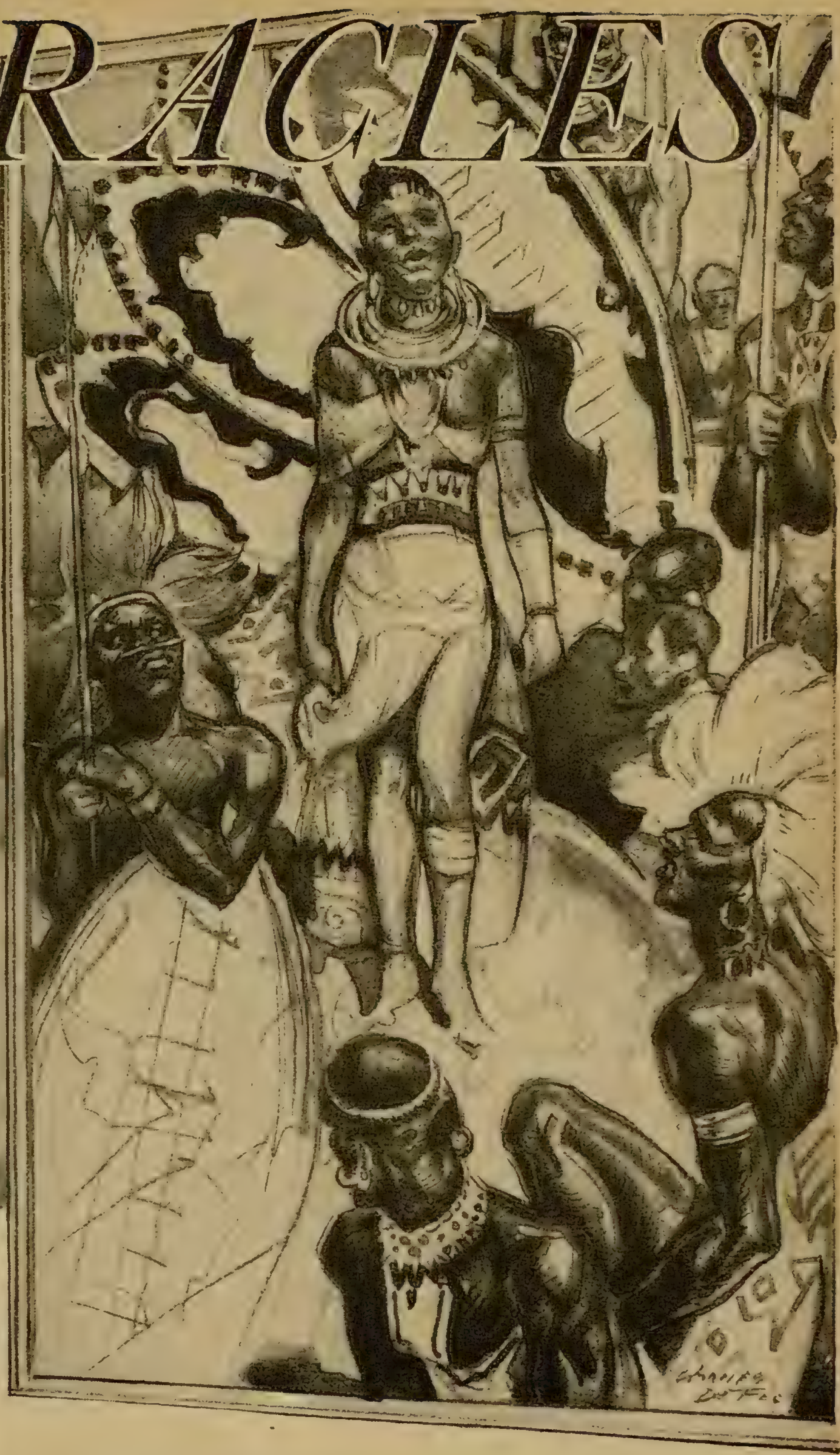
TELEVISION is not only around the corner. It is with us now—in the experimental laboratory. It will be with us everywhere within fifteen months or two years. The principle involved is not new. For television is the brother of radio. Both were born when Hertz discovered the waves with which his name is immortally linked. Radio reproduces at a receiving station the sound waves emanating at the source. Television reproduces the light waves.

© Harris & Ewing
Merlin Hall Aylesworth

Even now, in 1931, isolation is impossible. On the remotest farm, in the heart of the desert, two miles up in the air, twenty leagues under the sea, we can keep in touch with civilization by radio. Soon men dwelling in five different continents will be able to talk to one another and see one another as clearly as if they were all in the same room.

This may seem exaggerated, for at present fifteen miles is the practical range of television. But anyone who is familiar with the evolution of radio realizes that telescreen will move with equally rapid strides. By touching a button in my office I can tune in London, Paris, Moscow, or Berlin. In the same manner I shall be able, a few years or a few months from now, to conjure street scenes from distant capitals upon a screen.

Invention still lags behind the imagination of the story-tellers who invented the thousand and one tales that Scheherazade told to the Sultan. But by combining radio and television we can convey a man's personality, even if we cannot dispatch his body, around the world in a second. It is our nearest approach to the magic carpet of the Arabian Nights.


Zululand, Arizona, Hollywood—you yourself will soon be able to visit them all within fifteen minutes!

gaudy background of fiery red and sky-blue uniforms. The crowd cheers as the royal disburser throws largess into their midst. Perhaps fanatics attempt the assassination of the new king. . . .

In the coal mines of Pennsylvania there is a sudden explosion. Thousands of tons of dirt and shale fall. Gas and water quickly seep into the blocked tunnel. Standing knee-deep in the rising water, eighty-six miners battle to break through the wall which means their death. There seems little hope of their rescue, but squads of heroic volunteers work feverishly to dig away the wall from the other side.

WAITING in tense anxiety, the mothers and wives of the doomed men stand at the entrance to the mines. Their grief and worry are written on their faces. The heart of the nation goes out to these dependents, and mothers and wives in other parts of the world breathe a sigh of relief as the television screen shows the rescuers breaking through in the nick of time. . . .

A "battle of the century" takes place. Thousands of men from all sections of the country crowd into the arena to see the champion of Europe fight the champion of America for the world's heavyweight belt, brawn and less brains versus brains and less brawn. Tickets are selling at the highest known price for such events. Too

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE MARRIAGE OF MIRACLES
Continued from page twenty-three

expensive for the average man. But he, at home, enjoys a ringside seat until the last roar goes up and a new champion is proclaimed. . . .

Television was born scientifically a short time ago; but it has been dreamed of for centuries. The dream is as old as man. Long before he thought of sound from a distance he thought of the miracle of long-distance sight. The ancient Greeks and Romans gave to their gods the powers they wished for themselves but lacked. About the only claim to fame of many of their gods and mythological heroes lay in their power to see thousands of miles away. For centuries necromancers and wizards, working alone in hidden dens and secret chambers, strove to pierce the veil of distance. Black magic and the beginnings of science were filled with attempts to transmit the sights seen by fast-traveling and far-ranging birds, beasts, and fish to the brain of man.

Even in this enlightened age there have been cases of death or mental derangement caused by experiments intended to give long-distance sight to ordinary man—who under most favorable circumstances can see barely thirty miles away. Skilled surgeons have been sent to asylums for attempting to graft the optic portions of far-seeing animals on to the optic nerves of men.

Like almost all other wonders of modern life, television derives from the all-embracing mother of action, electricity. Six hundred and forty years before the birth of Jesus Christ and almost 2,400 years before Franklin's kite and key, Thales of Greece, perhaps the first scientist of the western world, discovered and gave it a name. Rubbing a piece of amber, he noticed friction. This phenomenon he called elektron.

In 1600 the Englishman Gilbert made valuable scientific discoveries which began the struggle first to find and identify and then to harness electricity. The Dutch inventor of the Leyden jar—which was the forerunner of the millions of dry-cell batteries—our own Benjamin Franklin, proving that lightning and electricity are the same thing, and many others contributed to our knowledge of the mysterious force.

In 1838 a German named Steinheil identified the wave action involved in radio, wireless, and television transmission, and started the era which has resulted in our mode of living today.

FROM then on small groups of independent scientists worked under the most severe conditions to further discovery and development. Not for glory did these men spend their lives, but for the good of the human race! Almost all died as they had lived—alone, in extreme poverty.

Working in drafty garrets, living on scraps of food, spending winters of intense cold with little clothing, enjoying none of the comforts of life, they squandered their little without thought of self that future generations might be benefited.

In 1884 a Russian named Nipkow, so little known that none of the details of his life can be ascertained, discovered television and invented the scanning disk, without which we should not have had television at this time.

However, Nipkow, living and working fifty years too early, did not have the electrical equipment at hand to develop his theories. He died leaving the scanning disk and the principles upon which television is founded.

Television was put aside for the time being. The miracle of sight transmission had been fathomed, but the marriage with the other forces of electricity which were to produce it had to wait for more than forty years.

Electrical research progressed, and in 1894 a youth of twenty began experiments with wireless telegraphy. Nobody paid him much attention as it was obvious he must be crazy. By 1896 he was able to send and receive a wireless message more than two miles at Salisbury Plain, England. The following year he built his first wireless sending station at The Needles, Isle of Wight.

Four years later he astounded the scientific world by sending a message which was received on an aërial held aloft by a kite near St. John's, Newfoundland, 1,800 miles away. His name is Guglielmo Marconi.

The first dramatic use of wireless telegraphy came within the memory of most readers. On a cold, windy day in January, 1909, the good ship Republic was rammed and sunk by the Florida off Nantucket Light.

The seas rode higher as the vessel settled. Out of the northeast tore a wind, chopping the sea into fury atop the long ground swells. Women standing at the rails with children were buffeted about like straws. The hail and sleet cut deep. Such exposure to the elements made the misery unbearable, strong men becoming numbed in less than an hour.

What chance for the lifeboats, crowded to the gunwales with hysterical women and dying children?

UP in the wireless cabin, the operator, Jack Binns, sat calmly at his keyboard maintaining communication with near-by ships. The women and children were lowered in lifeboats. Still Binns sat at his key. Some of the men were lowered. Binns tapped on. The lights began to go out, the ship was listing. At any moment she might dive or the boilers might explode. But up in the wireless room the dot-and-dash signals continued to fly forth into the ether.

Finally, as the first ships to answer the call for help stood by, the last light aboard the Republic flickered out. The decks were already awash. Binns stood up, put on his coat, and joined the last remaining members of the crew. Another minute and they would have pulled away without him.

The Republic nosed and dived a few minutes later, but help had arrived in time. Seven hundred and sixty-one men, women, and children were rescued as a result of the first dramatic use of what has since become one of the commonplaces of modern life.

Wireless telegraphy received its real impetus in the World War, however. For years the safety of ships, the maneuvers of armies, affairs of state, the morale of citizens depended on the sending and receiving of wireless dots and dashes.

Both the German and Allied forces used wireless for propaganda with such dire consequences to the enemy's morale that in many countries it became a major crime to own or operate a private wireless set.

By 1919 wireless telegraphy had reached the stage where its possibilities for radio broadcasting on a national scale were realized. In November, 1920, the pioneer broadcasting station in America, KDKA, electrified the public by broadcasting the election returns in the Harding-Cox campaign. The army of radio fans swelled into hundreds of thousands overnight.

Radio was here. Not as we have it today, by any means, but sufficiently developed to cause interest. Fans burning the midnight oil to get distance in those days sat with earphones glued to their heads in front of a multi-wired and -tubed contraption that looked like a glorified junk heap.

Those were the days when mothers and wives hunted high and far for extra lengths of wire, preserving jars, bed springs, empty cigar boxes, and other household superfluities. Nothing was too old or useless to be of possibl use in some part of the old crystal set.

Broadcast stations sprang up over the country, crossing one another's channels and causing the "multi" receptions so common by 1925. Chains were organized. Advertisers vied with one another to produce the most sensational entertainment. On one occasion a single program was reputed to have cost $150,000.

Broadcasting proved commercially successful, and farsighted men turned toward the future of radio and television. But, whereas every step in the advance and in the perfection of radio was with the full knowledge and the coöperation of the public, which included the tens of thousands of amateurs, television pushed forward from its pioneer beginnings in the secret chambers of research laboratories. Radio moved forward toward perfection in the full light of day; television's progress was kept secluded. But it also moved forward.

In May, 1925, C. Francis Jenkins, the "father of television," was able to transmit a visual broadcast from his laboratory in Washington, D. C. Following this, he distributed hundreds of sets and parts at cost to amateurs here and there about the country.

This made it possible for youthful inventors to conduct home research and experimentation, with their sets as the nuclei of their laboratories. It was from such amateurs as these that television recruited its strong corps of pioneer enthusiasts. In 1927 the Bell Telephone laboratories and the American Telephone and Telegraph Company held a more advanced demonstration in the same city, successfully transmitting images over both wire and radio to New York and Whippany, New Jersey.

The following year more than 300,000 men and women jostled, sweated, and pushed in six lines, each more than a block long, outside the Radio World's Fair at Madison Square Garden, to catch a fleeting glimpse of the new child of science—television.

FOR just a moment twelve persons were allowed to gaze into the twelve television receivers lined up against the wall like the penny-a-look machines in a Bowery arcade. What they saw was a blurred, flickering, pink-colored image, no bigger than a cigarette pack, which vaguely resembled the televised object.

"Marvelous!" they exclaimed as they were pushed on. They went forth and, with the firm conviction that television was here, proclaimed the day of visual broadcast to six times 300,000. No amount of denial would make the public believe that the radio manufacturers were not holding up television in order to sell more radios. "We know you've got it!" was John Doe's attitude.

This attitude did two things. In what was expected to be a boom year in radio, sales dropped almost $2,000,000 below expectations. It almost ruined our sixth largest industry, and compelled the telescoping of a six years' normal development of the new science into a frantic three years' rush for perfection.

In February of this year independent manufacturing companies announced that practical television was here. Visual broadcast stations put on regular programs. Complete sets in small attractive cabinets made their appearance on the market. The Federal Radio Commission was swamped with inquiries and license applications to operate stations. Even in the trade there was argument as to television's stage of practical realization; nevertheless, interest increased, and—of a sudden television was here!

BY July 19 television broadcast stations were operating, most of them giving synchronized visual-audio programs. Chicago, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Detroit, and other populous areas were able to tune in their choice of two or more stations.

In Chicago a survey shows that almost 8,000 television receiving sets are being operated in homes. There exists a tremendous interest in the art. The owners of sets enjoy the programs. There are stations operating on regular schedule. Programs include juvenile and adult educational matter, news flashes, lectures, concerts, specialty acts such as comedians and dancers, playlets, political meetings, stock-report ticker service, and other events of social and business significance.

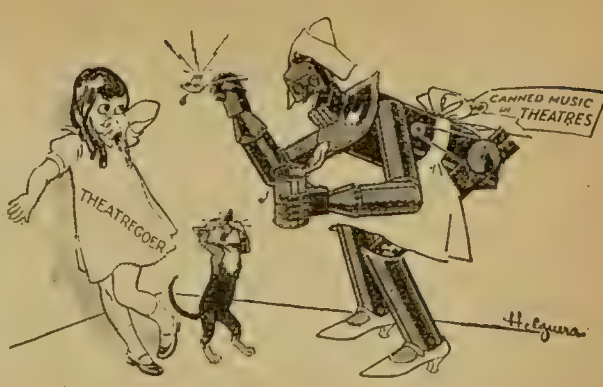
The Bell laboratories have already perfected television by wire to the point where the most disinterested spectator would term it as good as many movies. Although they have made no statement, it may be expected that as soon as it is economically justified long-distance television conversations will be possible from any main-branch telephone station.

It is a curious fact that for the past fifty years each depression in this country has been followed by electrical progress, and each great electrical innovation has ridden in on the crest of returning good times.

With the intensive experiment in television coming toward fruition today it is just barely possible that television may be the ladder industry to bring us up out of depression, as radio was credited with being after 1921.

The leaders in television, like those in radio, are almost all young men. Philo Farnsworth, Hollis S. Baird, U. A. Sanabria, Lloyd Garner, Michael Nicolson, have yet to see their thirtieth birthdays. C. Francis Jenkins, Dr. Vladimir Zworykin, and Dr. E. F. W. Alexanderson are older, but not old. Their assistants are still in their twenties. All of these men have individual theories. Each leads a small army of youth. The leaders of television will be the brothers and the sons of men who burned the midnight oil back in radio's early days of 1921 and '22; men who often sat up until daylight to report the reception of some broadcast from a distant land.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



THE ROBOT:

"Take it, dear, it's genuine music."

WISE CHILD:

"It's only more of that old canned sound, and I'm tired of it."

THERE is one way to protest against the elimination of LIVING MUSIC from the theatre: Add your voice to those of millions who have joined the Music Defense League. It costs nothing, carries no obligation. Sign and mail the coupon!

AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS L-11-21
1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Without further obligation on my part, please enroll my name in the Music Defense League as one who is opposed to the elimination of Living Music from the Theatre.

Name...

Address..

City......................... *State*............

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS

(Comprising 140,000 professional musicians in the United States and Canada)

JOSEPH N. WEBER, *President*
1440 Broadway New York, N. Y.

THE MARRIAGE OF MIRACLES

Continued from page twenty-five

Not all of them made inventions worth millions. But all contributed substantially to the perfection of the programs we tune in so casually today.

Television has arrived at a position parallel to that which radio broadcasting had reached in 1922. But the experience of ten years of radio broadcasting will give television a foundation of knowledge which radio lacked.

Radio has provided a means of both adult and juvenile education where otherwise education would be impossible. It has raised the musical appreciation of the nation, as recent surveys show. It has become a dispenser of flash news. It is part of the housewife's and business woman's everyday life. And it has the distinction of offering entertainment to the entire family—to entire families throughout the nation.

Television, correlated with radio, will add the missing factor to broadcasting—visible action. It, too, has obstacles to overcome. But, with the experience of radio to guide it, it should reach a stage of development equal to radio's present one within three years at most.

How is a scene televised and projected on the screen of a television receiving instrument?

If you will look closely at a half-tone photograph in your newspaper you will notice that the image of a human face, or of anything else, is made up of a great number of very small dots in gradations of light and dark. Perhaps sixty or ninety dots in line equal one inch, making 3,600 or 8,100 per square inch. The more dots, the finer the half-tone screen and the closer the resemblance to the original picture.

Images are reproduced on your television screen by the same principle, roughly speaking. Within one-twentieth of a second, the time within which the image must be completed, 3,600 dots of different degrees of light and shade take their component positions on your screen to represent a scene, a human face, or whatever is being televised. The more dots that can be transmitted within one-twentieth of a second, the better the image.

THE principle is not the same as that of a moving-picture screen, for if you should stop a moving picture at any point you would still have a complete image, though an inactive one. If the transmission of the televised image should stop at any second, the image would be but one dot.

It is the electric eye, a photo-electric cell sensitive to light and shade, that catches the light and shadings of the scene televised. Through microscopic perforations in the scanning disk or drum the light and shade are received by the electric eye for transmission to your receiving set.

The scene is transmitted on waves similar to those bringing the musical broadcast from a radio station, and when the impulses are picked up by your receiving set, they are translated back again into the scene.

The broadcast problems which will beset television are many. Television "types" will have to be found. Staging, suitable types of plays, make-up, scenery, the minute timing and coördination of action, and the very gestures and acting itself will be distinctly different from anything known before. Producers of television plays, in their present comparatively simple status, must have a wide knowledge of stage, screen, and radio. Television programs, like radio, must be timed to the second. The producer of a television program will have to know the effect of color combinations, since a stage set of a certain tint, for example, may give the effect on your television screen of headless performers.

What is the status of television today? We sit down with John Doe before his receiver and look. Incidentally, Mr. Doe works in the city, returns home on the five-fifteen train, knows nothing of mechanics, is interested in progress but not at the expense of entertainment.

HE first tunes in the station that will carry the sound part of the program in the ordinary manner on his regular radio. He then tunes in the combination short-wave and television receiver. On the screen some two feet square a pinkish glow appears and moves across in horizontal lines until the entire screen is filled.

The lines go by faster and faster until he has picked up the television signals accurately. And, lo! there is the program before him. It may be a moving picture, a lecturer, a singer, a short play, a dancer. The image is not as good as a movie, but it is easily recognizable. The sound element is the same as radio alone.

The pink color is caused by the neon glow lamp. However, it will be entirely eliminated from Mr. Doe's set within a few months by the substitution of a different tube. The ultimate in television will come when a picture as good as or better than that seen at the best movie houses today is received on the screen at home. A year ago "the advent of thoroughly practical television" meant five to ten years from now. Today it means—a month from now, six months, a year? Who can say? At any rate, the time will be short. Television programs may be recorded and played back from the records at will, giving the same program with fair accuracy even now. Moving pictures from a record! Within the next few years John Doe will build his own library of interesting events, music, drama, etc., from records.

The police in several countries have already decided that television is accurate enough for use in the detection of criminals, the recording instruments comprising all the evidence required to prosecute.

To sum up television, it opens new possibilities in war and peace, in the finding of missing persons, in the selling of goods over long distance, in protection of property, in the reunion of those widely separated, in home entertainment.

Consider the long procession of marvels at the end of which is television, and out of which may come marvels we cannot even imagine. First telegraphy, then wireless and the silent movie; radio, the telegraphic transmission of pictures, the talkies; and now the combination of wireless, radio, and movie—television!

THE END

NEXT WEEK—

Banishing Danger from The Airways

a comprehensive review of why flyers fall and the lessons learned from disasters

By

Maj. Gen. James E. Fechet

Chief of the Army Air Corps

also
stories and articles by

Adela Rogers St. Johns
MacKinlay Kantor
Bruce Bairnsfather
Eugene Jones
John F. "Chick" Meehan

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the capital of Arkansas?

2—How wide is the Canal Zone?

3—Where is Purdue University?

4—What is the Talmud?

5—What does the prefix deka mean?

6—What is a leviathan?

7—Who commanded the American fleet at the Battle of Manila Bay?

8—What is hæmoglobin?

9—Who was the author of Lalla Rookh?

10—What is poliomyelitis commonly called?

11—What is the milling on a coin?

12—What is the earth's orbit?

13—What is the source of "The cat will mew and dog will have his day"?

14—What is a factotum?

15—What is *spiritus frumenti?*

16—What is a landfall?

17—What is a *contretemps?*

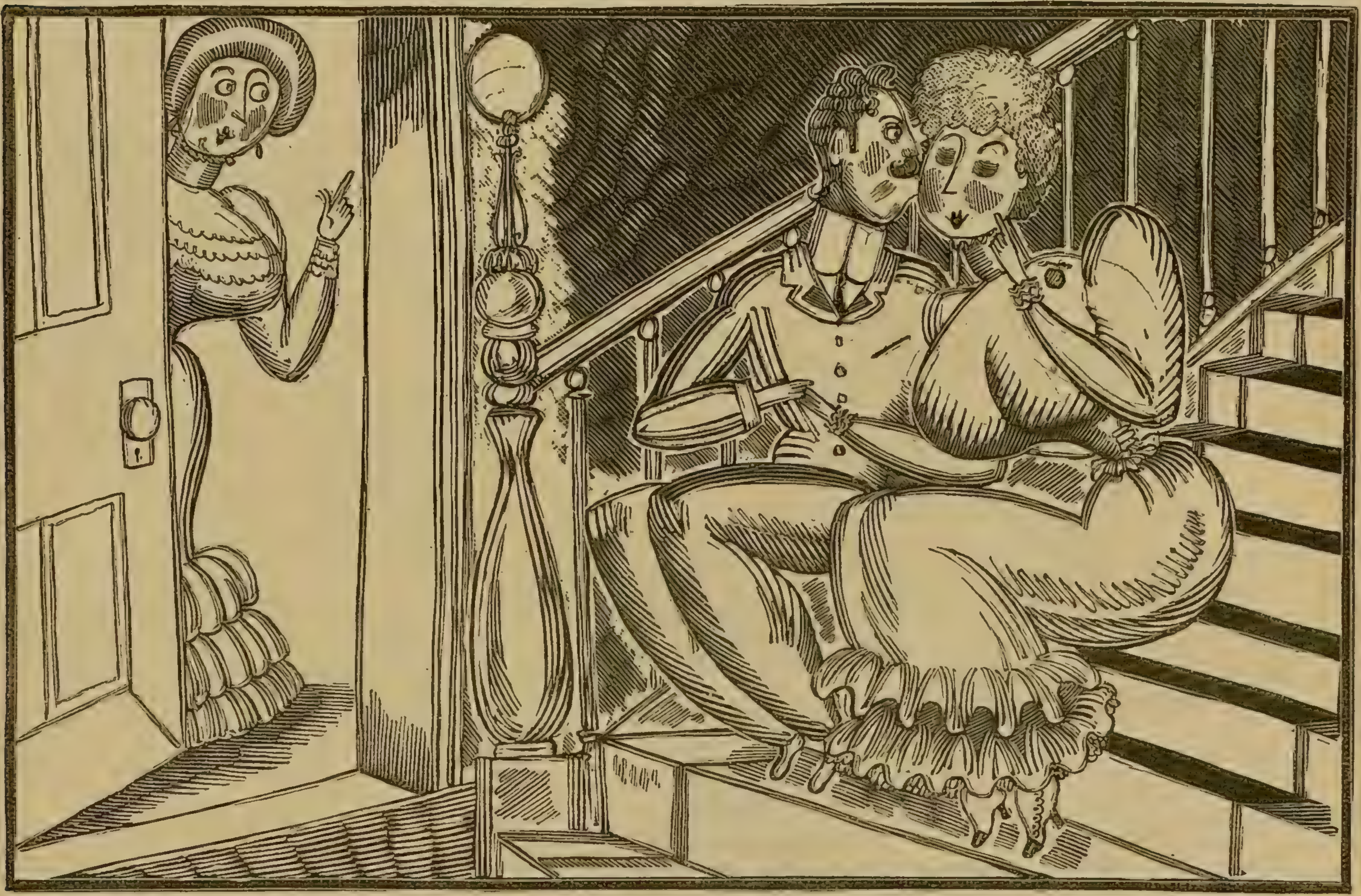
18—What is supererogation?

19—What is narcissism?

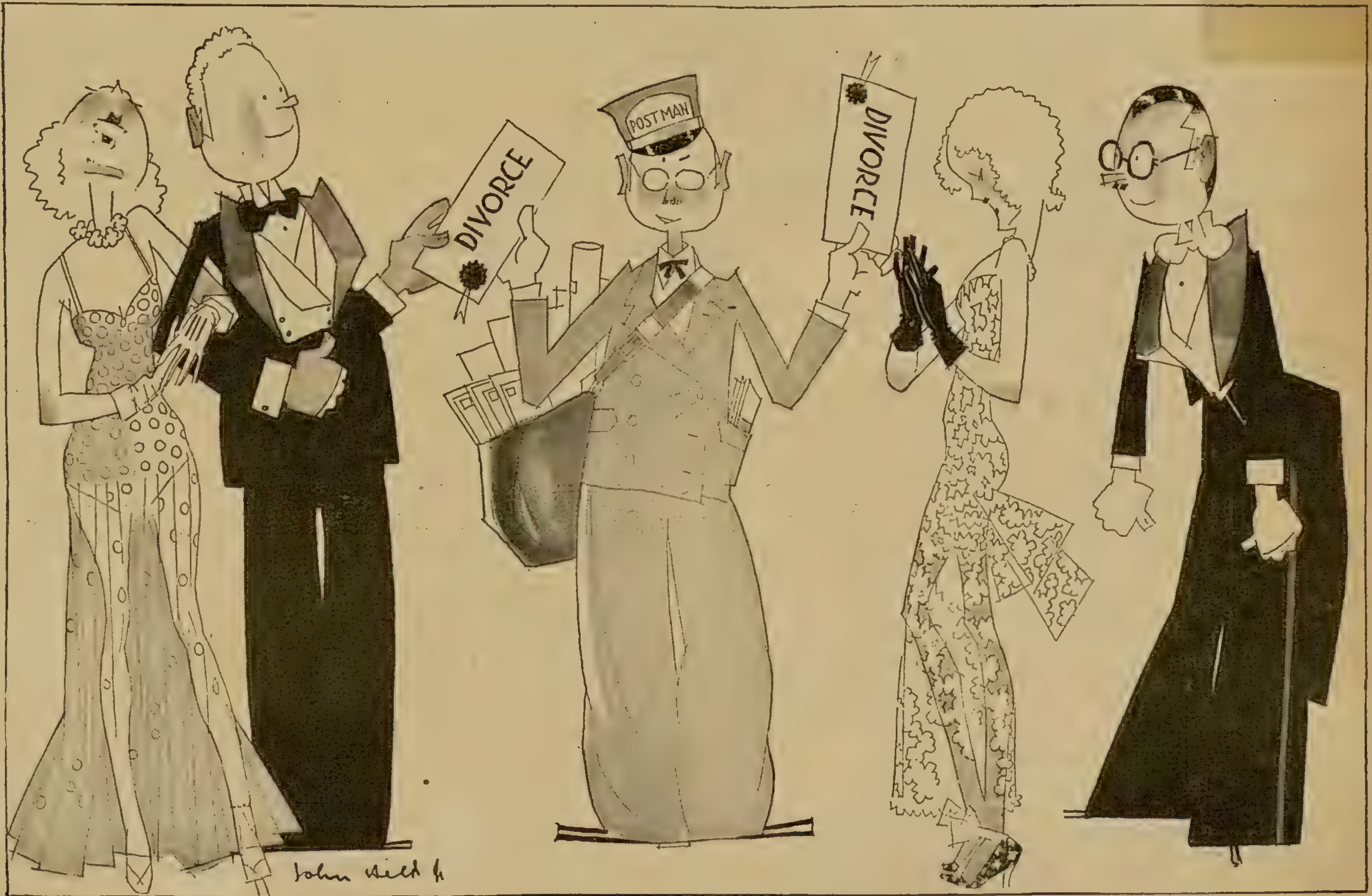
20—Where was the battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac fought?

(Answers will be found on page thirty-six)

CIVILIZATION'S PROGRESS *by* John Held, Jr.



In Days Gone By Romance Often Started with the Old Game of "Post Office"


DIVORCE
POSTMAN
DIVORCE

Nowadays Romance Starts with the Mail-Order Divorce

No Fis
for this

The Story of a Fair Harpooner W

By FRE

Pictures
by
JOHN
DREW

(*Reading time: 31 minutes 50 seconds.*)

THE first time I met Wanda Worcester I leaped to a conclusion regarding her. I concluded that she was gorgeous but of a very low order of intelligence. I thought she ranked somewhere between the cow and the cat. In view of her brief but brilliant career in New York and her present exalted position abroad, it would appear that I was preposterously in error, but I have modified my opinion with extreme reluctance.

Some three or four years ago I was alone in Hollywood, marooned in the scenario department of a film company. I was hungry for companionship, especially female companionship, and reduced to scraping acquaintance with extra girls on the company lot. I met one named Thelma Ransome.

This girl was sweet, guileless, and pink and white like a milkmaid. While there may be room for argument regarding the intelligence of Wanda Worcester, there can be none in the case of Thelma. She was so appallingly dumb that she introduced pretty girl friends to men friends. Thelma brought Wanda to call on me.

Wanda was a California product where they grow big and beautiful. She was slender as a young eucalyptus tree and almost as tall. Her hair was red gold with fire in it, and she had great gleaming masses of it. She was so lovely that she stunned you and she caused Thelma to go into total eclipse.

Wanda's head might have been done by Titian when he was feeling particularly fit. It contained a pair of very large violet eyes which were set wide apart. These eyes were remarkable in their childlike beauty and, like an infant's, they mirrored profound innocence. She had an exquisitely sculptured nose, a mouth which was not small but which possessed rows of even, snow-white, flawless teeth. Her chin was firm, neatly rounded, and had a dimple in it. When she smiled she grew a dimple in each cheek.

She slumped upon my couch upon the occasion of our first meeting and stretched out long, aristocratic legs. Her feet were large but not out of proportion, for the Amazon stood five feet eight without shoes.

I opened up a conversation enthusiastically with Wanda. It ran down almost immediately.

When I spoke to her, the smile faded, the brows knit, and the eyes grew more blank than usual, which were outward and visible signs that what was behind the broad, low, milk-white forehead was endeavoring to decipher the meaning of the remark and formulate some sort of reply. When it came it was a monosyllable.

When it occurred to Wanda to say something of her own accord, she spoke with a drawl which made her most inane utterance impressive. Her voice was deep and its quality was as lovely as her face. While she claimed to have graduated from high school, she seemed to have learned very little, but she clothed her ignorance in an air of disdain which made you feel apologetic for bringing up any subject outside the limitations of extra girls.

Even exquisite scenery loses its interest after half an hour, so I did not mind when Thelma, who appeared to control their movements, said that they had to be going, and when, despite polite protests, they glided forth in search of other entertainment.

Coming out of a film theater a couple of weeks after that, I saw the two girls, who were pressing their noses against the pane of a caterer's window.

"What is the attraction?" I demanded.

"We were looking at that wedding cake," said Thelma dreamily, "and we were wondering whether we ought to go in and buy an ice-cream soda or whether we ought not."

"And what decision did you come to?"

Wanda turned the violet eyes upon me and her indolent mind decided that it would be profitable to make a remark.

"Thelma is broke," she said slowly, "and I'm saving up. Besides, ice-cream sodas are fattening."

"Come on in," I invited.

They accompanied me joyfully and slumped gracefully upon iron chairs. It occurred to me that every trade or

oo Small Dame

ever Kicked About Anything Except—

ACISAAC

profession, no matter how bizarre, seems to produce persons fitted for it and nothing else. Here was a pair who had been born to supply the demand for motion-picture extra girls: lovely, languid, graceful creatures, without talent or ambition, who would loaf upon a set for eight hours a day, unperturbed by the interminable waits, patient as images, unsupplied with nerves, and with no urge to kill time by reading or sewing. No stardom for them; they would be extra girls until their beauty faded.

"Wanda is going to New York," said Thelma astonishingly.

"Really? What for?"

"I don't know," drawled Wanda. "I've saved up some money and I thought New York might be nice."

"What are you planning to do there? Go on the stage?"

THERE was the usual pause until she had mentally digested that idea.

"I don't know," she replied. "If I thought I could get a job I might go on the stage."

It occurred to me that there was a field in New York for Wanda Worcester. She had the beauty, the height, and the figure for a show girl in Carl Ziegler's revues. She would be a marvelous clotheshorse. Her natural gait was a model's glide.

"When are you going?" I demanded.

"I don't know. Pretty soon, I guess," she said languidly.

"She's going Saturday if we can get her accommodations on the train," Thelma stated.

"I don't see how she can get along without you, Thelma," I observed.

"Oh, I'll write to Thelma often and ask her advice about things," said Wanda.

I had an idea. "How would you like an introduction to Carl Ziegler?" I inquired.

"Who is he?" she wanted to know.

Well, I couldn't expect her to know that he was a famous impresario. I couldn't expect Wanda to know anything. I explained.

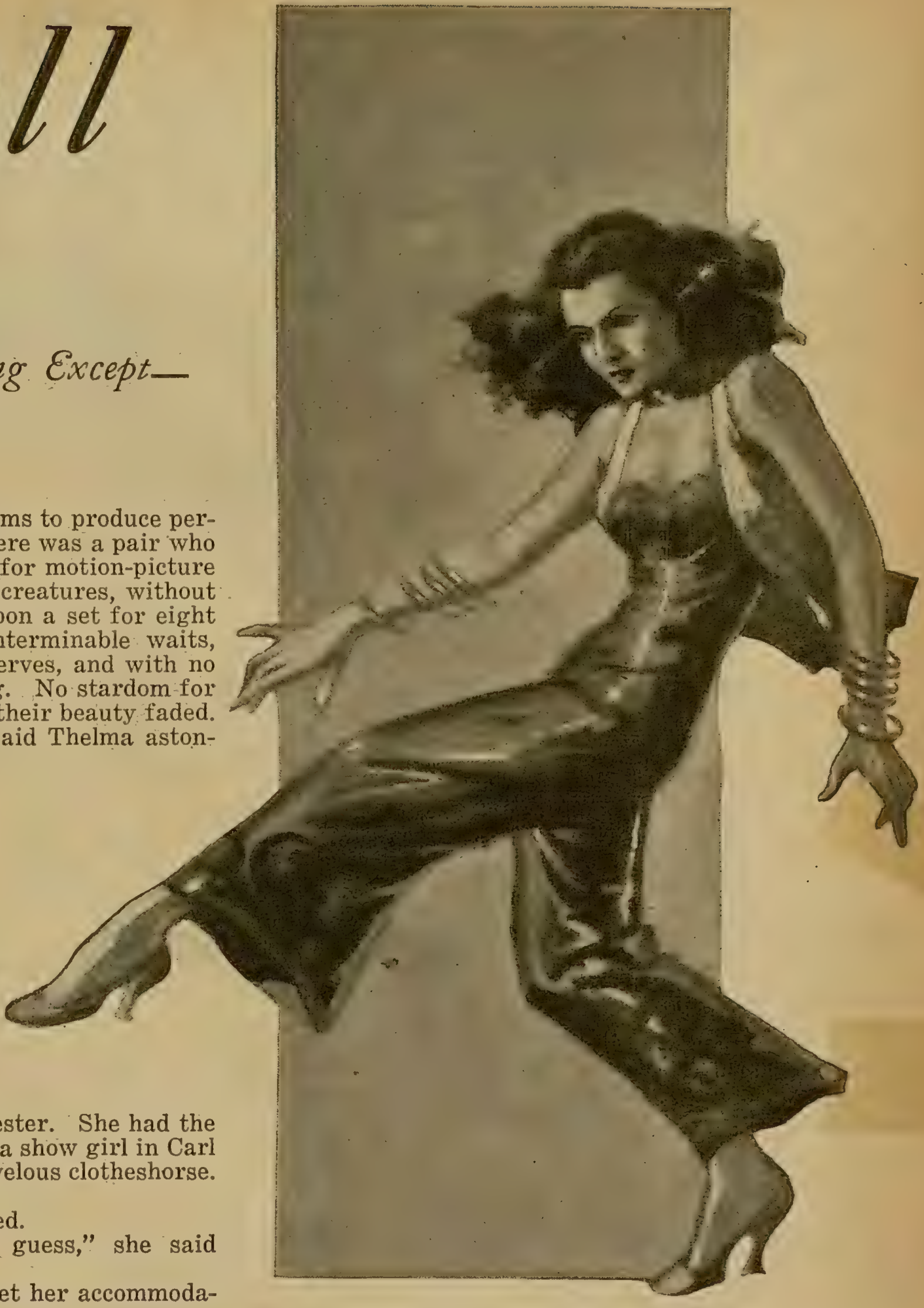
"I would like that," she said gratefully. "Maybe I will go on the stage."

"Come round to my place and I'll write the letter now."

Back in my days of newspaper work in New York I had a slight acquaintance with Ziegler and it was hardly likely that he would remember me, but, as we were three thousand miles apart, I addressed him as "Dear Carl."

I wrote vivaciously, more to impress Wanda than to influence Ziegler, for I thought it highly probable that she would lose the letter ten minutes after she left my apartment.

I told him I was sending him the most beautiful girl in California and urged him not to waste such an effulgent person in the chorus but to make a part for her in one of his productions and to exploit her according to her deserts. After signing this cheeky missive, I gave it to Wanda, who read it without exhibiting much interest.



"She kicked me so hard she almost broke my shin."

"I think it is very nice," she said. "I think I will go on the stage in New York."

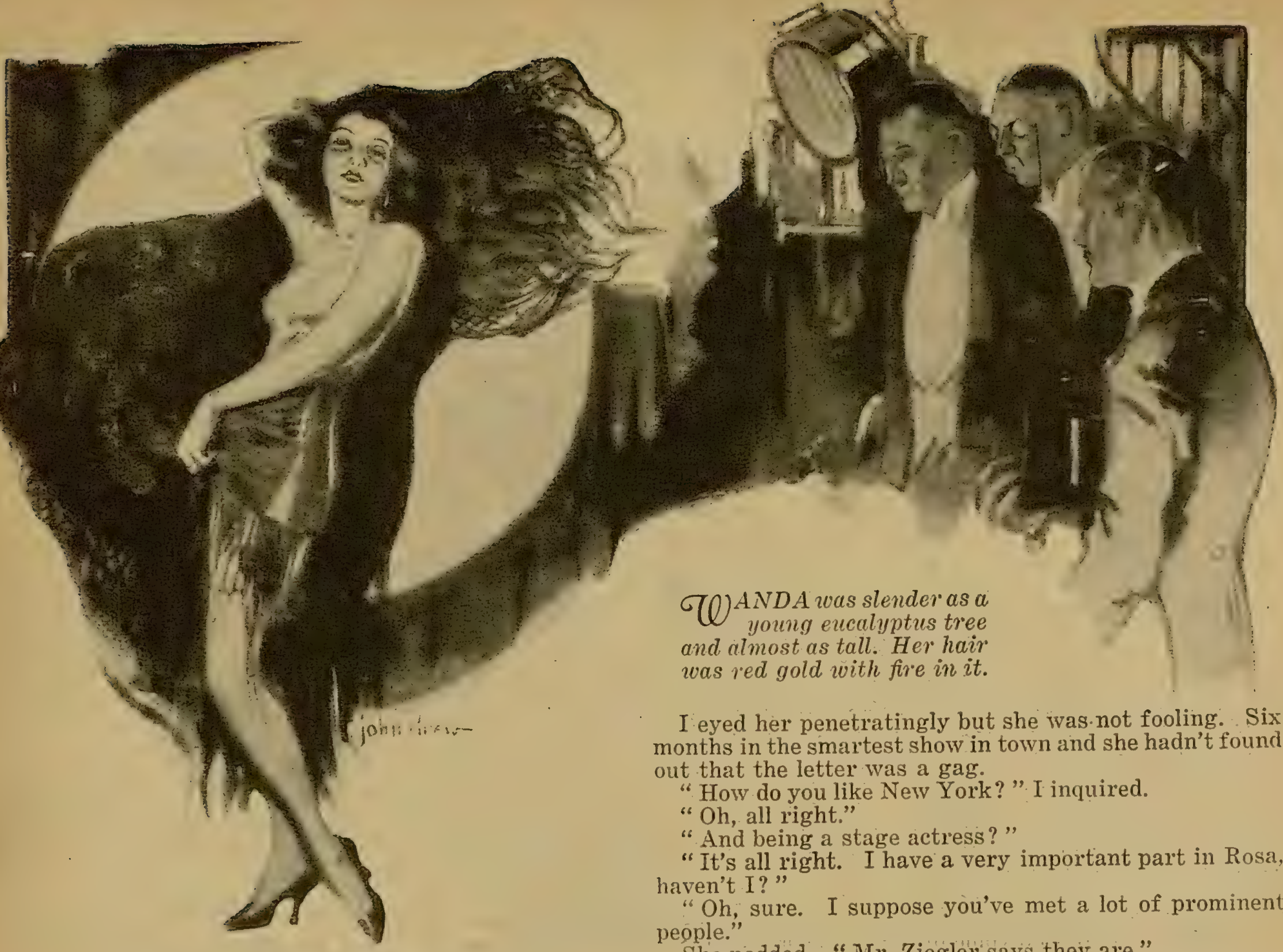
After Wanda had left Hollywood I dispensed completely with the company of Thelma, which was not difficult, as she had encountered a plumber whose intentions appeared to be matrimonial. Naturally I did not hear from the beautiful adventuress, and six months later, having been presented with a blue envelope by the film company, I went to New York to peddle a play that I had written on the company's time.

Like any returned exile, I went immediately to Times Square to feast my eyes upon the Great White Way, and the first thing my eyes feasted upon was a huge photograph of Wanda Worcester which occupied the place of honor in the window of a ticket speculator. The caption under the photograph read:

Wanda Worcester, "California's Gift to Broadway."
Appearing in Ziegler's Rosa of Rosario.

In three blocks I encountered Wanda's picture eight times, and then I buttonholed a press agent.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



WANDA was slender as a young eucalyptus tree and almost as tall. Her hair was red gold with fire in it.

NO FISH TOO SMALL FOR THIS DAME

Continued from page twenty-nine

"Tell me about Wanda Worcester," I commanded. "Who is she and why?"

"You must have heard of her in Hollywood. She's the Coast's prize beauty. Ziegler stole her from the movies."

"She's getting a lot of exploitation for a chorus girl."

"What do you mean, chorus girl? Ziegler pays her a hundred seventy-five a week and is featuring her."

"You mean she speaks lines?" I asked, aghast.

"Oh, you know what featuring is: special costumes; on in everything. The principals use her for a foil."

I went to see Rosa of Rosario. The sets were all Spanish shawls and potted palms and rubber plants, with Wanda walking like Juno across the stage or standing in graceful attitudes in corners or smiling brilliantly at the funny man who delivered gags to her. Her name was high up among the list of principals, and if she had nothing to do, she did it very well.

While it was improbable that Wanda would remember it, I yielded to temptation and sent back my name. In a few moments I received a scrawl on a card to the effect that she was busy almost every night, but would come to lunch with me next day if I would give her my address.

SHE turned up at one next afternoon. Improbable as it seems, she was wearing the same blue chiffon dress which she had on the night I bought her an ice-cream soda in Hollywood. There was nothing whatever about her garb to remind one that she was one of the toasts of Broadway.

"I'm sorry I couldn't see you last night, George," she drawled, "but Mr. Ziegler says that part of my job is to be seen with prominent people after the show."

"Why—thanks."

"And he's paying me a lot of money, you know."

"How should I know, and why is he paying you a lot of money?"

"He had to after the letter you wrote."

I eyed her penetratingly but she was not fooling. Six months in the smartest show in town and she hadn't found out that the letter was a gag.

"How do you like New York?" I inquired.

"Oh, all right."

"And being a stage actress?"

"It's all right. I have a very important part in Rosa, haven't I?"

"Oh, sure. I suppose you've met a lot of prominent people."

She nodded. "Mr. Ziegler says they are."

"Do you like New York men?"

She hesitated. "I like some. George, will you tell me something? I meet an awful nice man now and then, and he makes a fuss over me and gives me lovely presents, and we go places three or four nights, and I'm sweet to him, but after a few times I never see him again. Why is that?"

THE baby's eyes were honestly puzzled. I was not being razzed.

"I suppose," I said hesitatingly, "that they expect more of you than you are willing to give, if you know what I mean."

"Y-es, I guess I know what you mean. But they are very foolish, George, because if they kept taking me places and were awfully nice to me for a long time I might fall in love with them and marry them."

"Darling," I said tenderly, "maybe that's what they are afraid of."

She caught her ripe lower lip with two pretty front teeth and stared me out of countenance.

"Anyway," she said, "other nice men keep coming round. I've got some lovely presents."

"Flowers and candy? Orchids, I suppose."

"Uh-huh, and gloves and stockings and coats and diamonds."

"Really, Wanda, you wouldn't accept that kind of present?"

"I don't see why if they want to give them to me. It would hurt them if I refused, and diamonds are valuable."

"Wanda," I said sternly, "you've been on Broadway six months and you must have learned the alphabet. Let's be pals. Drop the hooey."

She looked like a baby into whom one has inadvertently stuck a pin.

"I never know what you're talking about," she complained. "But I do thank you for introducing me to Mr. Ziegler. I feel as if you were my big brother, and there are lots of things I want to ask you about. Almost any day you want me to lunch with you—"

"But your evenings are occupied, eh?"

"You see, I have to be with people who can do things for the show."

"And who might be passing out diamonds."

"But if people insist upon giving you valuable presents, George—"

"Please, Wanda," I pleaded. "Devote your attention to your chop. I can't stand any more."

She took my suggestion literally and ate like the big, healthy girl she was.

A few nights later I invited to dinner a girl named Nell Norton, who was in the chorus of Rosa of Rosario, and I asked her the opinion of the sisterhood regarding Wanda Worcester.

"I surrender," said Nell, laughing. "I'm willing to eat raw all the brains she has, but I wish I were just like her. George, the best thing you can say for her is that if you place her in a certain pose, she will hold it for weeks. Her only lines are 'Yes' and 'No,' and she gets them confused. Try to converse with her and you're talking to yourself. Yet she winds Carl Ziegler round her finger and she gets more and gives less than any femme that ever roamed through this jungle."

"You don't like her, I take it."

"I'm crazy about her," she said ruefully. "I'd pick her up in my arms and pet her if she wasn't twice my size."

"What's going to become of her?"

"Oh, she can't be lucky all her life. She'll fall eventually for some dirty dog."

"Or marry a millionaire?"

"No. The kind of millionaires we have a chance to meet only marry when outsmarted. You knew her in Hollywood. Are you in love with her?"

"I am not. But being, in a way, responsible for putting her on the spot, I hope she'll come out all right."

"So far she's away ahead of the rest of us. Thanks for the groceries. Ta, ta."

NOT long after that I ran into Dave Yates, who is a broker, wealthy, married, and as gay as he dares to be. He was limping and leaning on a cane.

"What happened to you?" I demanded. "Kicked by a mule?"

He looked embarrassed. "Not exactly," he replied. "I went out of my class."

"Meaning?"

"Let me put a question to you. If you met an amazingly beautiful actress and you dined her and wined her—though the wine is a figure of speech, since she drinks mineral water at night-club prices—and gave her orchids with diamond fasteners, would you or would you not assume you were entitled to some slight liberties?"

"I would if she accepted my gifts."

"So did I. She kicked me so hard she almost broke my shin."

"I suppose you dropped her like a hot cake?" I hazarded.

"Well, it dampened my ardor," he admitted. "I'm off that dame for life."

"Are her initials W. W.?" I queried.

"Say, did Wanda kick you, too?" he demanded eagerly.

"No, because I never tried to kiss her."

"Then how did you guess?"

"I'm just a good guesser."

. . . . .

"Wanda," I said severely the next time she presented herself at the lunch hour, "I'm told you kick gentlemen."

Her serenity was unaffected. "A girl has to do something when they get fresh," she drawled. "Doesn't she?"

"I SUPPOSE so, but after you've accepted a peck of diamonds from a chap, don't you think he is entitled to hold your hand and even to touch your lips with his?"

"I don't think a girl ought to kiss men much," she replied after the usual reflective pause. "And I never asked anybody to give me anything."

"I suppose you return their gifts after you have assaulted them."

"I would if they asked me to, but they just get mad and keep away. I don't think gentlemen would want their presents back, do you?"

"Let's eat."

After about fifteen minutes she spoke: "I'm kind of worried, George. I have some University Motors stock that cost one hundred and thirty dollars and it's gone down to one hundred and twenty-seven dollars. What should I do about it?"

"I should get out," I said from my vast inexperience. "How much have you got?"

"I think it's a thousand shares."

When I came out of catalepsy, I asked faintly, "Where did you get a thousand shares of anything?"

"Well, you see, a friend of mine is a broker, and he told me to buy University Motors because it was sure to go up. I asked if he was positive, and he said he would bet a hundred thousand dollars it would. So I suggested that, instead of betting all that money, which he might lose, he should buy the stock for me and I would pay him when it went up. He thought it was a good idea, so that's how it happened."

"Sell it before you have to kick him, Wanda," I said earnestly.

Her seraphic smile appeared. "Oh, I had to kick him a couple of nights ago, but he called up next day and said he honored me for being a good girl."

"I wonder if you know what you are getting away with?"

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean."

"Do you realize that you're a grafter?"

Her cheeks pinkened and her eyes widened and she looked hurt. "Oh, I'm not," she protested. "It isn't

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

BETTER BRISTLES

AND ONLY THE BEST PART SELECTED FOR TEK

Nothing is too good for your teeth! Tek bristles are laboratory-selected from world markets. The finest bristles for specific tooth brush use. Even from these bristles, Tek uses only the small choice section near the base. And this best part of the best bristles is used unblended in Tek. Strong, springy, sterilized, Tek's super-bristles are scientifically spaced and shaped. No extra cost for this extra cleaning service. Tek is sterilized, Cellophane-sealed and guaranteed. A product of Johnson & Johnson NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

Tek

the modern TOOTH BRUSH

NO FISH TOO SMALL FOR THIS DAME
Continued from page thirty-one

my fault if people give me things. I'm not mercenary at all. Look."

She pulled back her right sleeve and showed me a small platinum wrist watch which had on either side two links of platinum with a small diamond in the center of each.

"My ambition," she stated, "is to have a platinum and diamond bracelet, and I began it in Hollywood, and so far I've only got four links."

"Where did you get them?"

"A boy in Hollywood gave me one and three boys in New York gave me the others when I told them about my ambition. So, if I only got four in nearly a year, George, it proves I'm not a gold digger. These links only cost a hundred dollars, and I suppose it will be years and years before I have my bracelet. They are friendship links, George."

The violet eyes were close to mine and I gazed into them with growing conviction.

"So maybe I should buy you one of those links," I said bitterly.

"I know you're poor and I wouldn't let you, George—unless you wanted to very much."

"It's all right, Wanda. I don't want to."

"Well, I won't let it make any difference in our friendship," she said sweetly. "And that proves I'm not what you said, doesn't it, George?"

"Indubitably," I commented dryly. The experience did not persuade me that Wanda was less obtuse than I assumed. Acquisition is an instinct, not an evidence of intelligence. A clever girl would have known better than try to gold-dig me, but instincts are blind and unreasoning.

I was hurt, however, when she stopped coming to lunch after one or two more visits. Wanda's personality was charming and her stupidity made it even more delicious, and I missed her. I was chagrined to think that my failure to spend a hundred dollars outweighed with her the fact that I had set her up in what was evidently an exceedingly profitable business. In that respect I wronged her. She dropped me because she had acquired a more absorbing interest.

Nell Norton told me about it. "You remember," she said one evening, "that I informed you that girls like Wanda end by falling hard for some Useless. She is crazy about a young Englishman who has a punk job on a newspaper. He has handed her a line. He claims to be the only son of Lord Westwood, who owns all the big London papers, and he is over here incognito to learn American newspaper methods. Will you kindly tie that?"

"A remittance man, eh?"

"Sure. I've argued with her till I'm black in the face, but she says she knows he is telling the truth and it would be much nicer to be Lady Westwood and live in London than to go on the road next fall with the show. The worst of it is that she has a lot of money and he'll get it away from her."

"SOMEHOW," I said thoughtfully, "I can't visualize Wanda giving away money."

"He'll fenangle it. She is very tight, you know. We call her Wasteful Wanda. Can you imagine that she makes Ziegler buy her evening dresses, on the ground that she only accepts invitations to advertise the show? And she hasn't bought herself a meal since she hit New York—Why are you blushing?"

"I was thinking of a lot of lunches," I confessed.

"And she's collected a fortune in presents. And have you followed University Motors? It has gone from one hundred and thirty to two hundred and seventy and is still soaring. She has a big block of that."

"Nell," I said pensively, "maybe she's bright. Have you got a block of anything? Neither have I."

"She is dumb," Nell protested hotly. "Hasn't she passed up some of the best bets in New York for this clerk in the business office of the Sphere? And she has done well until now because she is a hundred-per-cent moron. A male chaser will take advantage of an ordinary dumb-bell, but when he meets a girl who hasn't got the mental processes of a newborn babe, his hard heart is touched. Even when she takes his watch he thinks she is cute."

While I have a profound admiration for that part of the British nation which remains at home, my experiences with young Englishmen with titles who are in America incognito have been unfortunate. They have none of the American male's prejudice against taking money from women. This lad would play upon Wanda's cupidity and induce her by promises of high interest to turn over to him her money to invest.

I determined to check up on the Englishman, but before I got round to it the catastrophe occurred.

Wanda Worcester was arrested for manslaughter.

Simon Holmes, a Wall Street broker, was found dead in her apartment. His jaw was broken and he had fractured his skull against a stone fireplace as he fell. Wanda had notified the police and admitted that she was responsible. It appeared that she had kicked him in the jaw. He had attacked her, and she had defended herself, and she was very sorry he had fallen down and killed himself.

GIVEN a beautiful show girl of whom every newspaper had scores of photographs, and you will realize what the newspapers did with this murder case. The tone of the articles was not nice. Girls who are in revues and are habituées of night clubs are handled without gloves if they happen to get into trouble.

They called her the "Passion Woman" and the "Lovely Voluptuary," and insinuated that she had had affairs with every person of prominence with whom she had been seen about town. They sneered at her tale of defending her honor and they practically convicted her in advance of the trial.

When they learned that Holmes was her broker who had called to give her his firm's check for $140,000, which was profit from her deal in University Motors, they added ingratitude to the list of vices they pinned upon her. And then the investigators learned that no check for the purchase of a thousand shares at one hundred and thirty upon a ten-point margin had been given Holmes & Co., but that the broker had paid for the stock out of his own pocket. This completely shattered Wanda's naïve explanation of her crime.

Knowing the girl better than most, the episode of the check caused me to believe that Wanda was being truthful. For one thing, I knew she kicked people. And, despite the incredulity of Broadway, I was confident that Mr. Holmes had paid for Wanda's investment with expectations which never had been realized. Most likely he had assumed that the fortune he was delivering would cause her to be kind to him and had presumed too far.

When I read that she had refused to engage a lawyer on the ground that she hadn't done anything that a girl ought not to do, and that the court had appointed a man named Rufus Strauss to defend her, I was unable to resist calling on him.

He was an intelligent but very young man and much worried.

"What are you going to do," he asked pathetically, "when your client refuses to confide in you? All I can get out of her is the preposterous yarn that he assaulted her and she kicked him in the jaw. No jury will believe a girl could kick him hard enough to cause his death."

"She is a big, strong girl," I observed.

"Well, she's been chummy with Holmes for months. He paid for her stock with his own money, so it's obvious that she gave him *quid pro quo*. And that ruins the 'unwritten law' business."

"How is she standing her imprisonment?"

"Remarkably. That's because she has no imagination. And she thinks that all she has to do is to walk into the court room to be acquitted and presented with a bouquet. It's a cinch she'll go up the river."

"It doesn't seem to me that the prosecution can pro duce a strong motive. A girl doesn't kill a man for presenting her with a fortune."

"They have her confession, so they don't need a motive," he said gloomily. "And they probably will claim that Holmes was hit with some blunt instrument during a lovers' quarrel. Kicking him isn't going to be believed."

"I'll give you a tip, Mr. Strauss," I said. "Holmes isn't the first man she has kicked. Subpœna David Yates. She nearly broke his shin. Get her to give you a list of amorous persons upon whom she has used her feet. Under oath they'll have to admit it."

He became intensely interested.

"Say, do you really believe she hadn't been having an affair with Holmes; that she is a good girl?"

"I know positively that she is not a 'Passion Woman,' as the papers say. I don't think her blood boils easily. Frankly I believe her story."

"We can't make a jury believe it. Her good looks may get her a light sentence, but I can't get her off. If she wasn't so dumb I'd put her on the stand and tell her to vamp the jury, but she would lose her head and ruin everything."

"If you haven't a head, you can't lose it," I said sententiously. "Put her on the witness stand."

Wanda was brought to trial in six weeks. She was dressed in the old blue chiffon from Hollywood. She was calm and apparently disinterested and beautiful as hell.

Everybody in New York had endeavored to get into the court room, but I was there because I had hooked up with a newspaper to write impressions. It was expected that the trial would finish in one day, since the state didn't have to prove what Wanda freely admitted.

THE district attorney's case was simple. Against Wanda's plea that she was defending her honor, he only had to persuade the jury that she was a notorious person who had mislaid her virtue long before the fatal occasion. He had no trouble in showing that she had often been in the company of men who were not interested in good women, and, of course, the fact that Wall Street men did not present show girls with huge sums of money without reason had a lot of weight.

For a young lawyer, Strauss showed himself ingenious. It was a total surprise to the prosecution when he called Dave Yates and two sheepish-looking clubmen who reluctantly admitted that, after paying court to Wanda and making her valuable presents, she had viciously resisted advances and used her feet on them.

The impression their testimony made on the jury was evident to everybody. And Strauss sprang another surprise when he risked cross-examination and placed the defendant on the stand. Wanda was the least excited woman in the court room when she took the chair and repeated the oath.

"Will you kindly tell us in your own way your relations with Mr. Holmes?" asked her attorney.

"I'm not related to him," she drawled. "He was just a friend."

"Well, tell us about your friendship," he requested, after the laughter had been checked.

"Oh, well, Mr. Ziegler introduced him to me and I went to supper with him and he was very nice, so we became friends."

She finished and threw a bland smile at judge and jury. Apparently she thought she had told all.

"Well, now, how did he happen to buy the stock for you?"

WANDA related that remarkable transaction in almost the same words she had used in telling me about it, and the touching narrative brought down the house. The judge was seen smothering a smile and most of the jury were grinning broadly. Wanda looked hurt and her eyes filled with tears. A juryman leaned forward and offered her a handkerchief when she fumbled for one without success.

"And didn't he ask any return from you?" demanded Strauss.

"I don't know. Oh, yes. He tried to kiss me, and I kicked him in the leg, and he went away mad, but next day he called up and apologized. He said he was glad I was a good girl."

"And your friendship continued."

"Well," said Wanda slowly, "I was friends with him, but he didn't come round to see me any more." She turned to the jury and said artlessly, "You know, it's the funniest thing, I'd meet lots of nice men who would take me places two or three times, and then I would never see them any more. Can you tell me why that was?"

It looked as though two or three jurymen wanted to tell her, but the laughter was too loud.

"Then he came to call upon you upon the fatal night because you had sold your stock and he was bringing you the check. Of course you felt kindly toward him."

"Object," snapped the district attorney.

"Well, how did you feel toward him?"

Wanda beamed. "Kindly," she said.

"Now tell us what happened."

"Well, I'm afraid poor Mr. Holmes had been drinking, because he had the queerest ideas. He seemed to think that just because he paid me money that belonged to me I ought to be in love with him. And when I asked him please to go home, he tried to grab me, and I kicked at him, but he stepped back because once before I had had to kick him, and my foot flew high up and hit his chin and he fell down and—oh, it was so awful!"

Wanda began to weep softly, to the great concern of all the male persons in the court room. Her eyes looked like stars.

"You may have the witness," said

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

FREE
THIS
BOOK
PACKED
WITH
GIFT
IDEAS

This year you can remember all your friends with lovely gifts, at a fraction of their cost to buy. For here is a book filled with ideas for attractive gifts that you can make, right at home, on your own sewing machine. Pajamas, lingerie, robes, pillows, card table covers, fabric toys—these are but a few of its many suggestions.

Gifts you can make on the Sewing Machine

To get your book, simply take the coupon below to any Singer Shop. The experts at the Shop will also gladly give you helpful instruction to enable you to make your gifts. Every sewing convenience is provided, including the use of swift Singer Electric Machines. Take advantage of this special service which is now available at every Singer Shop.

Surprise your friends with GIFTS you've made yourself

This coupon, when filled in and presented at any Singer Shop, entitles you to a free copy of "Gifts You Can Make on the Sewing Machine."

Name__________

Address__________

L-47

See telephone directory for nearest address of Singer Sewing Machine Co.

SINGER
SEWING MACHINE CO. INC.

Copyright U. S. A. 1931, by The Singer Manufacturing Co. All Rights Reserved for All Countries.

The New Buick introduces

the Wizard control

Greatest Achievement since the Self-Starter

◆

$50,000 IN AWARDS

for the best answers to this question:

"Why does the new Buick Eight, at its new low prices, again confirm the Buick pledge: When better automobiles are built, Buick will build them."

First Prize, $25,000

Second Prize, $10,000

Third Prize, $5,000

Forty-six other prizes ranging from $1500 to $100. Contest starts Saturday, Nov. 14th. Ends Midnight, Monday, Dec. 14th. See your Buick Dealer for literature containing full information on the new Buick Eight as well as complete rules of the contest—Saturday, Nov. 14th.

Saturday, November 14th . . .

THE NEW BUICK EIGHT

Four Brilliant New Eights (26 models) at new low prices . . . Newly-Styled, Newly-Beautified Bodies by Fisher . . . THE WIZARD CONTROL, resulting from New Automatic Clutch, New Free Wheeling and New Silent-Second Syncro-Mesh Transmission . . . New Valve-in-Head Straight Eight Engine (High Compression optional without extra cost) . . . New Ride Regulator . . . plus many other important improvements.

◆

THE YEAR 1931-32 is destined to be the most significant in Buick's twenty-eight year history of building outstandingly better automobiles and giving outstandingly greater value.

For the new Buick Eight—successor to the fine Buick which has won *four to one sales leadership over all Eights* in its price range—marks by far the widest advance Buick has ever achieved in beauty, luxury and performance during a single year.

All of the skill and experience of Buick and General Motors, all of their combined resources, have been mobilized to increase still further Buick leadership.

The Wizard Control—
Major Automotive Development for 1932

The outstanding feature of the new creations is an entirely new system of car operation and management—*Wizard Control.* The new Buicks not only have Conventional Drive. . . . They not only have new and advanced Free Wheeling. . . . They not only have new Silent-Second Syncro-Mesh Transmission. . . . They have still another vitally important engineering development—the Automatic Clutch—making possible smooth shifting of *all* gears without use of the clutch pedal, as well as instantaneous change from Free Wheeling to Conventional Drive or vice versa at the driver's will.

This remarkable new Wizard Control, embodying principles never before employed in automotive engineering, brings entirely new comfort—new convenience—new pleasure and exhilaration to motoring.

And yet, important as is this new system of control, it forms but one of many vital advancements in this finest of all Buick creations.

New Beauty—New Performance Leadership
New Comfort and Convenience

A still longer wheelbase; newly-styled Bodies by Fisher achieving an entirely new effect of length, lowness, luxury; a fleet, slim front featuring newly-designed radiator, lamps, fender and hood doors—all combine to lend surpassing smartness and modernity of appearance.

An even greater Buick Valve-in-Head Straight Eight Engine—with optional high compression head, improved fuel system and improved engine oil temperature regulator—places this new Buick still farther ahead of any car at or near its price in fleet, virile performance.

New Ride Regulator, permitting such *precise* adjustment of shock absorbers that you virtually design your springs as you ride! (Available on models 32-56 and 32-57 at extra cost.) A new, more artistic instrument board with complete visibility for all instruments and an attractive built-in convenience compartment! New electric gas gauge; new vacuum pump assuring positive windshield wiper action at all engine speeds; new and improved starting and cooling! These are but a few of many other improvements in a Buick which provides the new maximum of comfort and convenience as well as beauty and performance.

See these great new Eights at your Buick Dealer's —*Saturday, November 14th!*

The OUTSTANDING **BUICK** OF ALL TIME

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

Mr. Strauss, who looked over at me in the front row of the press seats and telegraphed mortal terror. His fears, however, were groundless.

If Wanda had had nerves, there is no doubt that the district attorney would have torn them to shreds, for his cross-examination was savage, satirical, and contemptuous. Most skillfully he suggested by his questions that she was a cold-blooded, vicious, unscrupulous, mercenary, and untruthful person; but Wanda was too literal to understand insinuations and she was utterly unaffected by them. And while he ranted, the jury was thinking of the long line of gentlemen who had received shin bruises from Wanda's right toe, and reasoning that a gentleman who saw her assume a kicking position and had experienced one of her smashing hits might be expected to draw back and thus receive it on the chin. And against the jeers of the prosecutor was the evidence of three victims of Wanda's distaste for being pawed.

Furthermore, the jury liked Wanda. They were hypnotized by her virgin eyes. Rampant was their protective instinct for a lovely but witless female. They acquitted her as soon as they got an opportunity.

It was a mighty demonstration that truth is strong and will prevail, or so I thought at the time.

FRED MACISAAC

who wrote this story, lives in Hollywood, California, and has had, as he puts it, several tons of fiction published. He has been a dramatic critic, as well as a producer of operas and concerts.

Three days after her acquittal, Wanda Worcester presented herself at my hotel for lunch and composedly received my fervent congratulations.

"It does seem, George," she said sweetly, "that I owe everything to you. Mr. Strauss says it was you who suggested making those nice men come to court to testify for me. I don't suppose a girl ever had a better friend than you, George."

"Thank you, Wanda," I said gratefully.

"So I want to ask your advice. Of course I have lots of theater offers, but I don't want to take them. I'm in love, George."

"With that order clerk down at the Sphere," I said disgustedly.

"Uh-huh. His real name is Reginald Westwood and he is the only son of Lord Westwood who owns lots of newspapers in England. He is in—incognito."

"You don't really believe that tosh, Wanda."

"Oh, but it's so," she declared.

"You mean he told you so."

"Yes, but I have a friend who is a detective and has a branch in England and he found out for me."

I OUGHT to have been through being astonished by Wanda, but I wasn't.

"You love a man and hire detectives to investigate him," I marveled. "Where was your faith?"

"It was all right, but people kept telling me not to believe him, so I thought maybe I had better find out."

"Oh, yeah?"

"I was wondering. Somebody told me that when a girl married an Englishman all her money belonged to him. Is there any way I can keep my own money, George?"

"Good Lord, you said you loved the man!"

"I do, but it will be nice to have my own money."

"Well, I suppose it could be arranged, but why bother? If he is Lord Westwood's son he won't marry a girl who has just been through a murder trial."

"Oh, yes," she said confidently. "You see, he's got to."

"And what makes you think so?"

She hesitated even longer than usual. "I know I can trust you, George," she said pensively. "You see, I can't high kick."

"Wha-what?"

"I've got long legs, but for some reason—I don't know why, and I took dancing lessons—they won't go up very far. So you see I couldn't have kicked poor Mr. Holmes' jaw."

"Then why in hell did you say you did?" I bellowed.

"Well, it just happened that Reginald was calling on me, and of course I had to let Mr. Holmes come up because he was bringing me all that money, so I put Reginald in the bathroom. And Mr. Holmes was quite rough, and I screamed, and Reginald came out of the bathroom and hit Mr. Holmes on the jaw with his fist, which is how it all happened."

"AND the skulking hound let you take the blame and you still want to marry him?"

"Oh, Reginald wanted to give himself up, but I was afraid they would electrocute him or send him to jail for so long that I would be old when he came out, and I do want to be married. That is one of my ambitions—"

"Never mind your damn' ambitions, go on."

"Well, I knew that they couldn't do anything to me if I said I was defending my honor, so I pushed Reginald out of the apartment, and by and by I called the superintendent and then the police came."

"And you lied on the witness stand—"

"It was all for love, George," she said, smiling.

"But this Englishman is utterly worthless."

"Oh, Reginald felt terrible, and he was going to jump up and say he did it if things went wrong."

"It's too bad he didn't have to. He can't marry you if he is Westwood's son. His father would cut him off."

"It's so fortunate, isn't it, that his father is very sick and perhaps he will die very soon. But when he finds out how I saved Reginald, he'll have to be nice—that is, if he gets well."

"I'll find out how to safeguard your money," I said grimly.

"Thank you, George. Look."

She showed me the bracelet, which had two more links.

"The wardens at the jail gave me one," she said proudly, "and when I was thanking the jury I showed it to them and they chipped in for the other."

"You overlook no bets," I said admiringly. She gazed at me expectantly.

"Well," I said despondently, "I'll buy you one—"

"I did hope for a link from you, George," she cooed.

"—if you'll tell me why you bother with the thing. Any of your rich friends would have given you a better one."

She smiled contentedly. "But most of them did. It's only my friends who are not rich that have bought me the friendship links. And they have the measurements at Tiffany's, George."

"No fry too small! I withdraw my opposition to your marriage. I guess Reginald is good enough for you, at that."

"Thank you, George," she said sweetly and oblivious of my meaning.

Well, Reginald signed a marriage contract that safeguarded Wanda's Broadway loot and they were secretly married in Connecticut and sailed from Boston. And while they were on the ocean, Lord Westwood died.

To get back to the starting point in this story: I freely admit that Wanda functioned superbly, but I don't believe she had brains. It's my opinion that she was worked by mirrors.

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 26

1—Little Rock.
2—Ten miles.
3—In Lafayette, Indiana.
4—The body of Jewish civil and canonical law.
5—Ten.
6—Something huge and formidable of its kind.
7—Admiral George Dewey.
8—The red coloring matter in the blood.
9—Thomas Moore.
10—Infantile paralysis.
11—The notches on the edge.
12—Its path around the sun.
13—Hamlet, Act 5, Scene 1.
14—One who has many diverse activities.
15—Whisky.
16—Sighting or making land when at sea.
17—Something inopportune or embarrassing.
18—Doing more than duty requires.
19—Undue love of self.
20—In Hampton Roads, Virginia.

Second from the Right

A New For the Love o' Lil

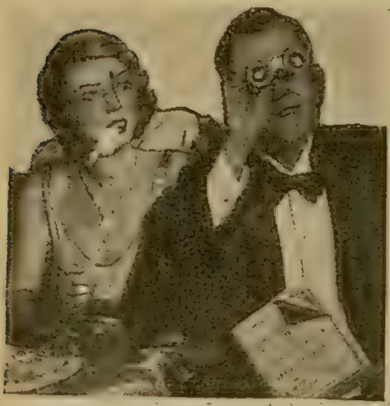
SANDY was still out of a job!

Nearly two weeks, now, of daily searching, grueling and humiliating for a man of Sandy's standing. After all, wasn't he a crack salesman, with a record for doing more business than five other salesmen on every trip? . . .

Lil and Sandy had reached the snappy stage. Gambling on the stock market had wiped them out and left them facing a staggering weekly amount to be paid their broker on stock that had disappeared into thin air.

"We can't keep this up," Lil protested for the fiftieth time.

"I know that. I can add!" growled Sandy. "What do you suggest we do? If you're so smart!"



This week's cover picture.

The doorbell rang, and Lil answered it. No maid now. The Smitherses stood outside, their high-priced, luxurious car purring at the curb.

"Could you use two tickets to the Follies?" Mr. Smithers shoved two bits of pasteboard at them with a grin. "Fifth row—and worth a gold tooth."

Sandy glowed.

"A show would sure come in handy right now," he accepted gleefully. "I have enough heeby-jeebies to start a home farm of them. Thanks, Smithers."

"Oke. We gotta go to a dinner for a congressman. Hurry invite and we can't afford to miss it. So long!"

Lil stared after them. Their handsome car. Their peaceful, prosperous air. Their furs, clothes, diamonds . . . She turned, and found Sandy staring thoughtfully, too.

"Say!" Smithers called back. "I know a nice little girl in that show. Second from the right. Look her over. She's hot."

He slammed the door of his limousine and was off.

"Gee, he has the life," Sandy murmured.

"Does it take much brains to be a bootlegger?" Lil demanded.

"Cut it!" snapped Sandy. "I'm not going to do that. Me, I'm going to earn my living square or—"

"Or starve!" cried Lil. "And let your family starve with you. A lot the law cares whether you have a job!"

But Sandy shoved by her and stalked upstairs to dress. They dressed in sulky silence, each battling with angry thoughts, each burning to say all the bitter things that balanced on the tips of their tongues.

"The wife of an honest man," Lil observed, as they entered the theater two hours later, "wears last year's styles and comes into town on a train, then takes a street car in all her so-called finery to the theater. By that time, what little costume she had is ruined."

"What of it?" grunted Sandy sulkily.

The music, colors, and gayety on the stage distracted Lil a bit. It *was* nice to get away from the house.

Then, suddenly, she was aware that Sandy had taken her opera glasses and was training them consistently on the "nice little girl" that Smithers knew, "second from the right." . . .

Lil flushed. If a girl was so poor she simply couldn't look smart and radiant, what chance was there of holding a man? What a difference money made! . . .

She nudged Sandy sharply.

"Huh! I don't think so much of her!" Sandy half whispered with automatic promptness in answer to her protesting nudge. "Her fingers are stubby . . ."

But he went right on staring, lips parted in a secret smile.

(Next week's cover adventure: Romance in the Air)

It is so useless to suffer when 60c will bring relief to almost any form of muscular pain or strain. Tendons and tissues stiff from over-exertion, exposure or accident are soothed by this penetrating liquid balm. Even neuritis and rheumatism yield to Nyalgesic in the shaker-top bottle.

FOR PAIN IN ARMS AND LEGS SHOULDERS AND BACK

Nyalgesic

LOOK FOR THIS EMBLEM
SERVICE NYAL DRUG STORE

Sold only at NYAL SERVICE DRUG STORES

The NYAL Druggist is experienced—a safe advisor

WRIGLEY'S
THE FLAVOR LASTS
SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
MINT LEAF FLAVOR

When you have a tough piece of work ahead of you

WRIGLEY'S *will help.*

L195

Tears, Madness, and Marriage

Helen Hayes' First Picture, John Barrymore's Latest, and Two Others

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 5 minutes 35 seconds.)

EVER since Ruth Chatterton scored an accidental ten-strike in Hollywood, the leading ladies of the Broadway stage have been trying their luck. So far Miss Chatterton is alone in her success.

Now comes Helen Hayes, the five-foot star of Coquette, Dancing Mothers, and other Manhattan dramas. She essays the golden walls of movieland with The Lullaby a complete panorama of emotions which carries her from a coy and innocent country girl to a down-and-out woman of the streets.

Miss Hayes was born Helen Brown, her father being a government employee in Washington. She won a prize in a school debating contest—and at that moment an actress was born. She played children in numerous stage productions, and emerged to her first big Broadway stardom as the tragic Southern girl in Coquette, later deleted for tender movie tastes by Mary Pickford.

She is married to Charles MacArthur, who is now engaged in scenario writing. She has a baby and she has a Beverly Hills bungalow lease, the duration of which depends upon your verdict.

John Barrymore and Marian Marsh The Mad Genius.

Neil Hamilton as the artist and Helen Hayes the unhappy heroine in The Lullaby.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ THE LULLABY

CAST

Madelon	Helen Hayes
Larry	Neil Hamilton
Dr. Dulac	Jean Hersholt
Carlo Boretti	Lewis Stone
Hubert	Alan Hale
Rosalie	Marie Prevost
Victor	Cliff Edwards
The Boy Claudet	Russ Powell
Dr. Claudet	Robert Young
Alice	Karen Morley
Roget	Halliwell Hobbes
St. Jacques	Lennox Pawle

Directed by Edgar Selwyn.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Eight years ago Edward Knoblock wrote this drama to provide a Mad-

Loretta Young and Robert Williams, a pair of lovers in Platinum Blonde.

Irving Pichel, Lilyan Tashman, and William Boyd, a triangle in The Road to Reno.

ame X rôle for Florence Reed. The heroine runs practically the whole gamut of human experience. As a little girl of the French provinces she has a baby by an American artist who doesn't come back. After that she is maintained by a gentle old rogue who kills himself when he is cornered by the police. Then she slips from man to man, down and down.

All her sordid earnings are sent to educate the boy to be a great doctor. In the end, as a feeble old derelict about to enter a refuge for the aged for her last lonely years, she comes to her one happiness. She knows her boy has achieved his ambition.

Miss Hayes plays the unhappy heroine. A lot of trouble was experienced in making this picture, and much of it was reshot. But the present results will produce plenty of tears. In fact, The Lullaby is a lachrymal orgy. The agony comes in large, thick slices.

★ ★ The Mad Genius

CAST

Tsarakov	John Barrymore
Nana	Marian Marsh
Fedor	Donald Cook
Preskoya	Carmel Myers
Karimsky	Charles Butterworth
Serge Bankieff	Luis Alberni
Bartag	André Luget

Directed by Michael Curtiz.
Produced by Warner Brothers.

This is John Barrymore's last starring film for the Warners. The youngest of the Barrymores plays a cripple, owner of a marionette theater and son of a celebrated danseuse, who adopts a boy and trains him to be the great dancer he once dreamed of being. He transforms the lad into a famous artist. But when the boy falls in love, he sets about to wreck him.

Barrymore gives a characteristically mannered performance of the ruthless old cripple. It has picturesque qualities, but Barrymore on the screen always seems to me to be a bored technician. He is Barrymore going through an expert routine of pantomime instead of a sinister madman plotting his protégé's downfall.

The film is acted a little grandiloquently, but Donald Cook and Marian Marsh are adequate as the boy and his love.

★ ★ Platinum Blonde

CAST

Gallagher	Loretta Young
Stew Smith	Robert Williams
Anne Schuyler	Jean Harlow
Grayson	Reginald Owen
Mrs. Schuyler	Louise Closser Hale
Conroy	Edmund Breese
Bingy	Walter Catlett
Michael	Donald Dilloway
Smythe	Halliwell Hobbes

Directed by Frank Capra.
Produced by Columbia.

This has another of those mad, whimsical reporters as its hero. The platinum blonde, possessor of millions, falls in love with the newspaper man and marries him. But he insults his bride's swell friends, invites the boys from the office up to the Schuyler mansion, and then leaves his wife flat. He has discovered that he really loves a pretty reporter back in his own city room.

Robert Williams, specialist in playing dryly amusing alcoholics, is the reporter, and he plays him as all newspaper men are acted on the screen: with a bored, blasé, speakeasy slant upon that dull thing called life.

Loretta Young has the rôle of the girl who loves the reporter. But somehow Jean Harlow, the original platinum blonde, slants the sympathy to herself. Miss Harlow may not be your idea of a rich society girl (or she may be) but she holds your interest.

★ The Road to Reno

CAST

Mrs. Jackie Millet	Lilyan Tashman
Tom Wood	Buddy Rogers
Lee Millet	Peggy Shannon
Jerry Kenton	William Boyd
Robert Millet	Irving Pichel

Directed by Richard Wallace.
Produced by Paramount.

The perils of wicked Reno laid open to your view. The restless Mrs. Millet leaves her third husband, moves to Reno for a six weeks' sojourn, gets involved with a gigolo, and only comes to her senses when her son kills the tango scoundrel.

Lilyan Tashman plays the restless wife, while Buddy Rogers is a young chap in love with her daughter.

It is difficult to work up any interest in any of the contenders.

Do you know that—

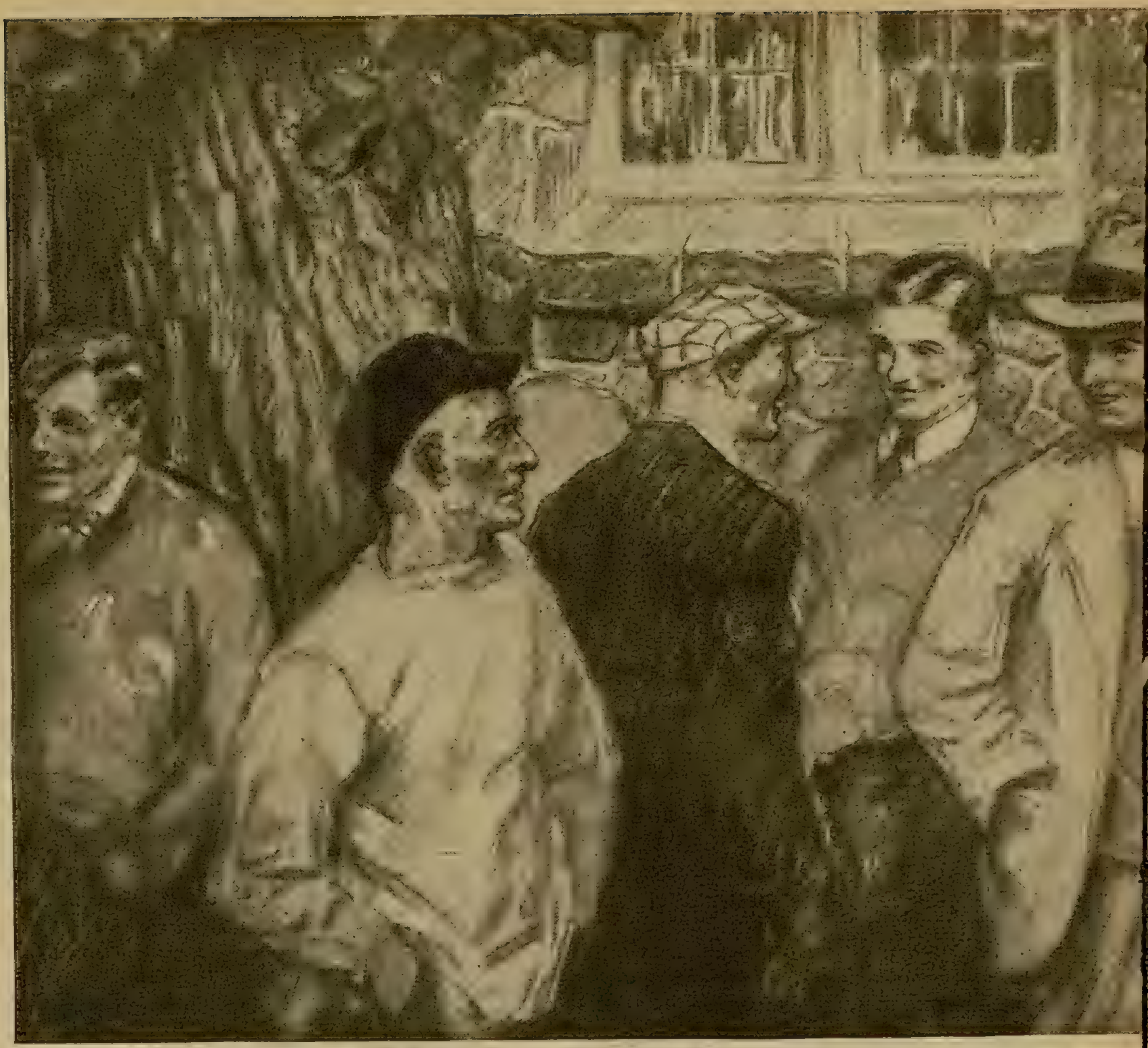
Marie Dressler has started work on a new film called Emma? . . . James Dunn and Sally Eilers, cohits of Bad Girl, are to do Dance Team?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—Street Scene, Bad Girl, The Smiling Lieutenant.

★★★—Susan Lenox, Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford, The Spirit of Notre Dame, Palmy Days, The Unholy Garden, Five Star Final, The Guardsman, Personal Maid, The Spider, Waterloo Bridge, The Last Flight, Alexander Hamilton, An American Tragedy, Young as You Feel, The Common Law, Bought, Sporting Blood, Laughing Sinners, Forbidden Adventure, The Man in Possession, Night Nurse, Smart Money, Five and Ten, Chances, Le Million, Daddy Long Legs, Always Goodbye, A Free Soul, Indiscreet, Svengali, The Public Enemy, A Connecticut Yankee, The Millionaire.

Pictures by
E. F. WARD



The TRICK

In Which a Wise Man of the Gridi

By GEORGE

(Reading time: 31 minutes.)

PIKE'S PEAK stalked across the campus looking for the man who had discovered him. Pike's Peak signed his quiz papers and his checks "Paul Proctor," but only the mailman, the dean, and the cashier of the bank recognized him by that name.

Six feet seven and one-half inches tall, he towered above the entering freshmen on the September morning when Scud Teel christened him. He was thin as a strip of metal lath, self-conscious and slightly stoop-shouldered as he stood in line outside the dean's office.

Scud Teel, middle-aged superintendent of gymnasiums and fields, crossed the quadrangle before the Administration Building. He carried a can of lubricating oil, but, in reality, he was scouting the newcomers to find recruits for football, basketball, crew, track, hockey, lacrosse, water polo, cross-country running, baseball, squash, tennis, boxing, wrestling, swimming, fencing, and miscellaneous athletic activities.

Like a prairie farmer viewing his first skyscraper, Scud raised his eyes slowly, incredulously, until he looked at Paul Proctor's face.

"Hello, Pike's Peak," Scud greeted him. "What can you do for your college?"

Paul Proctor flushed. He had spent the night folded up like a jackknife in a lower berth, and his altitude was preying upon his mind. "I m-m-might be a m-m-mooring m-m-mast for a Z-z-zeppelin," he returned, for he stammered a trifle when he was embarrassed.

"You'll get the job on form. Where you stayin'?"

"I haven't been assigned yet."

"Tell the dean you want that corner room in North Hall," Scud advised. "It has an eight-foot bed, built especial for a crew man. Tell the dean you was promised it by one of the alumni."

"Thanks."

Scud picked up his can of oil. "That's all right. Tall men come in handy. They give the fellows behind 'em a chance to sleep in lecture courses."

The casual nickname stuck. Paul Proctor didn't mind it. He had feared something much worse. He secured the room with the eight-foot bed and called Scud his friend for suggesting it. Three years later, the Peak, now a senior, was tracking the superintendent from one end of the hilly campus to the other.

He located his man by overhearing a loud and fervent curse from a tangle of shrubbery. "Is that you, Scud?" he called.

"No. It's the dean for women," was the reply. "Can you talk wop?"

"No. I never took—"

"Go away, then. You ain't no use to me," Scud snapped. "Ain't there nobody in this contaminated school who can tell this Mussolini that he ain't doin' what I told him?"

The prickly red-and-gold barberry bushes parted. Scud appeared, his blue umpire's cap pushed over to one side of his bald spot. His vertical-striped soccer shirt was torn by the briers; one knee of his gray lacrosse trousers was ripped open. He was almost as thin as Pike, but, being some fifteen inches shorter and thirty-five years older, his spareness did not seem so spectacular.

"Hunting rabbits?" the senior inquired.

"I made motions for him to dig me a ditch," Scud swore. "Instead of that, he's diggin' a well you could dunk your car in. What's blisterin' your heel?"

"Why did the coach put Owens off the squad?"

"S-h-h-h," the short man whispered. "Gimme your word that you won't repeat this to nobody."

The Peak nodded.

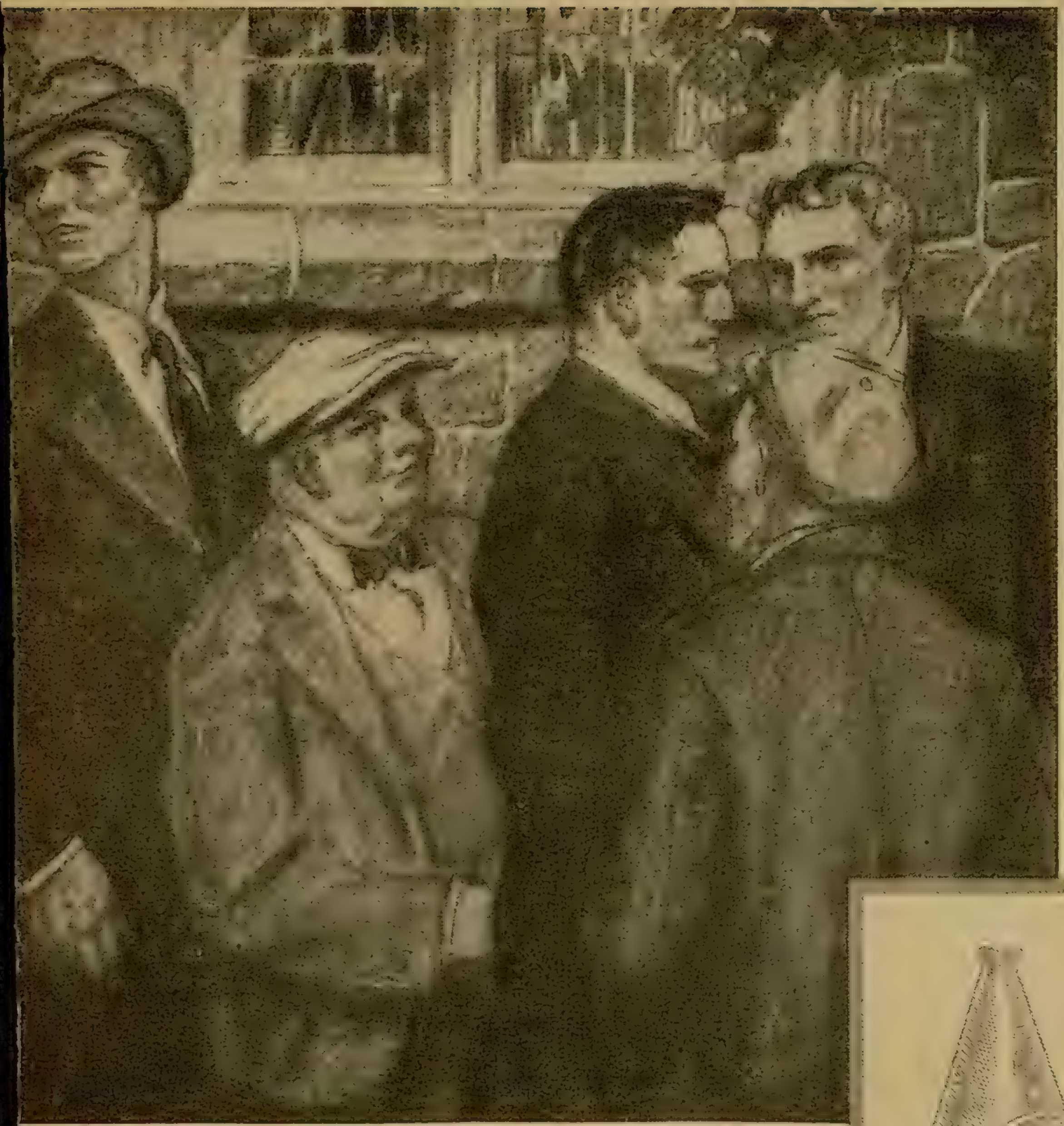
"Well, then. Just between us, now. Owens was put off the squad because he is a stinkin' bad footballer."

"He has something, Scud."

The little man shook his head. "A line of talk, maybe."

"But, listen. I know the fellow. I know what he can do. We've been friends ever since we were kids."

The ground keeper was not impressed. "He's slower'n a pushcart. He's afraid to bust up interference or tackle. He don't want to get his hair mussed up. There ain't no fight in him. He wouldn't push a homely coed out of a chair in the cafeteria. He don't know enough to stand up when



SCUD raised his eyes slowly, incredulously. "Hello, Pike's Peak. What can you do for your college?"

KNEE

ays the Twelfth Man on an Eleven

ROOKS

the band plays. He uses up space on the practice field and steaks at the trainin' table."

Pike held his ground. "I can prove you're wrong."

"Yeah? How?"

Pike was very earnest. "Now, don't laugh, Scud. But Owens is good. Honest he is. He has a specialty."

"His specialty is sleepin' late mornings, if you ask me."

"He can catch passes like—like—"

"Like One-Play O'Brien, I suppose."

"That's what I mean."

SCUD looked up sharply. "See here. What do you care about this dud?"

"Why—why— You won't laugh?" He paused for an answer before he continued: "I trained him."

"You what?"

"I know that sounds funny, Scud. But I follow football. Oh, I know I'm no good. But I guess I put in more time at football than fellows on the squad. I've always been like that. Ever since I grew ten feet tall, and couldn't play, myself. I've tried to help fellows practice so they could make the team. See?"

"How did you practice them?"

"Throwing forward passes to them. I've been throwing forwards to Owens for seven years. Four years in prep school and three since we got to college."

"Why'd you pick him?"

The Peak was silent for a minute. "Well, Scud, he's big and husky and he never laughed at me—for being so tall—when we were kids."

"You say he's good at catching forwards?"

"He's great. He never misses."

"I'll look at him sometime."

"Sure. Right now. Come on." Pike led the way over the hill. His long legs scissored up the steep grade with forty-two-inch paces. Scud dog-trotted to keep abreast of him.

"I told Owens to meet us up here. We got an hour before the squad shows for practice," Pike explained.

But when they reached the stretch of cleat-torn lawn behind the stadium, there was no one in sight except one of Scud's Fascisti guys, who was spearing paper scraps and putting them in a burlap sack.

Pike paid no attention. He was looking anxiously about the field. "Owens should be here. I told him to show you how good he was. Then you'd go to the coach and tell him so. The coach will listen to you, Scud."

"THERE he is," Scud interrupted, pointing to a huge, recumbent figure asleep in the shade of a maple tree. "Look at him! And you call him a footballer. Huh!"

Pike frowned. It was an inauspicious beginning. "Hey, Owens!" he shouted.

With a sigh of annoyance, Owens rolled over and on to his feet. He tossed a football to Pike, as if conferring a favor, and set himself like a runner at the starting line.

"Hep!" Pike shouted, as if signaling for the center to snap the ball. Then he ran backward and to the left, the ball in his hands.

Owens cantered straight down the field. Pike faded—no other word describes the curious, hopping cross step that he used—backward and to the left, holding the ball until there was a good fifty yards between him and the runner. Then his arm went up and he whipped the football from his wrist. His long forearm seemed to catapult it through the air.

The pass was fast and true. Without losing his stride or even reaching for the ball, Owens picked it from the air and raced on.

"See him?" Pike turned triumphantly to the ground keeper. "Did you see him snare that pass? What did I tell you? Maybe I'm no football player, but I can train one. I've been working with him seven years. And this season he's ripe. Now will you go to the coach?"

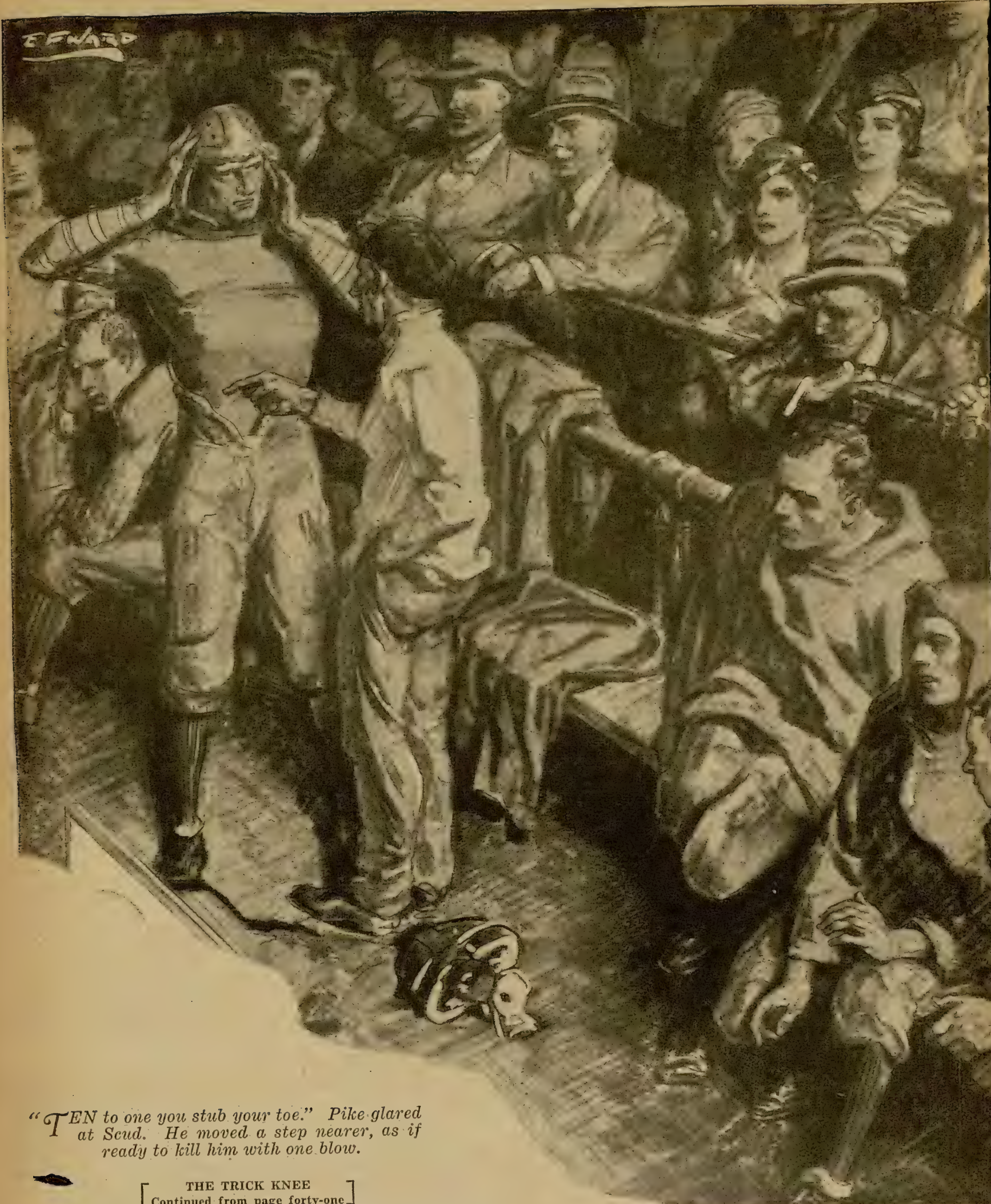
But Scud was not even looking at the runner. He was watching Pike. "Who learned you how to throw passes?" he demanded. "You snap 'em off your wrist like a football was a skipping stone. How long have you been doing that?"

Pike laughed modestly. "That's nothing. I told you that I've helped Owens practice ever since—"

Scud turned to Pike. "Throw me one for forty yards." He set himself for a sprint.

"Say," the boy protested, "I brought you up here to watch Owens, not to—"

[CONTINUED ON NEX[illegible]GE]



"TEN to one you stub your toe." Pike glared at Scud. He moved a step nearer, as if ready to kill him with one blow.

THE TRICK KNEE
Continued from page forty-one

"Come on," Scud ordered, running straight into the sun, so that Pike would have the light in his eyes when he threw.

Twenty times Scud sprinted down the turf while the Peak backed away to the left as from a line of charging opponents. Scud ran unevenly, crookedly, at varying speeds. But, each time, Pike threw the ball into his hands like a pop fly into a shortstop's glove.

There was a shrewd, foxy look in the wrinkles about the superintendent's eyes. "Report to the coach at four o'clock," he said. Owens, lying on the grass, barely raised his head to answer. "All right," he agreed. "But you tell the coach that I don't like—"

"I wasn't talking to you," said Scud with disgust. "You're just a hundred and eighty pounds of slow rabbit meat. If you ever come near the squad again, we'll hang you up for a tackling dummy. But maybe you're too soft for that."

"But you said to report—" Pike was puzzled.

"I mean you. I tell you to report. Listen, Pike. I give you my word. You're the best forward passer I ever seen, except Benny Friedman. You shoot that pigskin like it was a baseball and you never overthrow your target."

"Aw, you're crazy. I can throw, but I can't play football. If I was tackled once, I'd be in the infirmary. It's this trick knee of mine. One rap and it's dislocated. I wouldn't last through a scrimmage practice."

"We'll look out for that."

"B-b-but, Scud"—his nervous stammering returned—"I j-j-just wanted to h-h-help Whosis—"

"Help yourself. Wouldn't you like to get a letter for playin' in a game?"

Pike's face was pale. His lips were quivering. "Would I l-like it? A-a-ask me. W-w-would I like it? Say. That was a-a-all I ever wanted. Gee! Ever since I was a k-k-kid, Scud. Gee! I used to b-b-borrow a j-j-jersey with a l-l-letter on it. To see how I'd look in it. If I c-c-could earn my letter, you could b-b-bust me out of college t'morrow. I'd w-w-wash dishes for the coeds all my life to get into a game."

"Keep away from the coeds. You're in the squad now."

Pike shook his head. "You don't understand, Scud. I'm nothin' b-b-but a cripple. I can't run to the right even, on account of this bum knee. I haveta run to the left. I'd be no use to the team. I'd—I'd be in the way, like two thumbs."

"Say, you. Who's runnin' this team? Me, you, or the coach?"

"You're not kiddin' me, Scud?"

"Kiddin' you?" The ground keeper shook his head. "Listen. I might crack wise about your girl, or your studies, or your looks, but nobody never heard me pull no joke about a major sport."

BY five o'clock the field was busier than the assembly room of an automobile factory.

Yoked like oxen to a plow, aspiring linesmen pushed a heavy framework around to build leg muscles, while on this "sled" rode a pair of critical assistant coaches, to add ballast. Backfield candidates, with reckless disregard for skulls and collar bones, were running full tilt into the springs and pads of the blocking machines. Another group, the would-be ends, were throwing themselves at a tackling dummy.

The head coach stepped aside for a word with Scud. "His passin's all you said," Curley Ryan admitted. "He can throw that football while he's runnin' and hit a bushel basket anywhere on the field. He pegs the ball so any butter-fingers can handle it, too. I wish he was a football player."

"Who says he ain't?" demanded Scud.

"Him? A footballer? Look at him." The coach pointed.

ON the other side of the practice field stood Pike's Peak in a football suit. His legs and arms were so thin that they might have been toothpicks wound with yarn.

"Sure. I know. You don't want his photo for the program covers. But he's six sure points for you in any game where you have to have six points."

"I'll give you that, but we couldn't work him more than once."

"Can't one touchdown win a game? Say, you got punks on this squad who couldn't score if you took the other twenty-one off the gridiron and handed him the ball. They'd fumble or fall down."

Curley scratched his head. He had a great respect for the ground keeper's opinions. Perhaps fifty men in the country knew more football than Scud; but a scant half dozen had his knowledge of boys and what they would do in competition.

"The State College game will be closer than Scotch twins," Ryan admitted.

"Well. What's the matter with wrapping him up in blankets for State, then?" Scud asked. "That's a letter game, too. I'd like to see him get his 'B.'"

"All right," Ryan agreed. "Can we keep him a secret, do you s'pose?"

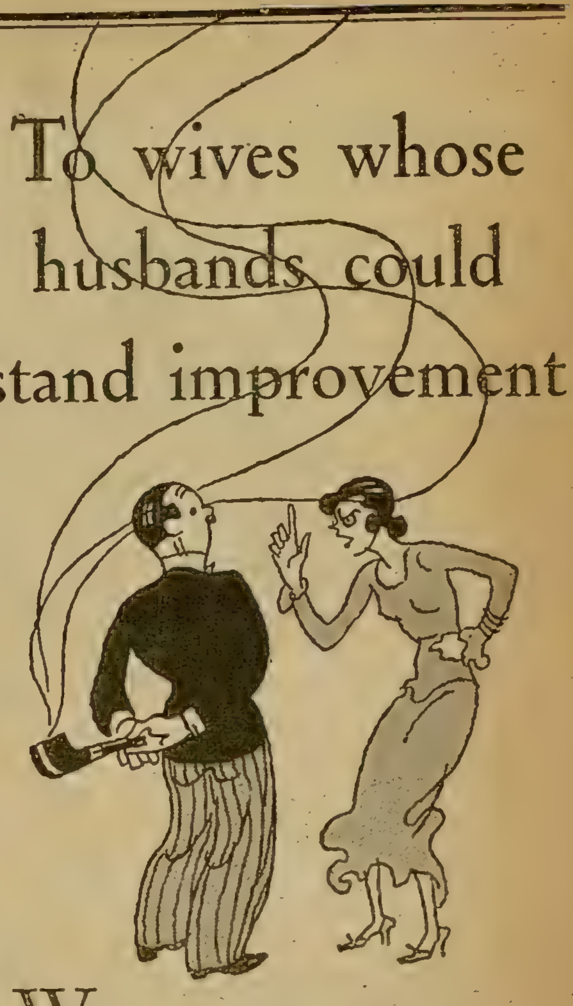
"Why not? Don't say you're going to play him. Don't put him at the trainin' table. Let him come up with the squad for passin' practice. Make kind of a coach out of him. Then, the day of the State game, dress him up in a suit."

Ryan's face lighted. "Not a word, then," he cautioned.

"Me talk? Say. I don't never get time to talk to nobody, not even in my sleep," said the most garrulous man on the campus. . . .

Pike's Peak went through the first of the football season without a grass stain on his jersey. Each afternoon he worked with the back-field men, trying to teach them his secret of passing. But with their shorter, heavier arms, they didn't have the leverage between shoulder and wrist that sent the ball skimming half the distance from goal to goal. Their smaller hands and stubbier fingers could not be trained to put the twist on the ball that whirled it in the air like a shell leaving the muzzle of a cannon. It was that twirl that gave

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



To wives whose husbands could stand improvement

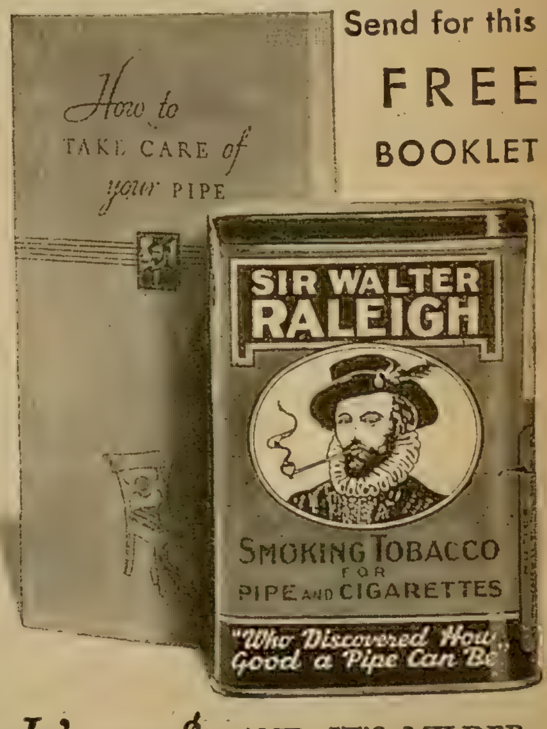
WE KNOW of dozens of husbands who admit they have been improved by two things.

The first improvement was a change to a milder, more satisfying pipe tobacco, Sir Walter Raleigh. This famous blend of Burleys is well behaved in a pipe, full-bodied and flavorful, yet kind to the mouth and the frame of mind. And there isn't a steady smoker who is so well off as not to appreciate its price (15 cents) and its convenience. (You can buy it everywhere.)

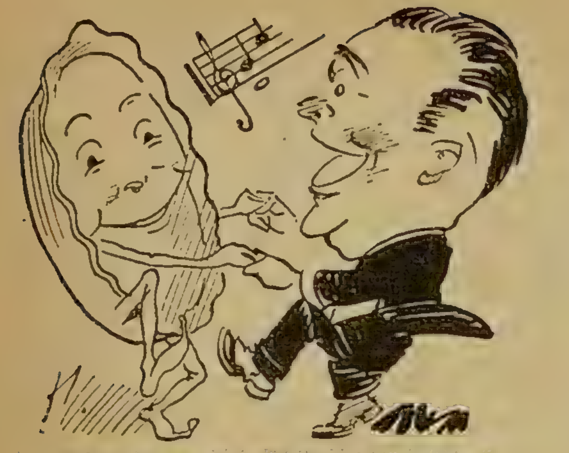
The second improvement on husbands is a little book we offer, which is mentioned below.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. 159

Send for this FREE BOOKLET


How to TAKE CARE of your PIPE
SIR WALTER RALEIGH
SMOKING TOBACCO FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTES
"Who Discovered How Good a Pipe Can Be"

It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER



MINCE PIE and I Are Friends Once More

“BRING on your mince pie—all foods agree with me now! I carry protection against stomach distress in my vest pocket.” That's what everyone says about Tums, the new Antacid mints that quickly neutralize acid conditions—sweeten breath—stop heartburn, sour stomach and acid indigestion. Make an after-dinner custom of munching delicious Tums. They're made of the finest mint, with extra ingredients that prevent or relieve stomach distress. Try them today. At all druggists'—only 10c.

“TUMS” for the Tummy
EAT LIKE CANDY
TUMS 10¢
STOMACH DISTRESS

TUMS ARE ANTACID—Not a Laxative
For a laxative, use the safe, dependable Vegetable Laxative NR (Nature's Remedy). Only 25c
NR

GROW HAIR
Use this system—First a vigorous “dry massage”, followed by a massage
WITH
GLOVER'S
Imperial (SARCOPTIC)
MANGE MEDICINE
ANTISEPTIC GERMICIDAL CLEANSING
POSITIVELY REMOVES DANDRUFF
Write for FREE, New Booklet on Care and Treatment of Scalp and Hair.
H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc. 119 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

WELDONA
TABLETS
Do muscular aches and pains hold you back? Use WELDONA for RELIEF. Sold by druggists from coast to coast. Write for FREE profusely illustrated book—
“HISTORY OF RHEUMATISM”
with chapter discussing germs of rheumatism.
WELDONA CORPORATION
Dept. L
Atlantic City, N. J.
Montreal, Can.

Mercolized Wax
Keeps Skin Young
It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan and freckles disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. To remove wrinkles quickly use daily one ounce Powdered Saxolite dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel. At all drug stores.

THE TRICK KNEE
Continued from page forty-three

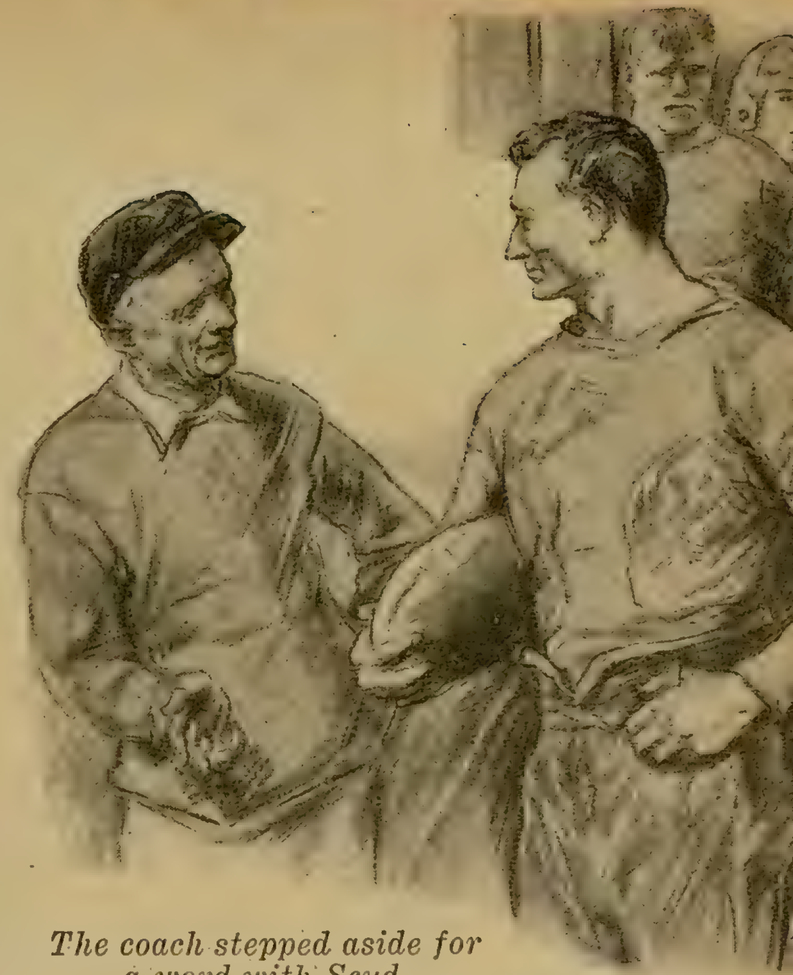
Pike his uncanny accuracy.

One of the fullbacks could throw a football as far as Pike, but he threw wildly and blindly. The merest amateur could catch the ball when the Peak sent it down the field.

One day the team captain had an inspiration. “Say, coach. I got a hunch. Why don't we stick the Peak into the line-up in some game for just one play and—”

“Oh, sure,” retorted Curley Ryan with sarcasm. “And there's a chambermaid at the Alumni Club who'd make us a right guard. She weighs three hundred and has a face that would scare the opposition right off the field into the end zone.”

The captain was abashed and said no more. Only the coach, Pike's Peak, and Scud shared the secret.



The coach stepped aside for a word with Scud.

The season started off like married life, the coach said. It was neither as good as he had hoped nor as bad as he had feared. The team smeared a couple of set-ups in the preliminary games, took a beating from Lexington in the third, and then rose to Olympian heights to crush Robinson College beneath an avalanche of touchdowns.

State College followed Robinson on the schedule. The high score against Robinson was a warning to State.

“I only hope that Pike's Peak can pull us through,” Curley confided to Scud, after Monday's lecture and practice. “State will be loaded for us. State thinks we're twenty-eight points better than we really are.”

“Secret practice tomorrow again?” Scud inquired.

“Secret practice all the week,” replied the coach. “They will be scouting everything from our breakfast table to the boy who runs the score board.”

“Sure. State always does. Back in 1903 one of their gang stole our play diagrams from the gym.” Scud laughed. “I called 'em for it, the day of the game. ‘Just a bunch of good scouts, you dirty thieves,’ I told 'em.” Scud noticed a copper coin on the grass, bent over and picked up the cent. “You know what, coach? If I had a kid, I'd learn him never to turn handsprings when he had money in his pockets. Children don't get no home trainin' these days.”

“BUT listen. I'm dependin' on your boy. He'd better be good. I plan to keep battering State's line through the first three quarters and then, in the last quarter, chase this Eiffel Tower out to pass for a score. So, if they know how to defend against his passing, we got no offensive. He's gotta be a surprise.”

“Surprise?” Scud grunted. “Take a look at him in a football suit. He'd surprise the guy who invented anatomy. Well, I got to go get my supper. My stomach's givin' a locomotive yell for hash and biscuits.”

An hour later Scud settled himself in his favorite chair in his office at the gym. With a chew of tobacco in his mouth and a cigar between his lips, he opened the evening paper to the sports section. But he was forced to relinquish this quadruple luxury when the phone rang.

“MR. TEEL?” asked a man's voice.

“To agents,” Scud returned. “White folks call me Scud.”

He heard a laugh. “All right, Scud. Know Jake Webber?”

“Th' trainer up to Fordham College? Sure.” He added as an afterthought, “And he owes me two bucks, too. On a bet we made at the Penn relays, six years ago.”

“Well, Scud, here's your two dollars.”

“Don't try to horse me. I know Jake's voice.”

“I mean I'm a friend of Jake's. He told me to look you up and give you the two bucks.”

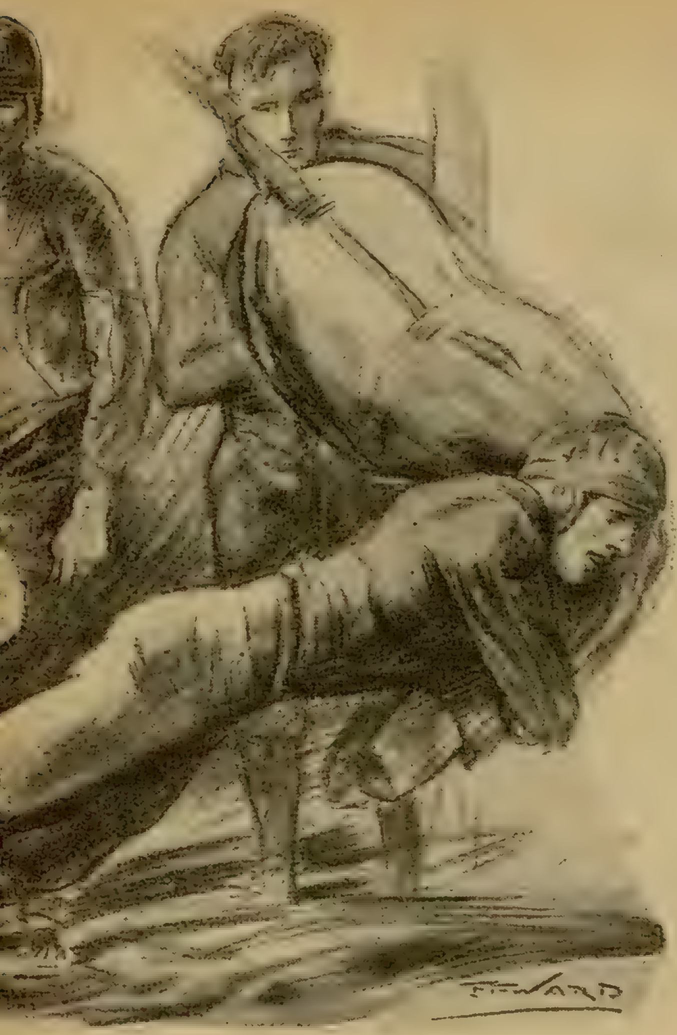
“Oh.” Scud's voice mellowed. “So old Jake sent me the two berries. I always said he was all right. Where are you?”

“Down at the inn. Room Twenty-two.”

“I'll be up to see you in a few minutes.” Scud grinned with pleasure and anticipation. “I want to hear all about Jake.”

It's a great thing to know a man who'll send you two dollars, Scud reflected as he took a shower. In off hours he had his choice of sixty showers and two swimming pools. A cot in the corner of his office saved him room rent and a double locker served him as a clothes closet.

He put on a clean track suit by way of underwear, imported golf stockings whose toes and heels he had darned himself, a pair of polo breeches



almost as good as new, expensive hockey shoes from which he had removed the skates, a white turtlenecked sweater that had been lost by a football referee whom Scud disliked, and a white beret that formerly adorned the head of an intercollegiate tennis champion.

He put no money in his pocket, for this friend of his friend had two dollars to give him. Two dollars, the ground keeper decided, was all that a careful man should spend for entertainment in one evening. He hid his gold watch and wallet in the toe of a riding boot that stood in his locker, put a package of chewing tobacco in his hip pocket, wound and set his alarm clock for six thirty the next morning, and hid all his keys, except his door key, between the felt and leather of some football shoulder pads that hung on his wall.

Then, with a final glance around, Scud knocked his cigar ashes off into the tarnished loving cup that served him as a smoking stand. “I'm goin' to feel terrible tomorrow,” he boasted. “Chances are I'll be sick all day.”

THE man in Room twenty-two said he was a salesman for a metropolitan bond house. But Scud looked in vain for the usual leather briefcase to confirm it. “Here's the two dollars Jake wanted me to give you. My name's Melvin West. Call me Mel.”

Scud noted the long, rippling muscles that played under West's shirt sleeves. “Ever do anything in athletics?” he inquired.

“Just a little golf. For business reasons, you know.”

“That's funny,” Scud remarked. “Your belly muscles look hard'n a pug's.”

“Ever take a drink?” asked Mel, changing the subject.

“Not very often. Just when I can get it.”

“What do you drink—for choice?”

“For choice, now?” Scud considered. “Most anything.”

“Whisky?”

Scud smiled. “Old Jim Jeffries, now, he trained on rye.”

There was a pleasant interval while Scud held a glass in his hand.

“Like brandy?” asked Mel West.

“You heard of that French runner, Guillemot. You must have. Him that beat Nurmi in the five thousand meters at Antwerp. He used to knock off a half pint of brandy every time he come in from the track.”

Scud's glass brimmed with cognac.

“Maybe you would rather have had gin. I got a bottle with me that I brought off the boat myself.”

“You know,” Scud mused, “at the Sheffield handicaps, the old gaffers claimed gin warmed their runners' stomachs, if they took it just before they went to the mark. I'll be with you on that gin in a minute.”

A bottle glug-glugged above Scud's glass.

“It's too bad that you don't drink ale, Scud.”

“Too bad I don't what? Say. You must know Beryl Rull of South Africa, the Rhodes scholar. I seen him step a quarter mile like it was a hundred-yard dash. He trained on ale. And me. I was brought up on ale.”

MEL WEST put down his whisky glass, still untasted. “I wish I'd known that,” he sighed. “Because I got a dozen bottles of stout, right there in that suitcase. If I'd only known you liked the stuff—”

“You got a dozen bottles. Say. I bet'ch there's a bottle opener hangin' there behind the bathroom door.”

Scud did not seem to know that careful drinkers never pour ale down on top of more potent spirits. It was not long before his tongue grew thick and his usually fluent speech became a little incoherent.

“I wish I could be here for the game, Saturday,” said West. “I'd like to see your team.”

“I got a good team. A swell team. Why don't you drink somethin' yourself?”

“I can't drink much. I can't handle it the way you do,” the other replied, with flattering humility. “Here. Fill up your glass.”

“If you'll stay, you'll see somethin',” Scud promised. “Shay, le'ss shing. I know a swell song.” His voice quavered uncertainly:

> “Are you th' O'Reilly
> They speak of so highly?
> Are you th' O'Reilly
> What keeps this hotel?”

Mel West moved close. “You were saying, if I'd stay—”

“I'd get you a side-line pass. That's what I shay.”

“Oh.” Mel moved the bottle beyond the reach of Scud's fingers. “Think you'll win, Saturday?” he asked, with elaborate carelessness.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Don't
LET LITTLE COUGHS
GROW UP!

EVERY TIME you cough, you irritate the membranes and nerve ends of your throat. That irritation in turn makes you cough more. And those “bigger” coughs give more irritation. That's how coughs *grow*.

“Check the little cough”—what a simple and wise health rule that is! Smith Brothers' Cough Drops do it quickly, pleasantly *and surely*. They soothe the throat irritation—relieve the annoying dryness—clear up hoarseness. A cough hasn't got a chance!

ALSO USE THEM FOR

THROAT TICKLE—*which is so often the first sign of “cold coming.” S. B.'s relieve that tickle!*

CANDY—*Smith Brothers' Cough Drops have a pure, delicious “old-fashioned” flavor. Lots of people like them as candy. Children, specially.*

CIGARETTE DRYNESS—*when your palate is dry from smoking, when your cigarette tastes stale—then an S. B. spreads refreshing coolness.*

2 KINDS • S. B. (BLACK) AND MENTHOL

SMITH BROTHERS'
S.B.
COUGH DROPS
TRADE
MARK
S.B.
COUGH DROPS

5¢

Can Such Youth — Be Yours?

Practice this simple preventive measure if you want to look and feel younger—much younger than your years. Take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets, a substitute for calomel. By cleansing the system they help relieve constipation, tone up sluggish liver, renew energy, give cheeks color. Made of vegetable ingredients. Know them by their olive color. Safe, non-habit-forming, effective. Used for 20 years. Get Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets from your druggist—today. 15c, 30c, 60c.

G. Washington Coffee Refining Co. writes of Liberty:

"NO OTHER MAGAZINE HAS DONE BETTER FOR US."

Liberty's editorial matter appeals to men and women alike. For food products, especially, this guarantees the advertiser the much-needed friendship of every member of the family.

Take advantage of Liberty's proven selling power and lowest-cost-of-any-major-magazine rates! Sell Liberty's 2,400,000 families by advertising in their favorite magazine.

Come to WASHINGTON

Men Wanted for fine Hotel Positions
Salaries $2000 to $7500

Hundreds of fine positions open in the Hotel industry for trained men. Steady work. Promotion rapid. You can qualify for one of these places through the Lewis Hotel Training Schools—only institution of its kind in the world. Enjoy the attractions of beautiful Washington while you are training. Learn on real hotel equipment under expert instructors. Our National Employment Bureau puts graduates in touch with fine positions in Hotels, Resorts, Clubs, Apt. Hotels, Schools, Restaurants and Cafeterias at no extra cost. Mid-winter classes now forming and filling rapidly. Write for free catalog at once.

Lewis Hotel Training Schools,
Dept. R-9352—EW, Washington, D. C.

OPPORTUNITY

Send for FREE Book

THE TRICK KNEE
Continued from page forty-five

"Sure. We got an ace under wraps. Been savin' our ace for this State College game."

Mel was attentive as a dog in a meat market. "You say you have a new man? Who hasn't played before?"

Scud rocked with mirth. "That's the joke, Mel. It's a gag. It's on State College, only they don't know it yet. You laugh too, Mel."

West laughed obediently. "And who's this fellow?"

"Kid I discovered, Mel. Greatest passer in the world, 'cept Benny Friedman." Scud, wavering on his feet, stood up to illustrate. "He's kind of a cripple, see? Huh! Isn't that a joke? He runs like this." Scud's pantomime libeled even Pike's Peak. "He has to run to the left, because if he starts to the right, it throws his knee out. Isn't that funny? Trick knee. But, say, Mel. He'll pass State College ragged, with one heave."

Mel West's brown eyes were fixed intently upon the old ground keeper's face.

"My boy, he's great. He's funny, but he's great. You'll read about him in the newspapers. Honest, Mel, he can take a football and hit a mole on a girl's neck at fifty yards."

"What's his name? Just so I'll recognize him."

"His name's Proctor. You'll find it on the eligible list. Paul Proctor. We call him Pike's Peak. I thought of that name. Isn't that funny? And you'd die laughin' to see him. Because he's six feet eight tall and thinner'n a blue print of a radio hook-up."

Mel West nodded. "That's very interesting."

"Remember it, now. Remember what I tol' you. Because, when th' game's over, Saturday night, you can tell th' world that old Scud calls his shots and then goes ahead and makes 'em."

YOU never knew where Scud Teel would station himself for a football game. Sometimes he climbed to the top of the bowl behind the goal posts with a pair of marine glasses under his arm, to watch the back-field men run, and notice closely their coördination. At other games he placed himself in the press box or at the score board or on the side lines, or even in the cheering section. For the State College contest he moved to the players' bench. He motioned to Pike's Peak to come and sit beside him.

"They g-g-got a g-g-great team," the Peak whispered. "L-l-lookit the size of them."

"Aw, spinach," Scud returned. "A load of hay's easier to tip over than a brick wall, any day."

"I g-g-guess w-w-we won the t-t-toss." Pike's lips were quivering from fright as the team captains turned from the referee and signaled their men into position for the kick-off.

"Good thing. Then the sun won't be in your eyes when the coach sends you in to pass in the last quarter."

"Scud—Scud!" The tall boy grasped his arm. "S-s-suppose I d-d-don't get off a g-g-good pass. I'd k-k-kill myself."

The ground keeper understood the paralyzing fright that seizes a novice the first time he faces a stadium crowd. Pike was a nervous boy, anyhow. And he was to go in for only one play.

Usually, when a ball carrier is substituted, he is allowed to run interference for a down. In this way he warms up and accustoms himself to the crowd and the field before being handed the ball. But Pike, sent into the left halfback's position, would receive the ball on a direct snap from the center, run some sixty feet backward and to the left, and hurl the ball to the designated receiver. That was to be his first play and his only play. The danger of a fumble by Pike's overanxious fingers was merely an added and unavoidable possibility.

"We're k-k-kicking off—"

"Sure," Scud agreed. "How did you want 'em to start playing?"

PIKE held his breath as the fullback took seven running steps and sent the ball twisting down the field toward the State College goal.

"Watch their left half," Scud whispered into Pike's ear. "See him cut in. Too far. He come in too far. He slowed up the runner."

"First down. He isn't so hot with his blocking."

"They made a yard, I guess. Second down. They'd better kick." Scud was talking fast, to take Pike's mind off himself. "There's nothin' to them."

"They might tire us down."

"Not a chance. Th' coach won't have to use you."

Scud was smiling to himself. He had Pike's attention riveted on the game now. And the boy was calm as a stalled motor.

"What do you mean, I won't get a chance?" The Peak's tone was indignant.

"They won't need you." Scud's fingers were crossed and he knocked on wood. "Go on down and change into your street clothes."

"I will not," Pike snapped. "I'll stay right here."

"Suit yourself." The ground keeper shrugged. "Hmmm. State made a first down, didn't they?"

"That's just an accident."

"Sure. Their wing back just stumbled for eighteen yards."

"All right. Laugh. But it was a fluke, just the same." Pike bent forward, his forehead wrinkled. "I wish the coach would give me a chance. I could place a pass right over that stumblebum's head."

"You might get a chance Thanksgiving Day. That'll be a close game." Scud yawned and stretched, as if he were bored. But he breathed more easily when the Bristol line held and State was forced to kick.

The ball worked back and forth between the twenty-yard lines. The teams were so evenly matched that, long before half time, old grads were shaking their heads and talking about a scoreless tie.

GEORGE S. BROOKS

the author of this story, turned to newspaper work after college and the war. Later he became a magazine editor, a scenario writer, and then turned to fiction.

Deep in their own territory, either team could gain. But once past the middle of the field, the defense tightened. Howard Jones' end sweeps, like cavalry charges around the flanks, were piled up upon the line scrimmage. Passes were knocked down. Pop Warner reverse plays were smothered. Dobie tackle slants were stopped for a loss.

Scud cursed the stands beneath his breath. Not one spectator in a hundred knew how much good football was being played that afternoon.

An alert Bristol end intercepted a lateral pass just when State College seemed headed for a score, and the first half was over.

The substitutes on the players' bench got up together at the sound of the head linesman's horn. Pike's Peak started to follow them to the dressing room, but Scud grabbed his wrist. "Sit down. You wait here with me. They don't want you down there."

Pike flushed. "I'm on the squad."

"The coach can't be bothered with you today."

"Who says he can't?" The Peak's fist was clenched. He wanted to hit Scud right on the end of his sharp nose.

"Sit down, before folks get to laughing at you."

Furious, rebellious, the tall youth obeyed.

Scud was too shrewd to let him go to the dressing room and be lashed by the coach's scornful tongue. That treatment was fine for a lazy substitute or a tired and battered regular. But Pike needed no stimulant. And if he were merely left alone he would think himself into a state of hysteria. Scud planned to badger him into a cold rage. In that state of mind, he figured, the boy would be right.

"YOU'RE making a monkey of me," Pike snapped.

"You're making a monkey out of yourself. Forget this idea that you're a footballer."

"If you'd give me a chance, like you promised, I'd show you."

"You talk like a freshman."

Pike's Peak drew a deep breath. He could hardly keep his temper.

Out on the field, the marching bandsmen in dark blue tunics and white trousers spelled "STATE."

"The band looks swell," said Scud. "Now, you ought to have gone out for the band. You'd make a swell drum major."

If there is one unforgivable insult to a football player, it is the suggestion that he should have been a windjammer. Pike bit his lip.

Scud, watching him out of the corner of his eye, was satisfied. The boy was as mad as it was safe to make him.

"He'll do it," Scud whispered to the coach, when the squad returned to play the second half. "He's right as a B-flat cornet for a high note."

"So are the others," said Curley Ryan. Then he raised his voice. "Now, you moochers. Get in there and fight."

Pike pulled Scud's sleeve. He had seen the ground keeper speaking to the coach.

"Tell me. Tell me, quick. Did he say anything about my going in?"

"Get that out of your head. The coach has got more than you to think about. He's got to win this game."

FOR twenty minutes more the teams battled as they had in the first half. An off-tackle drive, a line plunge, and a punt. Then a spinner, an end run, and a kick.

Half of the last quarter was over. Less than eight minutes of the game remained. Kinney, the Bristol quarterback, tried a wide end run. He carried the ball almost out of bounds on his own forty-yard line.

The referee placed the ball and glanced toward the head linesman's stick. "Second down. About twelve yards to go," he droned. People were walking out of the stands.

At the end of the bench, Curley Ryan jumped up. He glanced down the line of expectant substitutes. "Proctor," he called. "Go in for Tilson. Don't forget to report."

Before Pike could realize what was happening to him, Scud had pulled the hooded shirt off over his head and jammed a helmet down upon it, kicked him to his feet and hissed, "Ten to one you stub your toe."

Pike glared at Scud. He moved a step nearer, as if ready to kill him with one blow.

"Proctor," the coach called.

The Peak turned. With his curious hopping run, he charged out upon the field, holding one skinny arm aloft to stop the play. He spoke to the referee.

"How he hates me," thought Scud. "That's as it should be. While he's hating me, he can't be worrying about himself." He saw Pike take his place at left half and Tilson come limping off the field.

"Second down. Twelve and a half to go," the referee chanted and blew his whistle for play to be resumed.

Scud sank down upon his heels, close to the side lines. His heart was pounding like a battery of outboard motors in a race.

"Signals," barked the quarterback, without ordering a huddle. "Formation left. Seven. Hep. Sixty-one. Five. Seven. Seven."

But that was mere camouflage. There was only one possible play when the Peak was on the field. The stands were silent. The substitution of a player without a numbered jersey might mean everything, or nothing.

"Hep!"

Scud did not look at Pike's flushed, angry face. He watched State's de-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

THRILLING POSSIBILITIES IN RADIO!

What are you doing to prepare yourself for the future? RCA Institutes offers elementary and advanced courses in exciting, adventurous branches of radio . . . aircraft communications, broadcasting stations and studios, radio compass and direction finder, talking pictures, film and disc recording, servicing of home entertainment equipment, television. Four resident schools, New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago. Full equipment, latest developments, outstanding instructors, association with largest research laboratory in radio industry. RCA Institute Extension courses enable you to study at home, if you prefer. Tear out and mail coupon TODAY for FREE catalog.

RCA Institutes, Inc., Dept. LY-11, 75 Varick Street, N. Y.
Gentlemen: Please send me your General Catalog. I am checking below the phase of radio in which I am particularly interested.
☐ Aircraft Radio
☐ Broadcast Station or Studio
☐ Talking Pictures
☐ Direction Finder and Radio Compass
☐ Disc and Film Recording
☐ Servicing Home Entertainment Equipment
☐ Television
Name________
Address________
Occupation________ Age____

STRANGE IRONING CORD Pays Immense Profits

Prevents Scorching
Saves Electricity
Cannot Kink or Snarl

200% Profit! Hudson made $75.00 in 15 minute sale to large Company for telephones. We furnish proof. H. M. Hay says, "Out of hundreds of Neverknots left on trial have had only two returns. I sold over 80 to one bank."

NEW KIND of CORD SET FREE

Every Neverknot Salesman is given free the beautiful Le Luxe Neverknot Cord Set (with only Unbreakable Switch Plug of its kind in the World) which automatically coils itself out of the way, prevents scorching and saves electric bills. Every woman buys instantly for it saves its own cost in electricity. It's brand new and yours free if you work for us.

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Institute

New Off'n On Plug Saves Electric Bills

Important! There is only one Neverknot. Write this Company for exclusive territory, special prices and big free offer.

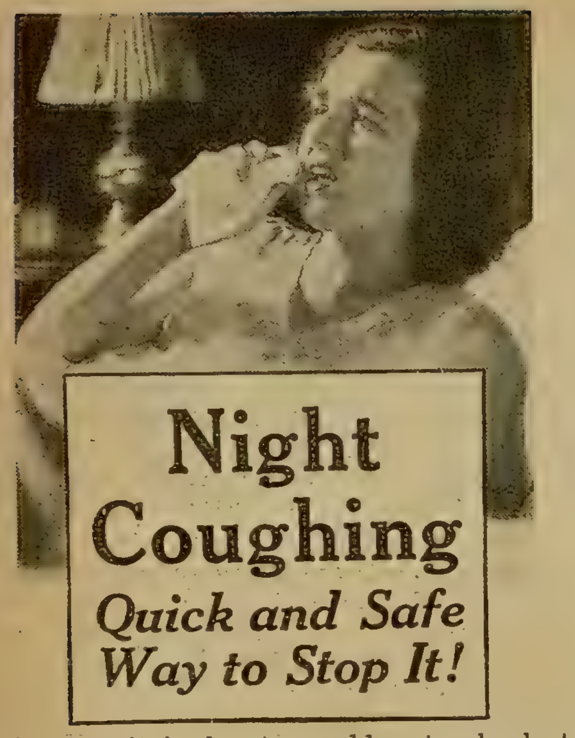
NEVERKNOT CO., Dept. 11-M, 4503 Ravenswood, Chicago

SELL TO THE CITIES!

City sales cost less to make—yield higher net profits from gross sales. In cities of 25,000 and over, more families read Liberty than any other magazine. Sell in the cities by advertising in Liberty!

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.
The IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd.
142 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.



Night Coughing

Quick and Safe Way to Stop It!

Whatever it is due to—cold, catarrh, dust irritations, or smoking—night coughing *can* and *should* be stopped. Nothing wears you out like a night of coughing for it deprives you of needed sleep.

Piso's is especially good for night coughing. It clings to your throat, and soothes the inflamed tissues better than a spray or gargle. This checks the cough spasm and opens the air passages. Because of its internal effect nothing stops a night cough as quickly and surely as Piso's. At the first sign of a cough keep a bottle of good old Piso's for Coughs at your bedside and enjoy a full night's sleep. Safe to give even to babies, contains no opiates and does not upset the stomach. All druggists sell Piso's.

35¢ and 60¢ SIZES **PISO'S** FOR COUGHS

TOOTHACHE!

Stop the pain with Dent's Toothache Gum. Not a chewing gum. Applied gently in cavity of aching tooth it—

(1) Stops toothache instantly,
(2) Cleanses and protects cavity,
(3) Retards further decay,
(4) Destroys offensive odor.

Does not spill or dry up like liquids. All druggists or by mail, 25¢. Made for 40 years by C. S. Dent & Co., Detroit.

DENT'S TOOTHACHE GUM

LUCKY TIGER

For Hair and Scalp!

A single application stops that miserable itching. A single bottle corrects scalp irritations. A Proven Germicide, delicately perfumed, safe for both adults and children. World's largest seller at Druggists, Barbers, Beauty Parlors.

GUARANTEED

CORNS?

Ask your druggist for this reliable remedy in its new, convenient 35¢ package.
Kohler Mfg. Co., · Baltimore, Md.

KOHLER ONE NIGHT CORN CURE

"Removes-not only relieves pain"

THE TRICK KNEE
Continued from page forty-seven

fense. He saw their center stand up in the line, his eyes riveted upon the Peak.

"It's a pass," he called to his team mates. "Watch the pass," and he ran backward toward the center of the field.

"Hep!"

The ball was snapped, high and hard, into Pike's hands. The tall boy faded backward to his left.

The field became a kaleidoscope. Five blue jerseys of Bristol men, eligible to receive a forward, could be seen running down the field, all bearing over toward the opposite side lines. The Bristol guards and tackles wheeled out of the line and ran after Pike to screen him from the State College linesmen. Scud saw the Bristol quarterback dive into an opposing end, half block him, hesitate for the count of two, and then run at full speed down the right boundary line.

No State man saw Kinney, or if they had noticed him, they let him go as a mere decoy. They were sure that no man running to the left, as Pike was, could pass to the right into Kinney's hands without halting and turning.

Kinney dove forward with his head down and his elbows working like a hurdler's. He passed the defensive halfback who might have followed him. He dodged the safety man and broke out into the clear. There was nothing but sunlit space between him and the State goal. Scud sighed with relief. Pike, driven back almost to the other side lines, was unguarded and retreating before two panting State College tacklers. The members of his bodyguard were sprawled on the turf all across the field.

STILL running to his left, unhurried and calm as in a practice drill, without checking his speed, Pike suddenly did the thing that the State College strategists believed impossible. His hand went back. The ball left his fingers like a shell fired from a gun. But instead of going toward the guarded receivers on the left side lines, it sailed through the air and landed smack in Kinney's arms in the right-hand corner of the gridiron. The grinning quarterback touched it down for a score with no defensive players in his quarter of the field.

Pike, almost as he threw, went down beneath a double tackle.

For a full second there was a hush over the stadium. The play had been too fast and too deceptive for the cheering section to follow. Then the Bristol cannoneers pulled the lanyard of their gun and, as the deep boom announced a score, the stands roared.

Cheer leaders turned handsprings and cartwheels, forgetting the money in their pockets. Flasks were uncorked. Hats smashed in. The band crashed into the Victory song.

"THEY tackled him savage," the coach was shouting in Scud's ear as he pounded his back. "I'm afraid his bum knee is gone. Hey! Some of you go out and carry the Peak in."

"What's Pike care about his knee, now?" Scud bellowed in reply. "He earned his letter, didn't he?" He won the game, didn't he? He wouldn't care if you cut off his head." Then he remembered a duty which was also a pleasure. "Coach, you tell Pike I just bedeviled him for his own good. I don't want him sore at me."

Scud saw that he had time to cross the field before play could be resumed.

A man on the State College bench saw Scud coming. He looked at the ground.

"Hello, Mel West," Scud called.

The man did not answer.

"Funny about you," the ground keeper went on cheerfully. "I forgot to tell you somethin' the other night. And I been havin' a terrible time to locate you. If I'd known you was Chuck Jones, the line coach up to State College, I'd of wrote you."

A whistle blew for play to be resumed. Scud watched the fullback kick the point after touchdown.

"He never misses them place kicks," Scud commented.

"Aw, get out," snarled the coach.

"Not until I give you your two dollars back." Scud handed him the money. "You see," he added, "I never had a bet with old Jake Webber in my life."

"Think you're smart, don't you?"

"Oh, no, Mel." Scud deplored the idea. "I'm sick about this. It's all my fault. If I'd just knowed your right name, I'd of phoned you. I clean forgot to tell you one thing about my boy's passing. It must have slipped my mind, an account of all them drinks I had. Proctor. That's my boy's real name, him that passed for the touchdown. Well, I forgot to tell you that he always throws left-handed."

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

A Lover of Animals

Young Ted was discovered just as he used his sling shot to break the last pane in the stable windows.

"Why, Ted!" his mother remonstrated. "Why did you do that?"

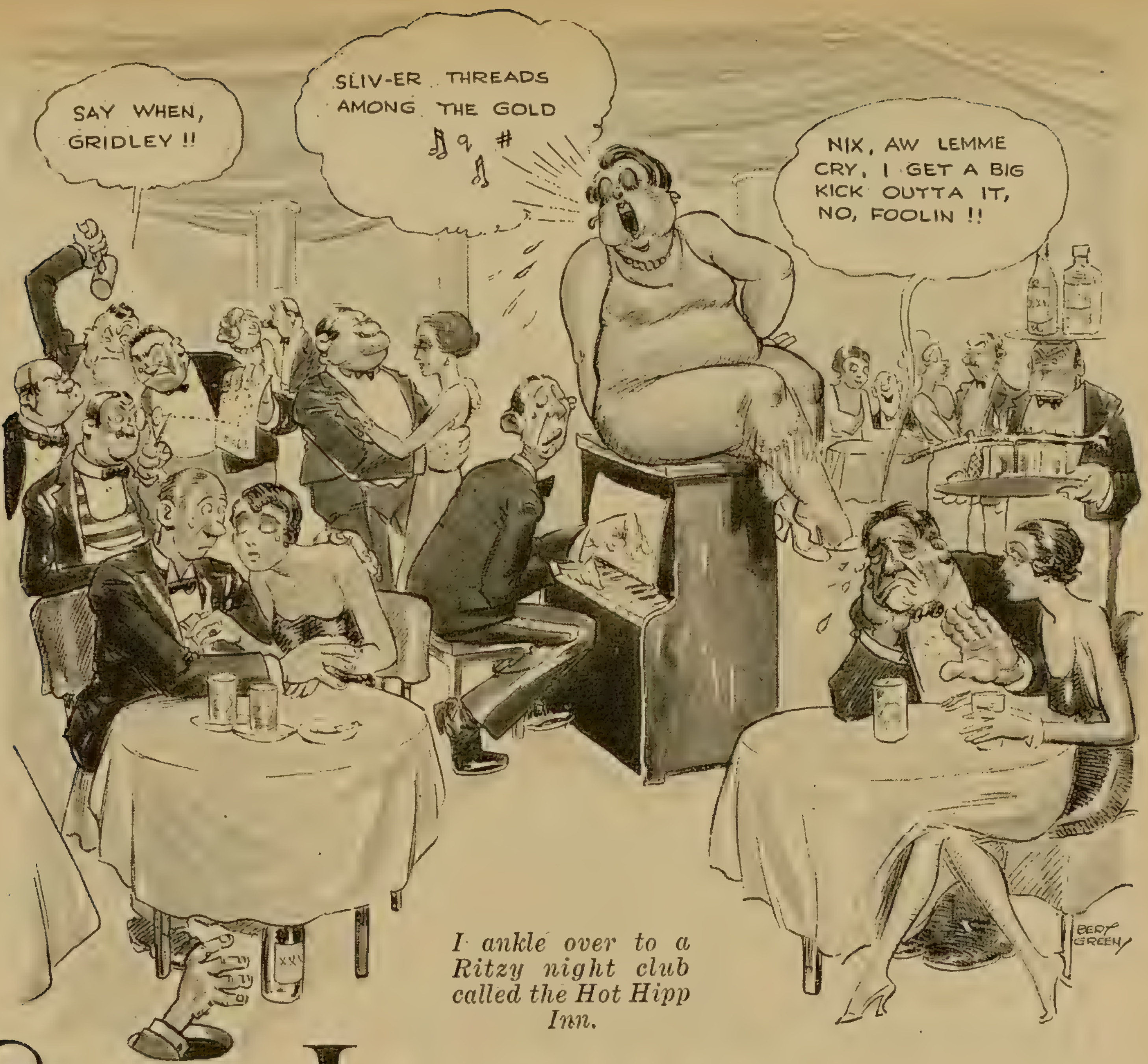
Young Ted had his answer ready. "I thought that perhaps the pony needed more air," he said.—Watson Hall, Athens, Ill.

A Stickler for Accuracy

It was one of those cold, foggy days. Peter had managed to slip off to school without his sweater. When he came home in the afternoon his mother asked:

"Weren't you cold today, Peter?"

"Not me," said Peter; "but the weather sure was cold!"—Jasper B. Sinclair, 318 Twentieth Ave., San Francisco, Calif.


SAY WHEN, GRIDLEY !!
SLIV-ER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD
NIX, AW LEMME CRY, I GET A BIG KICK OUTTA IT, NO, FOOLIN !!
BERT GREEN

I ankle over to a Ritzy night club called the Hot Hipp Inn.

Love Letters of an Interior DECORATOR

An Adventure with a Merry Widow

(Reading time: 7 min. 15 sec.)

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

Halifax, Nova Scotia.

DEAR MARG,

Watcha beefin about? Why the squark? How could I write you when the Warden wouldn't mail the letters? Gee, just because a guy goes on the lush and lands in the cooler is no reason for *you* to get tough an go off your nut. Why, to hear you holler, youd think I had a yen for goin against patrol wagons. Say, be your drink, for crimp sake! For cryin out loud how was I supposed to know that the goof I threw threw the winder was a cop?

Now listen hear Kid, if youll get yourself all throttled down, I'll give you the low down on just what happened. Well, the other night I was feelin a bit blued up, so what does I do but ankle over to a Ritzy night club called the Hot Hipp Inn. Its a swanky joint a la gay Paree where the chumps like to put on the flash for their stenos or step-outs, whichever it may be.

Anyway, while I'm watchin a dolled up manicurist puttin the clip an file on a saps bankroll, I happen to look over in one corner and what do I see but a beautiful doll cryin like her heart would break. So what does *I* do but butt right in an ask her whats a matter? She didnt take to me at first but after a few kind woids I measured her for a coupla cocktails an she felt better already. Honest, she was beautiful. A French frail red hot from Paris. The moment I lamped her, she goaled me.

Now you neednt go thinkin Marg that I tried to snake her because I didnt. Anyhow, what difference would it make? You slipped me the run out powder didnt you by cuttin up with that sappy playboy of yours?

Well, after a few more cocktails me an her began gettin pretty chummy. She opened up by givin me the low down about her life an her last husband. She said he was a terrible heel. A silly sap, as she put it. She said he used to beet her up just to hear her holler, and if she ever dared cast a sly glance at some other John, he'd get jealous as hell an go off his nut. She says he was even jealous of her cute little pink-knees mut, Peekoe.

One morning, she said, she woke up an found poor little Peekoe stretched all ends out because somebody put a dab of arsnic in Peekoes gravy. She suspected her husband, yes,—but she didnt let on. So one day she invited her husband up to the top of the Eyefull Tower to look the sights over. Her husband she said was *very* ticklish, oh, yes, very. So anyway, when he was up on the Eyefull

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-NINE]

Tower an standin on the top rail, she happened to see a spider walkin on his coat. So, what did she do but make a pass at the thing to kill it. Well, when her husband felt *that,* he let out a wild yell an jumped right off the Eyefull Tower into the Rue de Boloney.

What a mess! Oh, she said it was just terrible! The Gendarmes came running up an threw her into the basteel and the newspapers printed her pitcher an everythin. She said when the trial came up two weeks later, she was perfectly furious an mortified to death. She said she had to sit in the red hot courtroom for two hole days with nothin on but a tight fittin silk silhouette ensemble an a pitcher hat.

She said she was so nervous that all she did was cross her legs until the jury came runnin back an yelled —*Not guilty!* The jury she said, were perfect dears. Most of em wanted to marry her. After the trial she said, I couldnt stand the scandal any longer, so what did I do but hop on the French boat an come to America and hear I am now.

Gosh Marg, when I heard *that* story I like to folded up. Can you imagine a beautiful widow like her only 28 goin threw torture the likes of that? Say, that punk shoulda been bumped off long ago.

Gosh, when she was tellin me the story, all she did was cry. Drink an cry—drink an cry—we was *both* doin it. You know me Marg, whenever a dame begins cryin it knocks me for a row of onions. My gawd, a guy would have to be made outa Portland cement to resist a warm number the likes of her. Well, to make a short story longer, she put her arms around my neck and *begged* me to take her up to her flat because she was so lonesome.

Well, you kno me Marg, I aint for seein *no dame* lonesome. So what does I do but ease her into a nice shiny mouse-trap an drive her to her joint. Honest, I got the thrill of me young life when I got a flash at the place! Oh, what a swanky spot! No foolin! I've seen some doody joints but this outfit topped 'em all. Wait, I'll hafta describe it to you.

IN one corner of the room she had the biggest dievan that Grand Rapids ever turned out. And over the top was a tent that hung down on both sides. Under the tent an hangin in different parts of the room Mrs. Hyde—thats her name—began buildin fires in little sugar bowls around the room. The little pots began smokin an givin out incents. One whiff of the jazzmine and ophelia an the body went limp like a blotter fell overboard. Yes, an alongside the bed she had a marble statue of Septober Morn with nothin on but a poil necklace around her waist. No kiddin, she was aces. I told the sweetie she ought to give the lady a big hand, but she said—No, zat ees nossing! She explained to me that she was an artist an by the pitchers around the room I guess *she was* an *plenty!*

Anyway, while I was givin the layout the double O, Mrs. Hyde eased into the room, ankles over to me an says, Beeb-bee keed, heres somesing to make zee feel vonder*full!* And with that she slips me a goblet of absence that woulda tossed a mummy into the Varsity Glide. What a womyen! Then she sat beside me on the Shays lounge an begins tellin me all about Paris an the Latin quarter and stuff like that. Why, she said, *effrybody* in Paris ees in lofe. But here in America eet ees not so hot. No, zee people ees cold—what you call eet?—narrow—nais par? For *me* when I walk along zee Bullevard, I see nice man. I go! I say ziss for you! I grab so! I kees—!!!

Good-night—an with that she got a Jim Londos on my Adams Apple an planted a Garbo on my kisser that made me take the count.

Have another shot, I says, tearin into the absence, we might as well be sunk as the way we are.

Varee leetle, she says, I feel zis already too much.

Dont be a sil, I answers. Nobody ever got plastered on absence.

Mon diew, she laughs, kickin off one of her nifty mules, wait Beebbee, you find out!

Well, by the end of the next hour there was a terrible dent in the absence bottle.

ANYWAY, the lady goes out of the room, an when she comes in she says, *here ees a real drink!* So saying, she pours me out a shot of pink stuff big enough to float a dry-dock! Then she traipses over an wraps her knoby curves around a golden harp an begins tearin off 'I got Rythem' like nobodys business. Well, after that drink the last thing I remember is seein the booful dame pullin angels an birds outa the lovely zither. Then it was curtains!

Well, Marg, the next morning when I came to I was in the can an all lumped up. A big red faced dick was standin over me tryin to take the dents outa his club.

Whats up? I says. How did I get in here?

How did you get in *here?* he roars, wavin his club, I gotta good mind to clip you again fer luck, thats what!

Now hold on officer, I pleaded, I dont remember a thing, no kiddin. I was out like a light.

I'll say you was. You was *thrown* out!!

Oh, what a tough egg he was. It took me fifteen minutes to convince him I was on the level. Finally he says, Well, I'll tell you. I'm standin on the corner talkin to Sergeant Doyle when who comes runnin up but a wild eyed waitor with his clothes half tore off hollerin—Hey officer—hey officer—come quick! Theres a drunk up here gone nuts! Hes fightin an raisin hell! So me an Doyle rush the joint, an glory be to Heaven what do we see but eleven min lined up agin the bar an *you,* you fathead, brandishin a bottle in each hand. All youre sayin is—Where is she?—Where is she?—I'll find her—I'll kill the foist guy what comes near.

So Doyle gives me the wink and I snooks up behind you and taps you on the coco.

Who *are* you an whatyer doin here? says Doyle kickin you in the shins.

I'm Dr. Jaykel, says you with a silly grin, I'm lookin for Mrs. Hyde!

So both of us sock you again! That's all they is to it.

Honest Marg, it musta bin that mule sweat the dame gimme, no foolin!

Wishin you the same,
MIKE SHEA.

There will be another letter from Mike in an early issue.

Liberty now offers

$100 to $500 Apiece *for* Short Short Stories

THEY should be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 2,000 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be the minimum price paid for any accepted and published. Five hundred dollars will be the maximum. Each story is to be judged solely on its merits.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owner's risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, LINCOLN SQUARE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

Graham Ackerly's Home-Coming

A Short Short Story

By

GEORGE F. HUMMEL

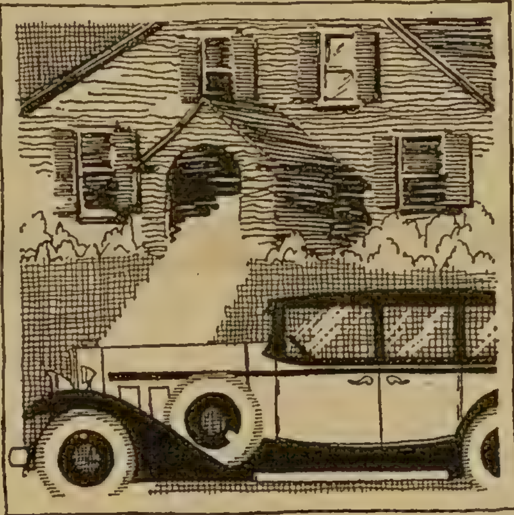
who, besides being an author, has organized business enterprises and schools of industrial education. He is married and lives on Long Island, New York.

(Reading time: 5 min. 15 sec.)

GRAHAM ACKERLY walked slowly up a faintly outlined path toward the black mass that was his home—or had been. Who'd want it now—with everybody broke? Foreclosure? He'd have to. Wipe it clean. His face twisted into a grimace. Clean? Sweet homecoming! Impossible that she could have heard. Nobody knew as yet. Not even his lawyer. Why, then, he asked himself for the thousandth time, had she written him to come back? And why next week—the first of June?

A car? In the dark he distinguished the shadowy outlines of a cream-colored automobile. He looked more closely, felt of it. Must have had the old car repainted. Careless, leaving it here all night.

At the head of the porch steps he stopped, seeing the glow of a dim light in the hall. Idiotic to have come back at this time of night! He tried three keys before the bolt slipped back. He closed the door behind him, stood for a moment in the silence, the dimness, the old, familiar odor of his entrance hall. Six months! Jackass, thought he. I could be shot for a thief—and serve me right!



He threw his hat on the massive teakwood table and walked across the entrance hall into his library. A shaded standing lamp in the far corner between his table desk and his leather reading chair shed a roseate light over the beautiful room. A log fire burned in the huge screened chimney. Again his lips twisted bitterly. Very cozy! thought Graham Ackerly.

He went over to his desk. A half dozen books, two of them with gold-stamped leather covers. The jade writing set his salesmen had given him. Like a desk in a museum. He had left on New Year's Eve—drunk. Still drunk. All right. He'd learned his lesson. Begin over. God knows he wanted to. He wasn't licked, yet—not if she— Why the fire? He listened. Portières drawn. Not a sound. Or was it? He went back to the entrance hall. Unconsciously he had tiptoed. Now he walked heavily. At the foot of the winding stairs he stopped. There was a dimmed light in the upper hall. Why all these lights at two o'clock in the morning?

The sagging muscles of his too-full face slowly stiffened. Muffled sounds from behind the closed door of one of those upstairs rooms. Distant. From the room once his—and hers—or the living room in the south wing.

For a full minute he stood listening, his head bent, one foot on the bottom step of the stairway, one hand gripping his knee. Then, slowly, he straightened. He crossed the hall to the entrance door, switched on the porch light, went down the steps to the shining sedan, opened its door. Tan upholstery. His was gray.

His face hardened into an ugly scowl. He reëntered his home, shut its door behind him, went again into his library and sat in the easy-chair at one side of the fireplace. He pulled a letter from his inside coat pocket, read it, word by word. Bitterness. Suspicion. Mistake. Begin over again. Come back June first. Another, different New Year's Eve. With a sound from his throat between a growl and a groan he crumpled the letter in his fist and threw it into the fire.

As if in the grip of a power beyond his control he rose, went step by step to the foot of the stair. As he stared up into the dimness of that upper hall every muscle of his body suddenly tensed. No mistake this time! That was a laugh—a man's low laugh, a woman's voice.

"Damn them!" muttered Graham Ackerly.

No slouch now in his gait as he crossed the library to his desk, pulled out his key ring, opened the center drawer, then the right side drawer, reached into it. Still there! She had probably forgotten its existence. He snapped open an automatic. Full. His jaws set. Grimly he walked to the foot of the stairway. Again he was walking on tiptoe.

Step by step up the stairway to the angle where it turned. Now his eyes were on a level with the upper floor. How long he stood there he would never know. He saw the automatic clenched in his fist. He slumped against the balustrade. His shoulders sagged. The twitching of his muscles became a trembling. Kill her? Who was he to kill this girl who had come to him five years ago clean and eager and confident?

Like a man physically dazed, drunk, or very, very old, he tottere down the stair, stood once more befor his fireplace, one hand against its graystone face, the other dangling limply stared into the fitful flaming of the oal logs, heard its subtle purrings, and fel the inexpressible aloneness of a man t whom every nerve and thought cel brings in pitiless reiteration the completeness of his defeat.

AT length, by a supreme effort of wil he straightened, looked around thi room, letting each detail stamp itse indelibly on his memory, then left the house, pulling th door shut behind him with but a soft click of its latc In the blackness of the shrubbery beneath the end gabl he drew long, deep breaths as if the air within the hous had stifled him. From the two windows of his one-tin bedroom glowed orange light behind drawn curtai Both windows were tight shut. A shadow flitted acr the window nearest the corner. It was the window op site the foot of their bed.

Vaguely he saw the close-up glint of the pistol in h right fist, vaguely aware of tenseness, imminence, of i expressible question. Then a violent start. A screa He had heard a woman's piercing scream from behi those tight-shut windows. With every nerve and mus galvanized into instantaneous reaction, he rushed back the porch, fumbled frantically with keys, pistol, and lo slammed shut the door behind him, leaped up the sta crashed into his bedroom—and stopped as though an el tric shock had paralyzed him. A man bent over his b his wife—another woman—white—in her outstretc hands a thing—a bundle—a scream, faint, shrill chuckle that died instantly.

"Ackerly! Good God!"

"Dr. Blake!"

"S-sh!" from the nurse, motioning Graham Acke out of the room, unaware of the gun in his fist. And as stood crumpled against the wall of his hallway outside, nerveless hand in his coat pocket, she hurried past hi the shapeless bundle hugged close in her arms. "It' boy, Mr. Ackerly," she whispered triumphantly. " have an heir to work for!"

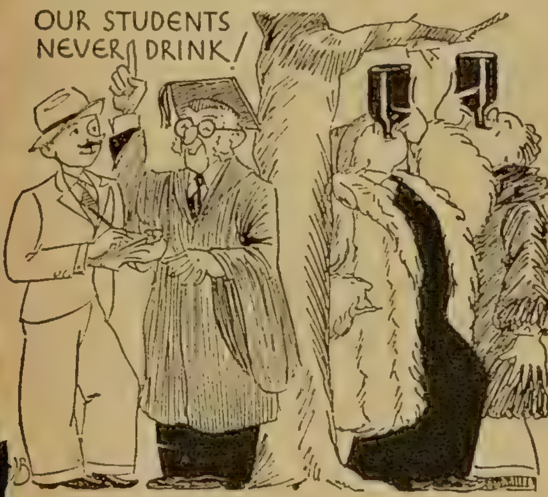
THE END

Vox

Mrs. Boole Started Something

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Your article, "Did Prohibition Increase Crime? No!" by Mrs. Ella A. Boole contained a lot of interesting albeit simple remarks that, naturally, you published, since they emanated from her.

Primarily I snicker at the tabulation received from the college presidents regarding the amount of drinking since


OUR STUDENTS NEVER DRINK!

rohibition at their respective colleges —that is, the amount they or the faculty re aware of.

How absurd a questionnaire! Who ver credited any college president or edagogue with being cognizant of the oings of the students outside the classoms?

Of course they think there is no extra rinking. They are not being paid to ink otherwise.

Now, let me ask, has Mrs. Boole ever tended a large college football game? so, what did she imagine those conctions could be whose bulges proruded from beneath the students' racon coats and were handed over to the ds when they got chilled? Soda pop? had those empty bottles, so numer- when the crowd departed, all been l with a nonalcoholic beverage?

I can't seem to recall that this was e proper procedure at football games fore prohibition, nor can I recall ies openly drinking from the flask or tle at such events.—*Charles V. rrison.*

W HAVEN CONN
ONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR FAIR MIND-
ESS IN ARTICLE DID PROHIBITION IN-
ASE CRIME BY ELLA A BOOLE
MRS RAYMOND DODGE

KEW GARDENS, L. I.—I was amazed the weakness of the dry argument sented in the article by Mrs. Ella A. le.

he dry cause must indeed be a lost se when such a valiant defender can o little.

o "survey" of actual conditions be made by mail. vestigators must mix with actual youth of both sexes in their daily lives if the truth is to be really sought.—*Stanwood Henderson.*

PITTSBURGH, PA.—Five hundred thousand copies of Mrs. Boole's fine article should be framed and hung in the homes of lawbreaking drinkers all over this country, and there should be a law compelling these drinkers to read it every day.—*A Liquor-Hater.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I have just read Mrs. Boole's highly amusing essay in Liberty.

Couldn't we have more funny articles like Mrs. Boole's and Mr. Benchley's? —*J. C. S.*

DALLAS, TEX.—Ella A. Boole's article on prohibition was good, and she struck the right key in her second paragraph when she said, "The people have been fed for years on wet propaganda."

Liberty, live up to your slogan, "A Weekly for Everybody," and give us both sides of this question. For every wet article, give us a dry, and let us, the readers, make our own decisions.—*Gus B. Moore.*

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—The crowning feature of Mrs. Boole's article was where she proved there is no drinking among the younger generation by writing to 300 college presidents, asking about drunkenness among their students. Most of them, of course, said no, or, at least, not much. So there!

Wouldn't that make you burst out laughing right in Sunday school?—*J. D. C.*

Enough to Keep Out of Them

FORT HARRISON, MONT.—Regardless of all the instructions and information you carry in your magazine columns regarding gangsters, racketeers, and other lawless gentry and their methods, I'll bet that Liberty is passing up a bet. If so, you're not so smart.

J. W. Healy

Here's the angle: It must have occurred to you that Vox Pop addicts, contest hopefuls, and short short story optimists have contributed greatly to congesting the mails. Now, the thousands and thousands of communications the above deluded customers have written and are writing mean the purchase of thousands upon thousands of postage stamps. These postage stamps represent added thousands of dollars to the postal revenue.

Think of the money thus spent, which otherwise would never reach the coffers of Mellon! If you're not getting your "cut," what do you know about rackets? —*J. W. Healy.*

The Cure: a Piece of Land

ST. PAUL, MINN.—Your back-to-the-land campaign, advocating small farms for all idle workers, is hitting the spot. For many years I have been trying to convince those in authority that it is entirely unnecessary to endanger our institutions by depriving men of a chance to produce their own living from a piece of land in our country, where millions of acres of good, productive land are every year going back to wilderness for want of men to work it, while millions of good, willing workers are tramping the streets of our cities looking for a chance to live by their own efforts.

I. W. Languard

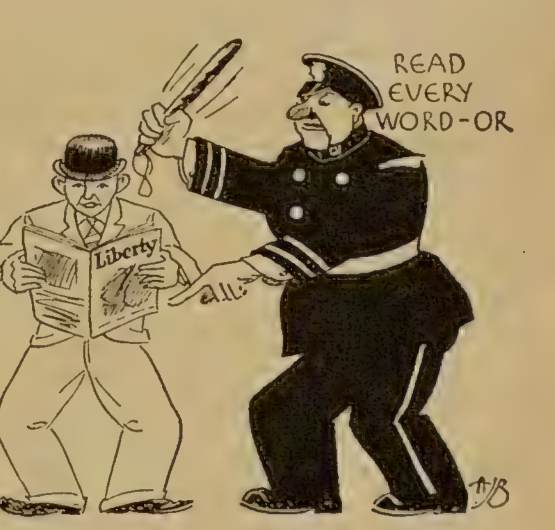
Even if you have to add another page to the magazine for the purposes of this campaign, you will not lose by it.—*I. W. Languard.*

They Are Afraid They'll Miss Something

JOPLIN, MO.—The way in which some of your Voxes get to Popping off when they do not like your magazine arouses my curiosity. I am curious to know if there is a law somewhere that requires them to buy and read it.

I think I know the only possible explanation. Liberty's editors must hire cops who stand over these kicking buyers, night sticks in hand, and force 'em to read each issue from beginning to end. If not, why do they read it when they do not like it?

For myself, I get one cent's worth of fun out of the Twenty Questions and two cents' worth out of each of the Cross Words. That accounts for my nickel, and all the rest of it, good or bad, is absolute "gravy," or "velvet," or "what have you?"—*A Curious Reader.*



Profound Observation

CHERRYDALE, VA.—If all the stamps I've wasted on Liberty contests were pasted on the judges, they'd be as stuck up over my entries as I was.—*A Sap.*

Pop

For Mr. Doherty

JAMESTOWN, N. Y.—More power to Edward Doherty! Such articles as "The Twilight of the Gangster" will make Liberty the greatest magazine in the country. He sure does know his gangsters and he handles them as they should be handled.—*Chas. F. Moyer.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Mr. Doherty sure went on a rampage with his "The Twilight of the Gangster," but he is all wet about blaming the gangster for the depression. I don't see just how in the h—— they could be responsible for that.

He ought to know that people have to do something for a living, and if they prefer their way to a slow starvation, why blame them?—*Castor Oily.*

HARRISBURG, PA.—Thank heaven for Mr. Doherty's article on the gangsters! A two-fisted exposal of the rotten "system" if there ever was one! Common, ordinary business people have been awake to this sort of thing for a long time, but can a man do anything when the police won't do anything?

Doherty has courage!—*Harrisburger.*

His Name Is A. J. Barth

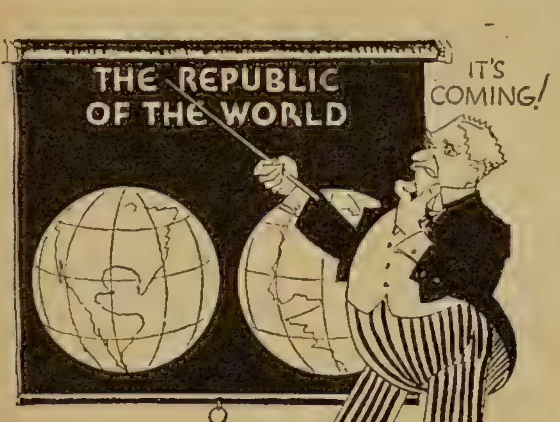
YONKERS, N. Y.—There is one question I want to ask that I've never seen in Vox Pop and I can't understand why not.

Who is A. J. B., the fellow (I presume it's a fellow) who draws the pictures to accompany some of the letters? He's good.

I, for one, enjoy his pictures as much as the letters that the "dear public" sends in.—*Elliot C. Lockwood.*

In 1981

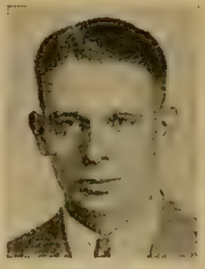
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—In the article by H. G. Wells, "Fifty Years from Now," he paints a picture of the future that may not be so far-fetched as we think.


THE REPUBLIC OF THE WORLD
IT'S COMING!

It seems reasonable to believe that as the human race comes down through the centuries, drawing closer together from tribes to nations, our next object must be a world community, and world control of production, both economic and biological.

In short, we're sweeping on to something even broader than internationalism. Nationalism itself is outgrown, must go, is going. The world commonwealth is coming.—*Earl Sheeley.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I believe that H. G. Wells' prophecy, "Fifty Years from Now," though it may contain much truth, is entirely too pessimistic. True, not every change has been for the better. Human progress always has been discouragingly slow, and there have been periods of retrogression when human selfishness, stupidity, and cruelty threatened to undermine completely the foundations of civilization, but the race has always survived and, in the long run, we have improved.


Wilbur J. Dowd

No doubt a Utopia could be built in fifty years if ignorance, stupidity, selfishness, and the other contemptible traits that the human animal is cursed with could be suddenly and miraculously wiped out. These traits are as old as the race, yet, in spite of them, we have progressed step by step through countless ages.

It has taken us nearly fifty thousand years to evolve from the stone age. Must the next fifty bring us either Utopia or ruin? After all, fifty years is such a short time.—*Wilbur J. Dowd.*

OMAHA, NEB.—H. G. Wells, one of your contributors, predicts distressing things for this ole world fifty years from now. Whazza matter? Is he afraid prohibition will spread?—*Bill Burton.*

Pome

SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—For the luvalil and Leslie's covers, and the Princess, too, and the tales of lovers, for the luva Marg, and the luva Green, for the luvavoxpop in between, for the luva sparkling Viña D., for the luva cross-word mystery, and the luva Held and the Limericks, and luva football kicked by "Chick"; for the luva gloomy H. G. Wells and luva stuff Cornelius tells, for luva sayin's of brightest brats and luva sayin's from under the hats of the whole dern seethin' snappy lot, combined with the punch in the editor's swat; for the love of it all my nickels flee—all for the luvalibertee!—*Alex Pennar.*

And So You Wrote and Told Us

JOPLIN, MO.—It was so d—— hard for me to find anything fit to read that I grew desperate and bought a copy of Liberty.

Then it was that I—*didn't* find anything fit to read.—*S. E. J.*

Whenever You Explode, Let's Have It

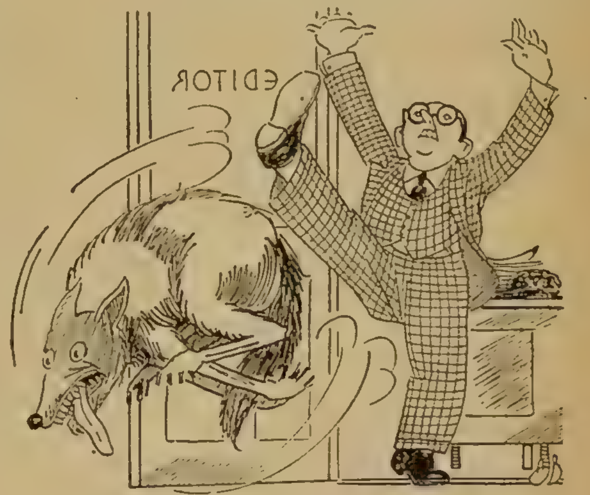
NEW YORK, N. Y.—I'm a newspaper man. My work has taken me from one end of the country to another. I'd reached certain conclusions, but had kept 'em to myself, till the thought of writing to Liberty exploded in my mind, and I grabbed a pen.

Here's my main conclusion: Two-thirds of the depression is right in people's minds. We all know the kind of person who's deep in the blues one week, and, the next week, is riding the crest of the wave.

Well, a man we know very well seems to be just that kind of person. I'm talking about Uncle Sam.

Sam's been gloomy and scared, but his spirits are even now beginning to rebound, and, with the rebound, he'll start thinking about how much he has to be thankful for, instead of how much to be glum about—and the slump will be over!

I've been glad to note that Liberty has been doing its bit toward helping Sam to see clearly. Evidently Liberty's editor is not downhearted, and, with his articles and editorials, he is kicking the wolf of fear and misery right out of his office. More kicking power to him!—*A Newspaper Man.*



Big Thought

ST. PAUL, MINN.—Since you devote a half page to an explanation of the picture on the magazine cover, why not publish a book explaining the stories and articles? Then Liberty would not go over our heads.—*Pat Olson.*

The Bell Is Rung

PASSAIC, N. J.—Just finished reading "Adventure Lady," by Dale Collins, and must admit I sat spellbound, repeating again and again, "What a wonderful story! What a wonderful story!" That story just *got* me.—*Miss D. S.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—"Adventure Lady," by Dale Collins, was a real story, and when I say story I mean *story!*—*Pat.*

The Twilight of the GANGSTER

What Is to Come After Him?

By EDWARD DOHERTY

(Reading time: 19 minutes 25 seconds.)

PART FOUR—CONCLUSION

THE first time Jack "Legs" Diamond was shot he took the bullet in his head. He wasn't badly hurt, but the bullet was flattened.

When he was shot the second time he lost a piece of his backbone—and he never had very much. But he became a gallant and heroic figure in the underworld.

The third shooting cost him a lot of time, some pain, terrific fear, and a slump in his prestige.

The fourth shooting made him a joke and the butt of jokes.

Quips hurt him worse than bullets. He became "the Much Shot," "the Big Shot-at," "the Clay Pigeon of Gangdom," "the Human Shooting Gallery."

"Come on! Come on!" you seemed to hear some ballyhoo shouting. "Only a nickel, a half a dime, the twentieth part of a dollar. Knock the Diamond baby down and get a good cigar. Step right up, gents, and shoot!"

Diamond took his third dose of lead in the Monticello Hotel in New York City. Two men came to his room and got him in his silk pyjamas and his bathrobe. Marion "Kiki" Roberts, a dancing girl, was with him at the time. But she was taking a bawth in the next room and didn't see anything. Perhaps she had soap in her eyes. And the water was running, so she heard no shots.

Diamond was rushed to the Polyclinic Hospital, and was wheeled into the room where his patron, Arnold Rothstein, had died. Diamond believed he, too, was going to die, and said he wanted to die in that room. He made quite a disturbance when the hospital authorities took him out and put him downstairs. He made more disturbance when removed to the prison ward on Welfare Island.

The political power that once called a magistrate to his side and released him from the police guard at Bellevue had vanished. He had no power now. And what is a gang leader without power?

Mrs. Diamond came to him, flying from the crude little shack at Acra, New York, which the newspapers called "a fortified castle in the hills." She went back to Acra with him when he was released; but she didn't linger longer than to gather up her duds. Marion Roberts took her place at Diamond's side and was with him almost every minute until he suffered his fourth "accident" at the Aratoga Inn. There are many who believe the girl twice lured Diamond to a spot where he could be easily found by his enemies. If she did put him on the X, she probably felt she was justified, for Diamond had kicked and beaten her when he felt mean, and had threatened her when he felt brave.

Diamond's star began to dim when Arnold Rothstein died. Rothstein welshed on a gambling debt, and somebody lost his temper. Diamond was questioned in the investigation of the murder, as were many others. The mystery was never solved. Cynical New Yorkers say it is just as well, for big names were involved in it, and dreadful scandals.

The name of Rothstein had made the name of Diamond mean something in the bad lands of New York. But once it was chiseled on a marble slab it lost its potency, its terror, its ability to protect lesser names.

After Rothstein died, his bodyguard, Jack Diamond, the hard guy, was only a man in a graveyard, his back against a marble slab, and his enemies closing in.

But Diamond thought he had inherited his master's voice. And so he said a few stern words to Arthur Flegenheimer, a former rum chaser turned bootlegger and rechristened "Dutch Schultz." And he began to muscle in on Dutch.

Dutch—with the sufferance of Capone and the assistance of "Joe the Boss" Masseria and Ciro Terranova, the "artichoke king"—ran the beer and booze business in the Bronx. He would take no orders from Jack "Legs" Diamond. Nor would he allow any competition on Diamond's part.

DIAMOND began a campaign of terrorism. He kidnaped Joe Rock, and tortured him while he held him for ransom. He kidnaped Caspar Holstein, a colored gambler and a reputed friend of Dutch Schultz. Holstein was released eventually, and after he came back to his home three of Diamond's men were put to death. One of them, Monte Schubert, was horribly mutilated.

Schultz gathered together all the ex-convicts he could find. "Diamonds are trumps no longer," he decreed. "We'll play spades and plant him."

The Diamond mob killed Tony Marlow first, then coldly planned to murder Joey Noa, Schultz's partner.

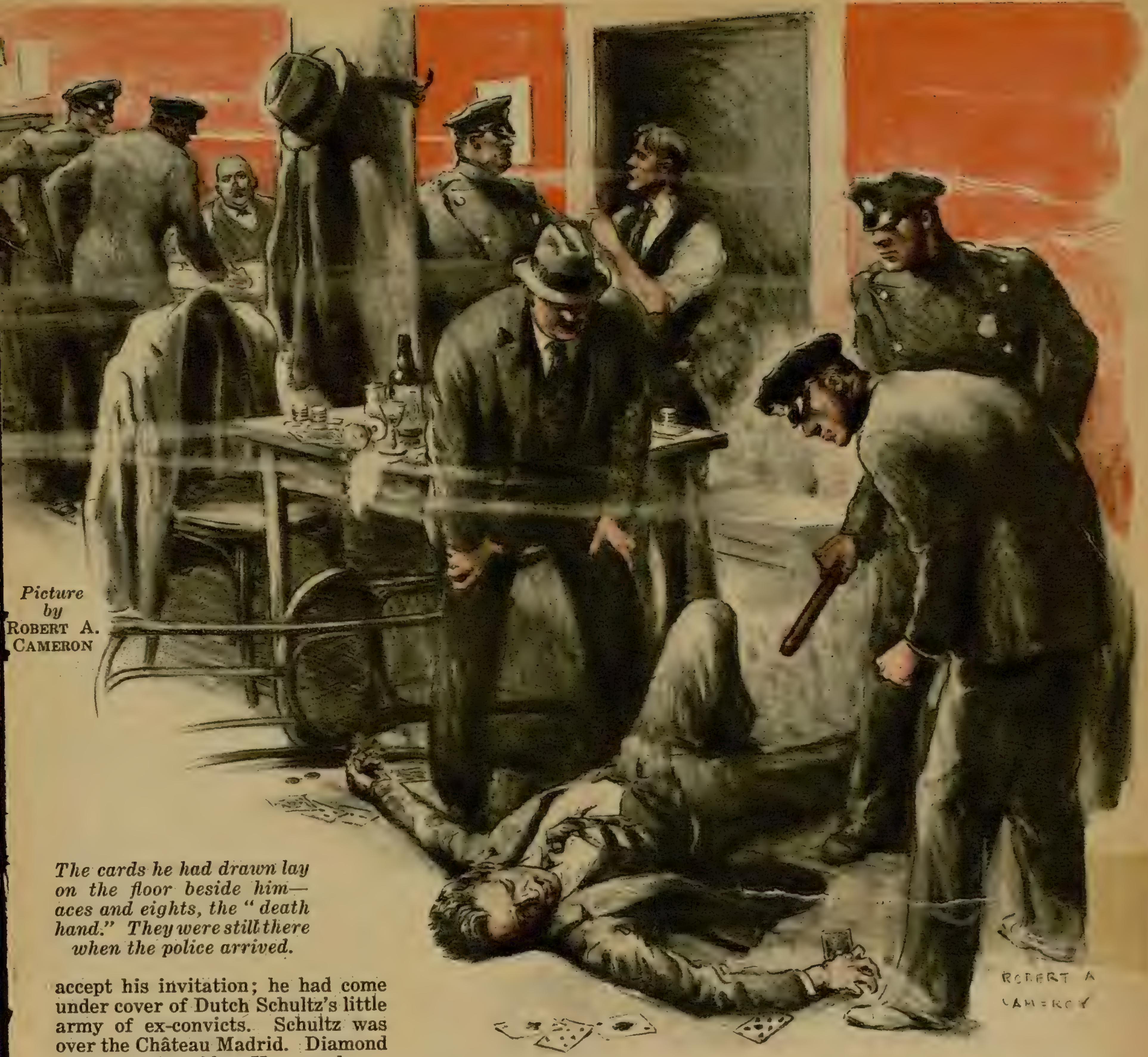
They prepared to raid Noa's place, but the information got to the police, who made a raid in time to prevent trouble. They found Noa had protected his place with machine guns and shotguns and expert pistol shots. It was all right. Wasn't Noa a deputy sheriff?

Diamond, surprised at Noa's strength, decided to ask for a parley. Noa came to see him at the Harding Hotel, and, not trusting in Diamond's word, got out of his car with an automatic pistol in his hand.

As he stepped on to the sidewalk a blue sedan moved into position, and Louis Weinberg, alias Ben Greenberg, alias Jacob Kaplan, alias Maurice Seman, a Diamond hoodlum, got into action. He also had an automatic in his hand. He fired at Noa. Noa was hit, but sought protection behind a refuse can and returned fire.

Weinberg jumped back into the blue sedan, and the car started down the street. As it did so, guns blazed in the windows above the Château Madrid, and one of the bullets hit Weinberg in the neck, just above his bulletproof vest. It killed him. His pals left his body in the car with a submachine gun and a pile of ammunition.

Diamond knew now why Noa had been so brave as to



Picture by ROBERT A. CAMERON

The cards he had drawn lay on the floor beside him—aces and eights, the "death hand." They were still there when the police arrived.

accept his invitation; he had come under cover of Dutch Schultz's little army of ex-convicts. Schultz was over the Château Madrid. Diamond felt uncomfortable. He moved.

The Bronx smoldered with the treachery of Diamond and the shooting of Noa; and Diamond put his tail between his legs and sought for other worlds to conquer. He left Dutch Schultz in possession of the Bronx, and operated on Long Island with Vannie Higgins and Pisano until the kidnaping of Leonard Steinberg, the stunt that embroiled him with Higgins.

He had been chased out of the Bronx. He was unwelcome on Long Island. He was merely a deuce in Manhattan. There was nothing left for him to do but to muscle into the territory of some of the feebler gunmen in upstate New York, and the feebler the better.

HE chose the Catskill district, tortured and killed all his competitors, and frightened all the roadhouse keepers, cabaret owners, and boarding-house proprietors into buying his beer.

Every summer the Catskills draw thousands of visitors from New York. Jack Diamond gave them beer and booze and gambling and loose women.

And he might be reigning supreme in the Catskills now, had he not tortured Grover Parks to make him confess he had a still. That was the time Jack Diamond stepped on his own foot. He could get away with torture in the city of New York, but not in the country.

There was a howl of indignation. There were demands for immediate prosecution, for a showdown in Greene County, for a clean-up. Diamond went to trial in Troy and was acquitted on an alibi. Attorney General John J. Bennett, Jr., enraged at this, asked Governor Roosevelt and the state legislature for laws that would give the state a chance to cope with the alibi defense.

"I'll do my part," Roosevelt said, "and we'll try to get laws with teeth in them."

"Gangdom has challenged the law," the governor told the lawmakers. "We must meet that challenge. In normal times, normal statutes and a vigilant police can deal with normal outlawry. But these are not normal times. Extraordinary measures are essential, that the authorities may be upheld. A government which fails to exercise every reasonable precaution to protect citizens from banditry is out of step with modern thought. Lawlessness which expresses itself in gang warfare, holdups, and reckless shooting, must be warred on by organized society."

Diamond was shot before Bennett could get started in his investigation, and he lay for weeks in a hospital in Albany.

He knew, no doubt, that his career was done. His wife had returned to him. But Marion Roberts was gone. His gang was broken up. Some of his men were indicted with him. Some were jailed. Some had been chased out of New York. And for the first time in his life he, Jack

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE TWILIGHT OF THE GANGSTER
Continued from page fifty-five

Diamond, was going to be tried like an ordinary citizen.

He beat the case. But his lieutenant, John "Iron Fist" Scaccio, was convicted on the same charge. Paul Quatrocchi, another lieutenant, was convicted of liquor-law violations. Quatrocchi whined that he merely did what he was told to do, and that Diamond had double-crossed him.

Even if Diamond should eventually win his freedom on appeal, his day has ended. He's just a punk again.

And what of his old friends?

Charles Entratta, alias Green—who took the rap for him in the Hotsy-Totsy murder trial—went his own way, and came to be sales manager for Abe Taub, owner of a bottling works in Brooklyn. Three men walked into his office and killed him. No one can say just why. Perhaps because he was a racketeer. Perhaps because he was once a pal of Diamond's; perhaps because he had ceased to be one.

Vannie Higgins, the tough from Long Island, was stabbed by another tough. Higgins' friends put him in an auto and dumped him in the foyer of the Polyclinic Hospital.

Dutch Schultz didn't rule the Bronx for very long. Nor did Joe the Boss. Rulers change quickly in gunland. Ciro Terranova is the new rum king and racket boss of the district—due to his agility and his good luck.

Terranova lives in Pelham, a suburb of New York, and conducts a business. He is said to have the artichoke monopoly in the East. It took a lot of shooting to get this monopoly, and he was thrice arrested for murder and was thrice released.

In 1918 he was charged with killing Joe DeMarco and Charles Lombardi in a James Street saloon. Two men arrested with him swore they had been hired by him to do the killing. One of them said Terranova paid him fifteen dollars a week to kill people. So far, he declared, he had killed only four. But even when there was nobody to kill, his salary was paid him every week.

Judge Thomas C. T. Crain, now the district attorney of New York, sent these two men, John Esposito and Ralph Danello, to Sing Sing. He gave them eight years apiece. But he acquitted Terranova on the ground that the testimony of accomplices was insufficient proof.

A year from the day Esposito was released he was killed in Brooklyn. A year from the day Danello was released he was killed in Harlem.

In the fall of 1929 a number of gunmen gave a dinner in honor of Magistrate Albert H. Vitale. The dinner was "held up." The guests were robbed—but later everybody got back their money and valuables. Grover Whalen, then New York's police commissioner, said that the purpose of the "holdup" was to take from Ciro Terranova a contract he is alleged to have made with Capone and others in Chicago to arrange the killing of Frankie Uale, or Yale.

WHALEN never proved there was such a contract; but certain it is that Terranova profited by Uale's death. Joe the Boss became the head of the Mafia in New York, and Terranova was his close friend. Perhaps Terranova was just as powerful as Masseria, for a day or so after Joe told Terranova he didn't need him any more, Joe died.

Masseria, elevated to the purple by Capone, outdid Capone in the splendor of his clothing and the ruthlessness of his methods. Masseria wanted everything in sight, and tried to take it. Abe Wagner, who believed himself the new "Kid Dropper," didn't like Masseria's attitude. He found Masseria's son—Joe, Jr.—in Times Square one night, beat him badly, and told him to go home and show his dad what Abe Wagner had done to him.

A week or so passed, and Wagner was ambushed. A machine gun tore off the top of his automobile. Wagner escaped, but nearly shook himself to death, so frightened was he. A few days later there was a raid on an East Side hotel, and Al Wagner, Abe's brother, was found among the dead. Abe was badly wounded. He disappeared.

The Masseria gangsters passed the Wagner home. They laughed at the crape on the door. They invited the mourners to come out and be shot.

Joe the Boss Masseria was playing poker in the Nuova Villa Tammaro in Coney Island. He had two black eights and two black aces and a black queen in his hand when two young strangers entered the place and shot him. The cards he had drawn lay on the floor beside him—aces and eights, the "death hand." They turned from black to red. They were still there when the police arrived.

Ernest Rossi, Masseria's closest and cleverest associate, was riding in an auto. He was overtaken in Brooklyn and done to death with pistol shots.

The Mafia leader in New York was dead. Long live the Mafia leader, Ciro Terranova!

TERRANOVA and Dutch Schultz were doing a $5,000-a-day beer business in New York. The brewery of Ownie Madden and Bill Dwyer was working overtime to supply the feudal lords of the Bronx. Everything was peace and harmony. Then war broke out again.

May Smith and Anthony Borelli were killed, and the Bronx authorities determined this time to get the murderers. They picked up three Schultz lieutenants: Vincent Coll; Pasquale Del Greco, who would rather be known as "Paddy Druggan"; and Frank Esposito, who called himself "The Terror." The authorities couldn't get a case against them, but they decided that Schultz must leave the Bronx.

The police raided his speakeasies and wrecked them. They captured his trucks and confiscated them. In one month they seized nearly a hundred trucks, each heavily laden with beer. They tapped his telephone wires. Schultz blamed Vincent Coll for all his troubles, and fired Coll and his brother Peter from the mob.

The Colls, Del Greco, Esposito, Frank Giordano, Frank Tacciano, Dominick Odierno, alias "Toughy John," Artie Palumbo, Charles "Chick the Jew" Gusso, and others, started a mob in opposition to that of Terranova and Schultz.

Vincent Coll made love to the wife of Tony Meddeo and took her away from her husband. She came to him with $7,000 as a dowry. It was Tony's, but with it the Colls opened the Mad Dot joint in the Bronx; the name is really the names of two girls, Madeline and Dorothy. The police raided it. The Coll brothers blamed Schultz. They killed two of Schultz's men. Schultz killed Peter Coll.

Vincent Coll didn't attend his brother's funeral. "I'll get Schultz for this," he said, "if it takes the rest of my life—Schultz and Terranova and all of them."

A few days after the funeral Coll led a raid on one of Schultz's garages. He wrecked the place and ruined everything in it, including ten $7,000 trucks, bar fixtures, peanut-vending machines, and all sorts of equipment for up-to-date speakeasies.

The place was knee-deep in salted peanuts and broken glass and punctured tires when Schultz and some of his men arrived. A chase followed, two autos fleeing through the streets of the Bronx, men firing from each with rifles, shotguns, pistols, and submachine guns. Pasquale Del Greco was badly wounded in that fight.

Eventually District Attorney McLaughlin and the police chased Schultz out of the Bronx. The business was taken over by Messrs. Stevens and Ahearn, two young men who had many friends in politics. Schultz moved into a swanky apartment hotel in Fifth Avenue.

Stevens and Ahearn were only figureheads. Though they were in actual control of the business, they had to turn over $2,000 a day to Schultz. Schultz always went to bed before noon, usually with his clothes on, and woke up in time to drink breakfast and go to a night club.

He wandered once—only once—into the Club Abbey in the Harding Hotel. This was against the rules. Ownie Madden, Bill Dwyer, and "Big Frenchy" De Magne, who run the rackets in Manhattan, had told Schultz to keep out of the Abbey. Not that they didn't like him. They did. They were partners of his, in a way. But they wanted the Abbey to be kept inviolate.

Business was too good there. The clientele was of the élite. It wouldn't do to have gangsters around, especially such a gangster as Schultz; he was the sort of fellow who looks awkward in a collar.

Schultz and some of his men visited the Abbey. Someone turned out the lights. The music stopped with a crash. Guns took up the ha-cha-cha. Women screamed. Men screamed. The effeminate entertainers screamed.

Schultz was shot twice, and one of his shoulders was broken with a table leg. Another man was shot and stabbed and bruised. The place was wrecked. It was closed by the police. It opened again, then closed permanently.

Schultz went to New Jersey, and when his wounds turned to scars and he came back, he learned that Vincent Coll was still looking for him. He kept himself in his Fifth Avenue apartment all day, and went out only with his friends. And he stayed away from night clubs.

He tortured Grover Parks to make him confess he had a still.

Picture by W. D. STEVENS

Shortly after Schultz's return, Big Frenchy was kidnaped by Vincent Coll, and held for $35,000 ransom. It was the night after Big Frenchy was released that Schultz came to the end of his brief reign.

Schultz emerged from his hideaway with Ciro Terranova, Danny Iamascia, and a dozen others. As they came out of the apartment, a car drew up at the curb and Detectives De Rosa and Salka of the bomb squad sprang out and started toward Schultz.

They wanted to warn Schultz that Coll was on his trail. They wanted to prevent another shooting. That was all. But the Schultz mob believed the detectives were Coll gangsters, and they fired.

The detectives were surprised but not unprepared. They fired too, and killed Iamascia. As soon as he dropped, a dozen men fled and hid in the bushes of Central Park. One of these men was Terranova.

Schultz, paralyzed by fright, couldn't escape. He couldn't move. His teeth chattered. His arms shook. His knees could hardly bear his weight. He gibbered. He sobbed. He drooled. Cold perspiration came out of him.

AT the police station he wept, pleaded for a drug to steady his nerves, begged for a headache powder. He was the most craven of all the gangsters ever caught.

He was indicted, tried, and acquitted; and then the government indicted him for violation of the income-tax law. Government agents had found bank deposit slips showing that Schultz had accumulated more than $850,000 in six months and hadn't accounted for it. The $18,000 he had in his pockets when arrested was impounded.

The police raided his headquarters, the offices of Stevens and Ahearn. No arrests were made. But for weeks the headquarters had a police guard, and for weeks the Bronx quit drinking beer, or paid high prices for it.

Coll and some of his gang are now under arrest, charged with the slaughter of children; and the police of Atlantic City want the leader for the murder of Mickey Duffy, Philadelphia's beer baron. Paul Carbo, arrested with a red-headed light of love in a New York hotel, is charged with the actual killing of Duffy, but the authorities say he was merely the tool of Coll.

The desperado Coll, who didn't care how many children got in front of his machine guns, surrendered his own carcass peacefully to the police.

The big gunmen, such as Terranova, Madden, Big Frenchy, Pisano, and Capone, have realized for many years that they can operate only so long as they do not become too raw in their murders, too indiscriminate in picking their victims. They have just begun to realize that they cannot control the members of their own mobs. They know that if the reign of murder continues, America will abolish prohibition—and then where will they be? They were as eager to get Coll as the police were.

Here and there one may see indications that the feudal lords of liquor are carrying on as usual.

THE government took Madden's brewery away from him last July, but gave it back again. United States Commissioner O'Neill reversed himself. He ruled that there was "no probable cause for belief" that the brewery owners were breaking the law. He vacated the search warrant he himself had issued and everything that had been confiscated was returned, including the beer.

It isn't the first time officials of the United States government have returned confiscated beer. But it seems to be the first time they ever returned a brewery.

Charles "Lucky" Luciano, the Mafia leader in Brooklyn, has taken up a quarter-million-dollar fund to end gang warfare in his district. Al Capone contributed $25,000. The money was collected at a banquet in a Coney Island restaurant.

A Chicago newspaper editorial recently remarked that one might still speak of the reign of gangdom in New York, but not in Chicago.

"Here," it said, "the worst and hardest part of the struggle is past. The morale of the gangsters is broken."

A New York newspaper editorial answered:

> On the same day the Chicago paper paid its compliments to gang-infested New York we find Mr. Al Capone at a ball game smilingly looking on while Mr. Gabby Hartnett of the Cubs autographs a baseball for Al's son—Al, Jr.
>
> Possibly the Chicago paper would answer that Mr. Capone is not a gangster but a reputable business man of large affairs. That is one way to end gangdom and the gang problem—promote the leading gangsters into the best society. The next thing we expect to hear from Chicago concerning the gang problem is that Mr. Al Capone has been made a member of the Committee of Public Safety.

There is peace in Chicago at present; and there is peace in New York. But it will not last. The gang chiefs will go on for a time, at least in New York City.

But Commissioner Mulrooney is asking great sums for the police department—"to make the city safe and to keep the gangsters on the run." The state legislature is considering new laws "with teeth in them." And the federal government is working to put the big guns and the little guns in jail.

The twilight of the gangs? Perhaps. At least the notorious gang leaders are going to be put away. But when they go, will not a new crop shoot themselves into power? Of course they will—and they'll be just as yellow, just as merciless, and just as rapacious as Capone, Diamond, Coll, Schultz, and all the others.

How are you going to stop them, men and women of America, unless you do something? After all, it's up to you. You are their prey. If you'd stop drinking—

But you will not.

It may be a long twilight, therefore, before the night—and the new day.

THE END

BETWEEN Earth and Sky

The Romance of a Pretender in Livery

By JENNINGS PERRY

Pictures by CARL PFEUFER

(Reading time: 24 minutes 25 seconds.)

WHEN the last check had been mailed to the last creditor and the last member of the office force had solemnly taken his leave, Joe Broderick picked up the telephone and called a Long Island number. "Stack," he said into the transmitter, "this is just little Joe Broderick who's lost his patrimony and the shirt he made for himself. You've got to take back the brougham. . . . What? . . . Oh, yes, I know it's paid for. I even remember what I paid for it—twelve and a fraction. I'd rather part with my polo arm than let it go; that's why I've hung on to it till the last. But I won't be flying these days and times, old bird—yet I must continue to eat."

"That bad, Joe?"

"If I told you all you'd break down and cry."

On the wire sounded the hr-r-mphing and ur-r-mphing with which a man clears his throat for purposes of reflection and then again the distressed voice of Stackford Ames, president of Ames Aircraft, Inc.: "You know, Joe, how the goose hangs with us—mighty low. We couldn't give you anywhere near its worth. Why not sell it privately?"

"Why not," Joe retorted, "keep it myself? Why not, next time, sell short in September? Everybody I know is right here in the boat with me. You couldn't sell 'em the Kohinoor for a dime."

"That's how it is, I guess. But look here, Joe—you can pilot. You've got your private license, and—"

"I've got my transport license, old hopeful. I was going to hop to Paris. And from there—"

"Hold on, idiot. Wait."

After a moment Joe put in: "I don't mind waiting, but the jolly lads are here to take out the phone. Are you thinking?"

"That noise you heard was the cogs," Ames assured him. "Now tell me this, to go on: would you do honest work?"

"Anything. I'd be a policeman."

"Now listen. How well are you known in Claymore?"

"The playground of the princes? Not much."

"Joe, we can't sell that ship for you, but I believe we might rent it. Thousand a month. And if you'll fly her yourself—say two hundred a week for you."

"Starting when, did you say?"

"Right off, Joe, if you like it. I know a party . . ."

Thus it was that, a matter of a week later, Joe Smith, who bore a close family resemblance to the recent Joe Broderick, stood, cap in hand, amid the evidences of solid comfort with which was supplied the library of a princely country home at Claymore. In a deep chair surrounded by a litter of afternoon papers old E. T. Conway sat and regarded Joe from under bushy white brows.

Joe said, "If you'd like to see my credentials—"

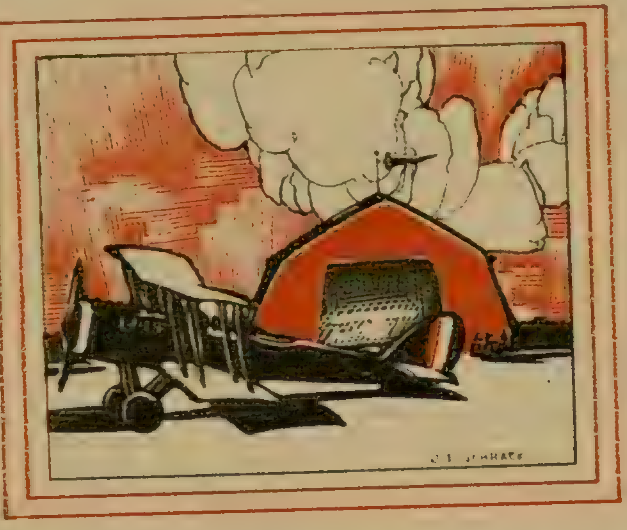
The banker waved his hand. "I told Ames I wanted a good, dependable man—and that brougham thing. The one the Broderick boy had to turn back. He sent that?"

"It's in the hangar, sir."

"All right, then." The banker's round, white head rose an inch from the quilted collar of a worsted smoking jacket. His face was evenly colored like a ripe watermelon—a man, Joe thought, to watch his arteries. "All right, then. I'll be wanting you twice a week to go in town—Mondays and Fridays. Then there are the kids—they've got the bug; they'll be after you. My son Finney, he's had some flying at school, I believe. You're to give him some time, I guess Ames told you. Careful there, though; he's apt to think he knows it all, to start. You'll go slow with him?"

"Very slow, sir," Joe promised, marking the genuine anxiety in the old man's tone.

"He's pretty young—to fly. And then there's Phyllis. She'll be wanting"—the white head made a movement of resignation—"God knows what. They've both been bitten. Now, about your quarters— Watling," he called, "show this young man his room. And, by the way, have either of the kids come in?"



The butler said they had not, and the reply, it struck Joe, caused Mr. Conway a distinct disappointment, though almost at once his pink face resumed its cast of immobility. He nodded as Joe said, "Good evening, sir," and picked up his paper.

Watling, showing him his room, took pains to show him also his place.

"There's your uniforms. If they don't go you, it's your own blame. I was at no end of bother getting your measurements from Mr. Ames."

Two outfits were laid out on the bed—breeches and tunics of French horizon blue, and a cap.

"Do you mean," Joe demanded, aghast, "I'm supposed to wear that?"

Watling was closing the door. "It's immaterial to me, chappie. You will if you want to keep your job—and you'll eat with the others," he tacked on insufferably, "at 'arf past seven. In the pantry."

With a short laugh Joe threw himself into a chair by the window. So that was what he had let himself in for: livery! He was to be, then, no better than the other help in the house. Well, what had he bargained for? He laughed aloud as amusement got the upper hand of the angry surprise that had flared in him.

After he had had his supper with the others "in the pantry," Dan Rooney came into Joe's room for a smoke. He was rangy and blond and had driven for Mr. Conway, he told Joe, eight years. They found common likes and dislikes. Rooney liked motors. Watling, the butler, he characterized as "a old boloney," Joe concurring. "What's your day off, buddy?" he asked, and when Joe admitted he had no idea, Rooney said: "Well, you can have the use of the station wagon, just like I do, any time you want to go to the village. Good night, Joe."

"Good night, Dan." . . .

Miss Phyllis, a voice informed Joe, was waiting at the hangar. He turned over, groaned, and was on the point of instructing Williams that Phyllis, whoever the dickens she might be, could go on waiting. And then he realized the voice had not been Williams' but Watling's. There was no more Williams. All that was finished. He rolled out of bed and saw it was early morning.

A cold shower set him up and he dressed briskly, grinning at the figure in trim blue livery that grinned back at him from the mirror. How, he wondered, had Stack guessed so near his size? He set the cap on his head and gave it a rake. Dan had the station wagon in the driveway. "You look," he commented, "nifty."

THE Conway hangar was located a quarter of a mile behind the house and was reached by a graveled lane. It was new, and the field, Joe guessed, had recently been a pasture. In adjoining fields he saw fine horses and cows. A low sport roadster stood at one side of the hangar and from it a girl stepped impatiently.

"Well, it's time—" she began, and then, looking at Joe, she exclaimed: "Oh . . . my!"

Eighteen—nineteen at the outside; fair; eyes blue like her father's, only big ones, and their gaze was startlingly direct. She was slender, athletic-looking, and the ribbed velveteen costume she wore enhanced this outdoor effect.

"My! My!" She continued to stare at him in that alarming fashion. "Is your name Gaston? Marcel, maybe?"

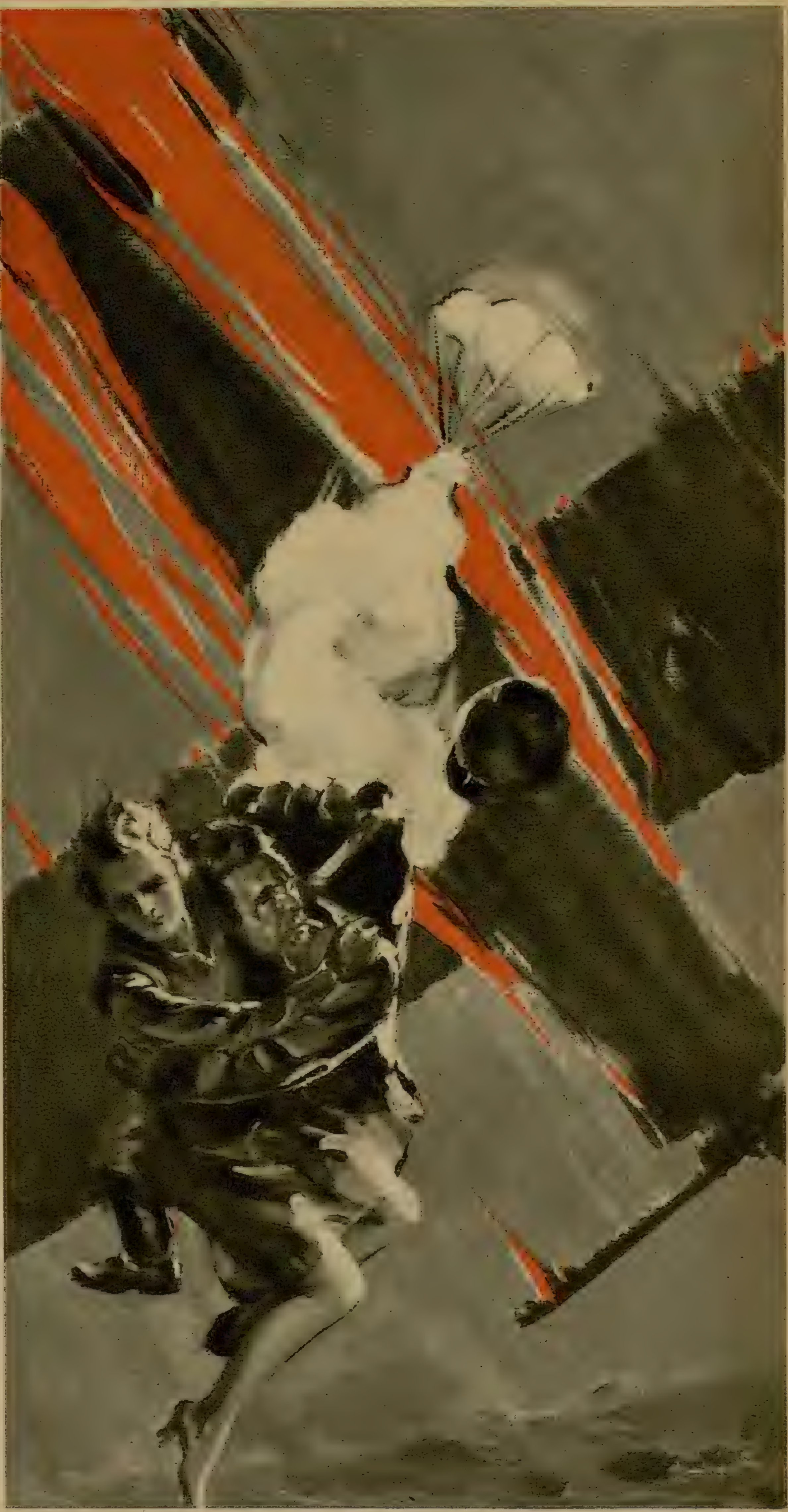
"I'm Joe—er—miss." He was made to remember that he must look strangely like a bus collector.

She laughed. "Well, come along, Joe. I've been looking over the sky buggy and it's a darling. Hurry."

He was puzzled by this crying haste. Even after they had taken their places in the cabin she bounced in the cushioned seat, wringing her hands. He explained: "We've got to let her warm up."

"I know, but, please—step on it!"

[illegible]D ON NEXT PAGE]



The ring was in his teeth and with a twist of his head he tore at the rip cord.

BETWEEN EARTH AND SKY
Continued from page fifty-nine

Then they were in the air, after a swishing run across the dew-wet grass, and circling back about the field. Joe saw the girl wave from her window, heard her call derisively, "Yoo-hoo!"

Down below, a second roadster, speeding along the graveled lane, ground to a stop. A diminutive figure stood up and shook its fist frantically after the plane. Phyllis sank back into her seat, her laughter rippling.

"Oh, but he's popping mad, Joe. That's Finney. I bet him I'd get you first. Aren't you glad?"

He was, of course, but she did not give him time to say so.

"Finn's such a misprint! Just because a boy at school had a plane and let him ride in it he thinks he could teach Lindbergh. Dad's going to get him one, but not till he learns how, so he needn't be high-hat with me, need he?" She rattled on while Joe pushed up some altitude. Below him spread the rich valley, set with imposing estates; not far to the south of the Conway place the village of Claymore showed; beyond that the glassy strip of the lake; and beyond, toward the Pennsylvania line, the wooded slopes rising to the main Nuckatuck divide. He fixed these landmarks in his mind, kicked the rudder bar, and they swung wide out over the lake. The sun was now a yard high, but shadows still lay on the forest-hedged water. The girl, he was aware, was observing him closely.

"Did you fly in the war?"

"No. I walked in it. Mud, mostly."

"You don't look that old."

"CHILD—" he began, but pulled himself up. Manifestly it would not do to let himself go in banter with this little savage. She was far too lovely. "Hadn't we better go in now, miss? Turn about's fair." She nodded assent, but later, as he throttled down for the glide, she said something he didn't quite hear. "I said," she repeated, "you needn't be so formal when we're up here. My name's Phyllis."

"'Call you Phyl,'" Joe hummed to himself, and said, grinning: "Thank you, Miss Phyllis."

Young Finney Conway obviously was less a chip off the old block than his sister. He was lean and hipless and his eyes had a fretful movement; a good build for tennis and probably the temperament. Two years over twenty, Joe placed him, a sophomore, and fresh. His sarcasm glanced harmlessly from Phyllis. "Oh, buzzard yourself!" she handed him back good-naturedly. "And, Finn, it's the most fun! When you get your own we'll more'n ever strut in this valley! So long, Joe."

"I hate, above all things," Finney fumed, scowling after the trim figure that made for the roadster, "a smart little flapper. Now let's be on our way," he said, starting to climb into the plane. "I'll take her up and you can give me pointers."

But Joe reached by him and shut off the engine. "Not right away," he suggested. "After breakfast—I haven't had mine yet. And, besides, I'd like to check up first on your flying data. You see," he went on diplomatically, as young Finney's face darkened, "this ship may handle differently from the one you've been flying. That is, if you don't mind—sir."

It was not till a fortnight later that, at a safe altitude, he trusted Finney for a spell at the controls. The next day was Monday, and on the run down to Newark field Mr. Conway spoke to Joe about the purchase of the plane. "The kid tells me he'll be flying solo soon. I guess the Ames people would consider selling this one."

The banker himself, by this time, had become an enthusiastic air traveler. Frequently he had invited friends in the Claymore district to accompany him in the four-place brougham, that they also might be impressed. One of these had been S. Gordon Scudder, the organizing genius of the Eastern Motors group, and their conversation, which Joe could not help overhearing, had started wheels in his own head. Another Claymore resident, Bradley Waldron of Investment Banking, had already contracted for the construction of a private field at his own estate.

But to his employer's inquiry Joe felt compelled to counsel patience. "He's not ready yet, sir. Won't be for some time. I'm afraid his eagerness has run away with him."

"I suppose so. We don't, naturally, want to turn him loose until he can be perfectly safe."

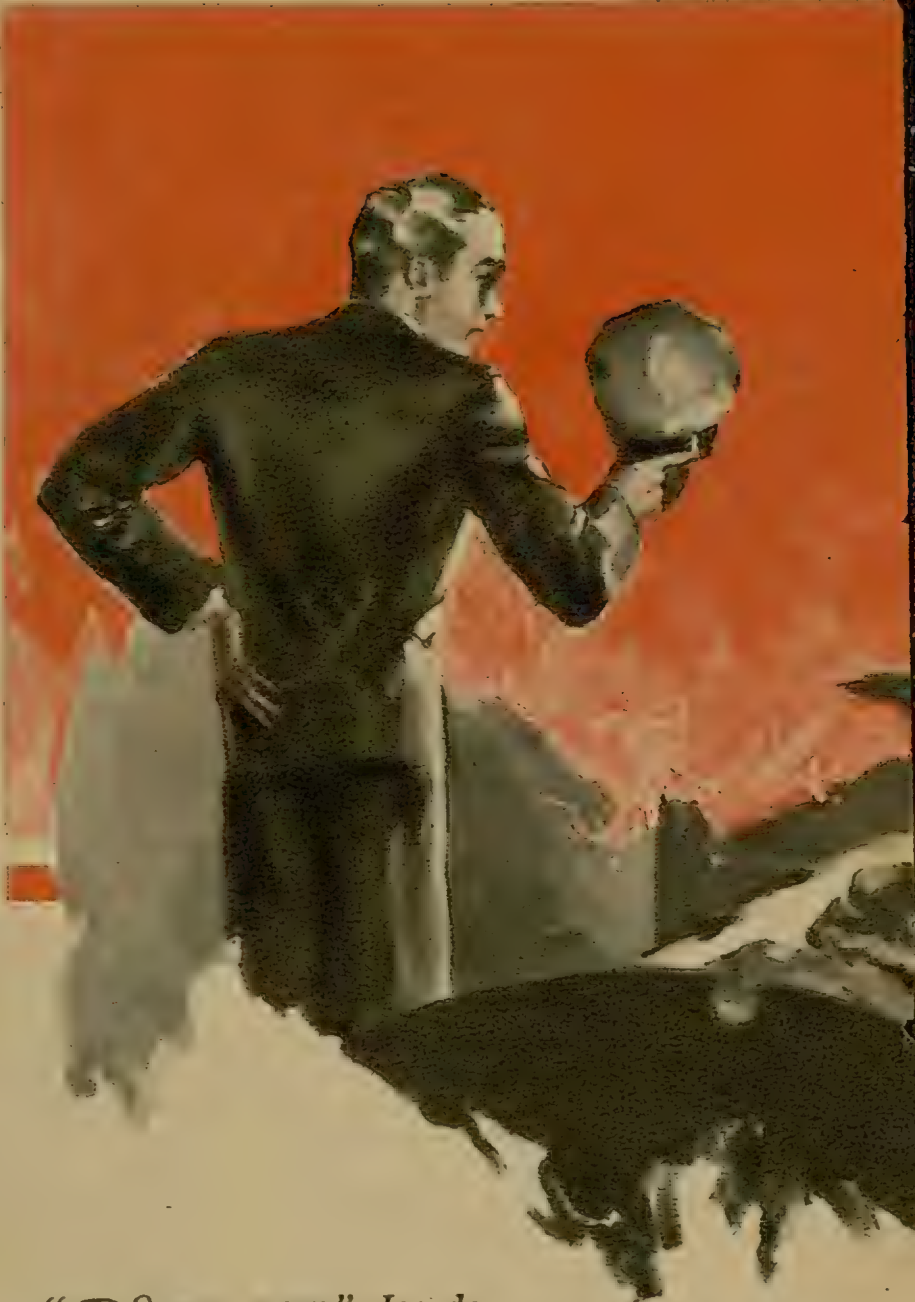
At the airport, while his plane was being serviced, Joe called Stackford Ames. "What's my commission on every or any Ames model I'm instrumental in placing out in my country? No, I know there's no cash left in the world. I'll take your stock, common, at the market."

"Do you know something?"

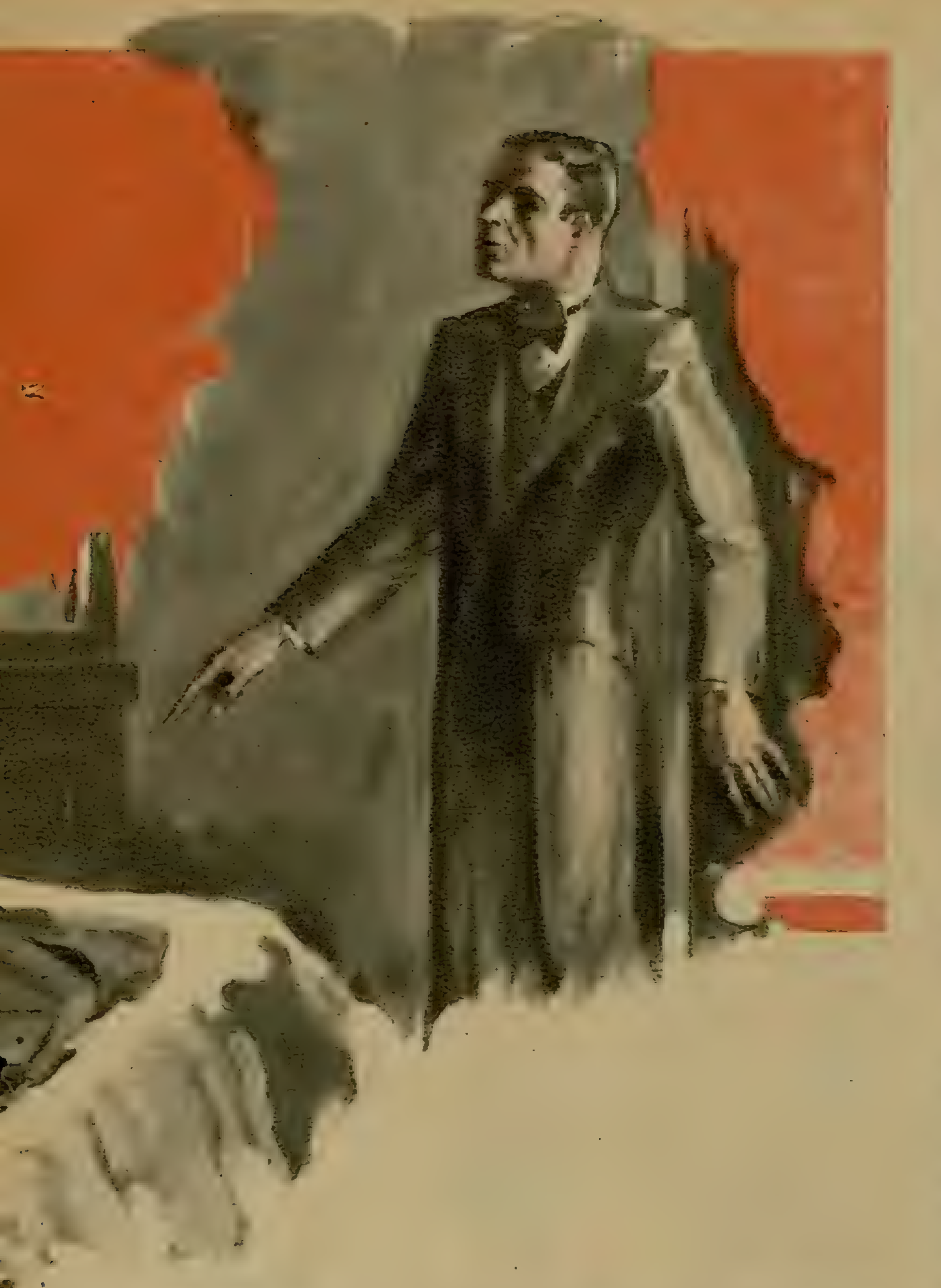
"Not a thing. But young Joe, like his father before him, was born to invest. Make it ten per on any crate over ten thousand—sold! And we'll start with the thousand old Conway turned over to you as rental for the brougham. . . . Oh, all right, I know you're quoted down the line three and a quarter these days. Just the same. . . . Of course I'm not daft. I'm a forward-looking citizen."

Before the week was out he had succeeded in convincing Banker Waldron that nothing that flew would grace his new hangar like an Ames brougham. The deal reached Mr. Conway's ears, and he found a new interest in his pilot. "That ought to mean something to you, Joe. If you know how to save your money. You'll live to see the day, if I don't, when the airplane industry will lead this country."

All that was all right, and yet, toward the end of his second month, Joe sat in his room and realized that something was all wrong. As a man without means he could not quarrel with his salary, plus the rental of his plane; moreover, he had taken credit for the sale of three Ames models in Claymore and another in Tuxedo, and had brightest prospects for a fourth. Whatever was wrong did not lie in that quarter. The truth was that Joe Smith had begun to feel an acute need of human companionship —of, at least, a certain particular c[illegible]hip to



"DO you mean," Joe demanded aghast, "I'm supposed to wear that?"



which, as Joe Smith, in French blue livery, he was patently ineligible.

It was only ten o'clock, but the big house was dark. Dan Rooney, with the big car, had driven Phyllis into the village to a dance. Voices still sounded, remote, subdued, from the scullery—but he had not yet come down to the company of cooks. Mr. Conway would be, as usual, in bed by this time, and young Finney, as usual, out, no doubt also at the dance.

Joe thought of the boy. Relations between them had been severely strained for a week. The strain had come when, one afternoon, recognizing the roar of his engine in the distance, he had hastened to the field to find Finney whipping the brougham one direction and another in clumsy attempts to take off alone. He had hauled him out of the cabin, and the boy, sheepishly, had pretended to no such intention, but Joe had thought it wiser to put a padlock on the door of the hangar.

BRUSQUELY Joe rose from his chair. Something had to be done about this feeling. He pulled on his bathing suit and went downstairs. In the station wagon he drove toward the lake. Phyllis was the trouble, he knew, and this was foolish. A child, an infant, he said—and he knew, too, how insufficient it was to think of her that way. She had a head of her own; she ran with a group of young sophisticates—he had seen them, had often, at her behest, flown them—whose experience and whose actions were of the times.

If toward him, Joe, her conduct had been that of an infant, it was the most precocious infancy he had ever met. She had preferred to fly with him alone, and when they were alone had increasingly made herself provocative, captivating—toward him in livery whose footing was on par with that of Dan Rooney. There was no possibility that he might have mistaken her advances, nor her impatience at his lack of response. Well, privately he had not kept his balance by a long shot—and hence the sorry state in which tonight he found himself.

The beach above the village was deserted; he dived from the end of a boat dock and swam straight out into the lake. The night was splendid, full June. He could see the lighted veranda of the Shore Hotel and hear, faintly, the music of a dance orchestra.

He floated, his loneliness increasing—and then from about a wooded point a power launch bore down upon him, its motor whining suddenly. A spotlight picked him up as he shouted and raised his hand, focused full on his face for a moment and was gone, but before his vision had cleared from the glare, or its own wake died, the boat had returned.

He heard a voice, Phyllis Conway's voice, saying emphatically: "But it's an old friend of mine. We had a rendezvous out here. Believe it or notto." Jeering voices protested, but there was a splash. Phyllis called to them from the water: "Oh, clear out, can't you? We're going to swim to the beach." Her small head appeared near him on the surface. She said gayly: "Oh, hello!"

THE gayety, he thought, was forced. He could not see her face, but in her voice he detected something—a weariness—that brought him at once to her side. "Is anything the matter?"

"No. They're all pickled. I'm tired of them, that's all. Let them go on." The launch, already forgetful of them, had picked up speed. Joe was unreasonably angry.

"Who were they?"

"As if you'd know!" She laughed without mirth. "Old folks, like yourself—some of them bald." She swam and he followed, worried. When they drew out on the shore, she said: "I want to go home."

"In this rig? But people—"

Her oval face turned up to him, the round chin determined and quivering. "The devil with people, Joe. What do I care?"

Even in the darkness her eyes burned him; he felt her breath. She was so close to him that he stepped backward. Almost instantly she turned to the car. In silence they drove to the house, and at the doorway, facing him, she demanded: "What's the matter with you? Are you afraid of me—or"—there was glittering contempt in her eyes—"or for your job?"

His nails dug into the palms of his hands, but that was unnecessary; she was no longer there to tempt him. He stood alone on the steps, cold, dripping.

He went to his room and dressed. Twenty minutes later, from a group of chauffeurs waiting outside the Shore Hotel, he plucked Dan Rooney by the arm. "Dan," he said, "go in there and find where Miss Phyllis left her clothes. Tell anyone who asks you that she was swimming and decided to go home—nothing else. If Finney is in there, bring him out."

But as Dan, gaping, started away, Finney Conway himself came down the steps reeling, and sighted Joe. "Wha'sh my sister, you blahguard? Tell me wha'sh she, or I'll—"

"Shut up. She's at home."

But Finney was too drunk to hear. His voice rose. "Zhey zhaw you in t-zhe water, damn you—!"

He lunged with both fists and Joe caught him in his arms. "A sweet brother you are!" he said through his teeth, and to Dan: "Get those things. I'll take care of him." Through the crowd that had gathered he lugged the boy, kicking feebly, to the Conway car and put him inside.

When Dan returned, they took him home and put him, passed out, to bed in Joe's room.

The next day Joe saw neither of them, and it seemed to him that an unusual stillness lay over the whole house. In the evening he learned from Dan how it was. "The old man got the whole thing from somewhere and there was one whale of a row. Watling's been with 'em fifteen years without seein' the likes of it. He don't often let go, the old 'un—but, boy! when he does— So now, they tell me, both kids is locked in their rooms while the boss is makin' his mind up. He'll do something, blame positive, too. But them two," Dan reflected forebodingly, "they're just wild savages. No tellin' what'll happen 'fore it's over."

Joe brooded over his own participation in the events. Perhaps all this could have been avoided if he hadn't

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

BETWEEN EARTH AND SKY
Continued from page sixty-one

happened to be out in the lake—and still, whatever happened now, he was glad he had been. In the morning, when he flew Mr. Conway down, he observed that the old man was in a shaky state, more than before showing his age, and there was a purplish tint to his pink face. Joe waited at the airport till, in a couple of hours, he returned, and they were back at Claymore about noon. Joe put up the plane and went to his room.

Dan came by after luncheon and told him the kids had been let out of their confinement, on parole not to leave the grounds. "The old man," Dan said, "is lyin' down. Not feeling so well himself."

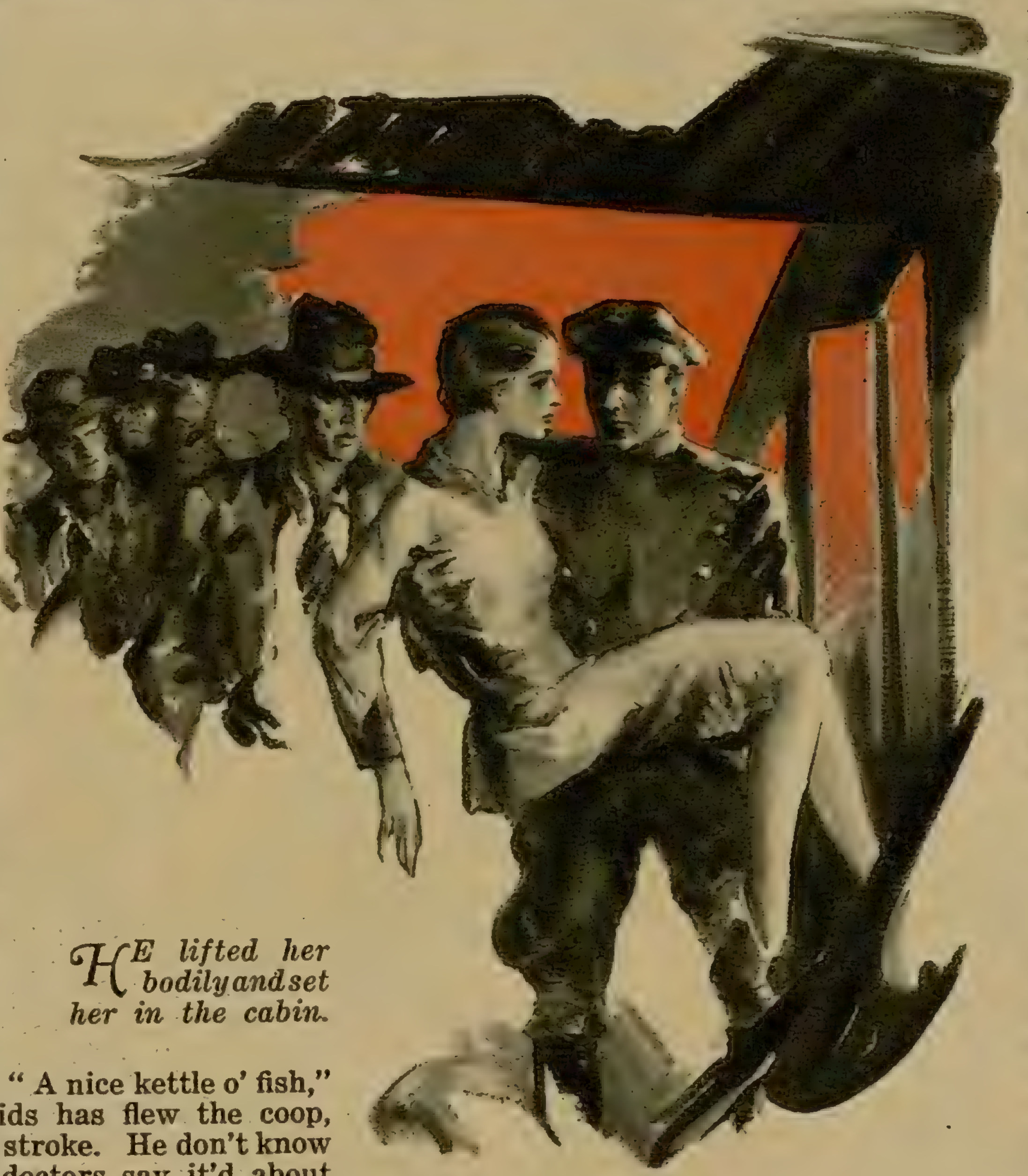
For a long while Joe lay on his own bed with his thoughts. It wasn't true, as she had intimated, that he was afraid for his job, of her either—but how did that change things? What end could he hope to gain by letting it be seen how he felt? A servant in the house! He would be shown the door and that would be the end of it. It would be better if he did not wait to be shown the door, but left of his own accord. That, upon second thought, seemed best to him.

He felt sick and tired of the situation, and because he was unused to worry, it wearied him and he fell asleep.

He was rudely awakened by a hand shaking his arm, and Dan was bending over him. "A nice kettle o' fish," he declared. "The kids has flew the coop, an' the old man's had a stroke. He don't know they're gone, an' the doctors say it'd about finish 'im if he did. I was down at the village on a chore when it happened, and— Well?" he broke off as Watling's beefy face showed at the door.

"I say, Dan—" began the butler, but at sight of Joe, the red face turned livid. "Didn't you go orf in your plane some 'arf hour ago?"

"Good God, no!" Joe came to his feet in one motion. A train of possibilities flared across his mind like gunpowder. He'd closed the hangar with a padlock, but a man with a hammer—



He lifted her bodily and set her in the cabin.

THEN, below, a telephone was ringing, and a maid called urgently to Joe. Sweat broke out on his forehead as he put the receiver to his ear. Phyllis speaking. . . .

"Thank God, you're safe!"

Safe, she assured him in a voice that had regained all its flippancy, but in trouble. Finney had landed on a golf course and had been arrested. The plane wasn't hurt . . . she thought not.

"Where are you?"

"Vinderburg."

"Don't move," he commanded. "I'm coming."

He called to Dan and as they ran out to the garage he demanded, "Where is Vinderburg?"

"Pennsylvania," Dan said; "about fifty miles."

"Don't bother with the big car," Joe told him. "Take Finney's roadster. It's faster."

Not more than an hour afterward Joe elbowed his way into the curious crowd about the brougham, to find Phyllis calmly seated on the ground smoking a cigarette. He did not speak to her, but asked to see the representative of the law aside. A man in a black hat made himself known. Finney had acted nasty; he had been taken to the jail, five miles away. The man in the black hat was reasonable; Dan could go there and bail him out. Joe snapped to Phyllis: "Get in there."

"Yes-s?" She flicked the ash from her cigarette deftly. "When I've finished—"

He finished it for her; lifted her bodily and set her in the cabin. He slammed the door. Then, while the officer cleared the fairway, he made a rapid inspection of the ship. It appeared undamaged, though a bunch of oak leaves caught in the landing gear hinted that Finney's descent had not been uneventful, but lucky—by the grace of God. Joe climbed in and jabbed the starter. The monoplane fled down the clipped sward and bounded into the air.

ALREADY dusk was falling as he pulled her nose up and headed for the mountain ridge. The girl beside him spoke after a little. "It wasn't Finney's fault. We were both fed up. We thought we'd make it to grandmother's, but Finney lost the way, and we quarreled. So we—"

"Brainless brats!"

"Oh, well." Phyllis shrugged.

Joe's eyes were fixed on the mountains ahead, seeking a pass. Below, the shadows were rising in the valleys.

It would be a difficult landing at Claymore, but he knew his ground.

If only he could get one of the kids back before the old man found out. . . .

"Should I," he thought, "tell Phyllis about him?" He was too busy. They topped the Nuckatuck, pitched down across the long rows of wooded foothills. Twenty miles away, in the valley, lights glimmered. He advanced the throttle.

"Please listen, Joe—"

But suddenly he held up his hand against her, bent his ear to the engine. He heard a grinding noise. He glanced fearfully at the oil-feed indicator. It registered nothing.

He began to feel the heat of the radial fanned back into the cabin, and a nauseating odor bit his nostrils. It flashed to him then: Landing on the golf course, young Finney had hit something, had managed to crack the oil line. The engine was red hot; any instant would shut up on him.

It shut up just as he threw off the ignition. Even that was too late, for a tongue of flame shot out of the cowling into the wind. They'd never reach the valley, with the line of hills back of the lake yet to cross.

He flattened the glide and, reaching behind his seat, snatched out the flat packet he always carried there for emergencies. The girl was looking at him now, with curiosity but not with fright. "Here, put your arms through these," he told her. "Quick. And this strap across your chest."

She did not move. She was laughing—as if it were a joke now! Laughing at him.

For a bare moment in sheer desperation Joe bent over the wheel, then, rising, slipped his arms through the straps of the parachute, clipped the leg straps. It was no good arguing now; the plane was losing altitude at each instant. He kicked her around over a deep valley, shoved the stick forward to maintain her flying speed, and, reaching across the girl, unlatched the door.

Then, grasping the girl's arm viciously, he jerked her to her feet. Seizing her to him he buckled the heavy belt about them both—thank God she was slender! He locked his arms about her waist and leaped with her into the darkness.

He did not count. The rocky mountainside could not be a thousand feet beneath them. The ring was in his teeth, and with a twist of his head he tore at the rip cord. An instant—his arms sealed the girl to him like steel bands.

With an agonizing shock the silk bonnet opened above them, snapping her full weight against his arms. His fingers twisted into each other as ripping pains shot through his arms and shoulders. He cried out—and then the strain eased. His arms held, and he was conscious of Phyllis' own strong arms bound about his neck.

They dropped rapidly. He was made aware, as pendulumlike they swung down beneath the dark ridge tops, of her warm young body welded against him; of her head crushed upon his chest.

Here, then, at last, hanging between sky and earth, they found each other in an aching embrace that would last as long, perhaps, as life. There was no need now to pretend about position, or love. He bowed his head swiftly and kissed her.

The black branches of a pine tree rushed by them. Drawing her high against him he flexed his knees for the shock. A great clump of laurels received them.

The folds of the parachute collapsed about them. They were unhurt—yet, dazed, they clung to each other, for escape had been the least of the things that had happened to them in that thousand-foot drop.

"By the grace of God, darling!"

The stream bed beside which they had landed was strewn with boulders, but not impassable. Fifteen minutes of scrambling brought them into an old logging road, and in another fifteen they emerged upon one of the mountain highways. The lights of a car moved down toward them.

JENNINGS PERRY

who wrote this story, was born in Jackson, Tennessee, in 1900. He has worked on newspapers East and West and now lives abroad, traveling about and devoting himself to fiction writing.

OLD E. T. Conway pushed back the blanket from his knees and snorted: "What did you take me for, boy? Of course I knew you were Joe Broderick's son. If Ames hadn't told me I'd have had you investigated plenty before you came here. . . . Now—well, how did you happen to be buying Ames stock? You overheard a conversation, eh? Big money looking around for something new to take up.

"And you thought it was just a dumb banker talking out of school. It never occurred to you that an old man might be giving a young man a break, if he had sense enough to save his money and take advantage of it? Didn't, eh?"

Banker Conway paused, chuckling. "You're all right, boy. You'll do. Monday week you'll take over the sales promotion end of Ames Aircraft."

"Not Monday week," Joe Broderick said. "I expect to be out of town."

"Oh-h, yes. Bermuda?"

"It's a secret, sir. I doubt if even Phyllis would let you in on it."

THE END

How to Lose Fat a Pound a Day

Do

Just These Two Simple Things . . . Fat Melts Away

Modern science has recently made important discoveries in fat reduction by which the normally overweight person can lose from four to seven pounds weekly *on a full stomach.* Hence, it is now foolish to stay fat. *Without a single hungry moment,* you can now see yourself grow thin day by day, see the coarse lines of overweight replaced by the refined lines of slenderness, safely and comfortably.

What You Do

You do just two simple things: Keep your system free from waste matter, toxins and depleting poisons by taking a teaspoonful of ordinary Jad Salts in a glass of water a half hour before breakfast every morning. Then, *eat your fill—as much as your appetite can stand*—of the following foods:

For breakfast—one or two whole oranges. Two slices of whole wheat or bran bread toasted, or rolled oats.

For lunch—a good sized piece of any lean meat. Then see how much spinach, sauerkraut, cabbage, green peas, broccoli or fresh turnips you can eat. Eat *all you can comfortably hold* of these foods. Eat plentifully, too, of all green salads. Eat for dessert any fresh fruit.

At night—eat another fill-up meal as above. Cut down on butter and sweets by half. That's easy. For with your stomach filled with other foods, you will never miss them.

4 to 7 Pounds Gone in Week

If you are a normally overweight person, you may show a weight difference of as much as three pounds first day. For the Jad Salts in themselves will reduce the *moisture-weight* of your body that much. For *remember, something over 70% of your total weight is moisture.* That puffy, "too tight-in-the-clothes" feeling you have will also go at once.

Then *eat well* of the foods outlined above. Soon you'll be free from the embarrassment of being called "fat". And do it all *on a full stomach.* Your health, too, will be better. You'll feel peppier than you have for years.

Ask Your Doctor

If in doubt about the safety of this way, ask your doctor. Show him this article. He will tell you it is safe. For it performs two necessary and important functions:

The Jad Salts clear the intestinal tract and system of the excessive toxins most fat people have.

The change in diet—*the filling of the stomach to its limit* with foods that turn to strength and energy instead of fat—decreases the weight day by day. The salts clear the system and cut moisture-weight. *The change in food takes off the fat. Clip this out for the diet. You can get the Jad Salts at any drug store.

*Note particularly—the salts are urged purely as a poison-banishing agent—not as a reducing. The change in food does the work.

INCHES OFF

Neck

Bust

Stomach

Hips

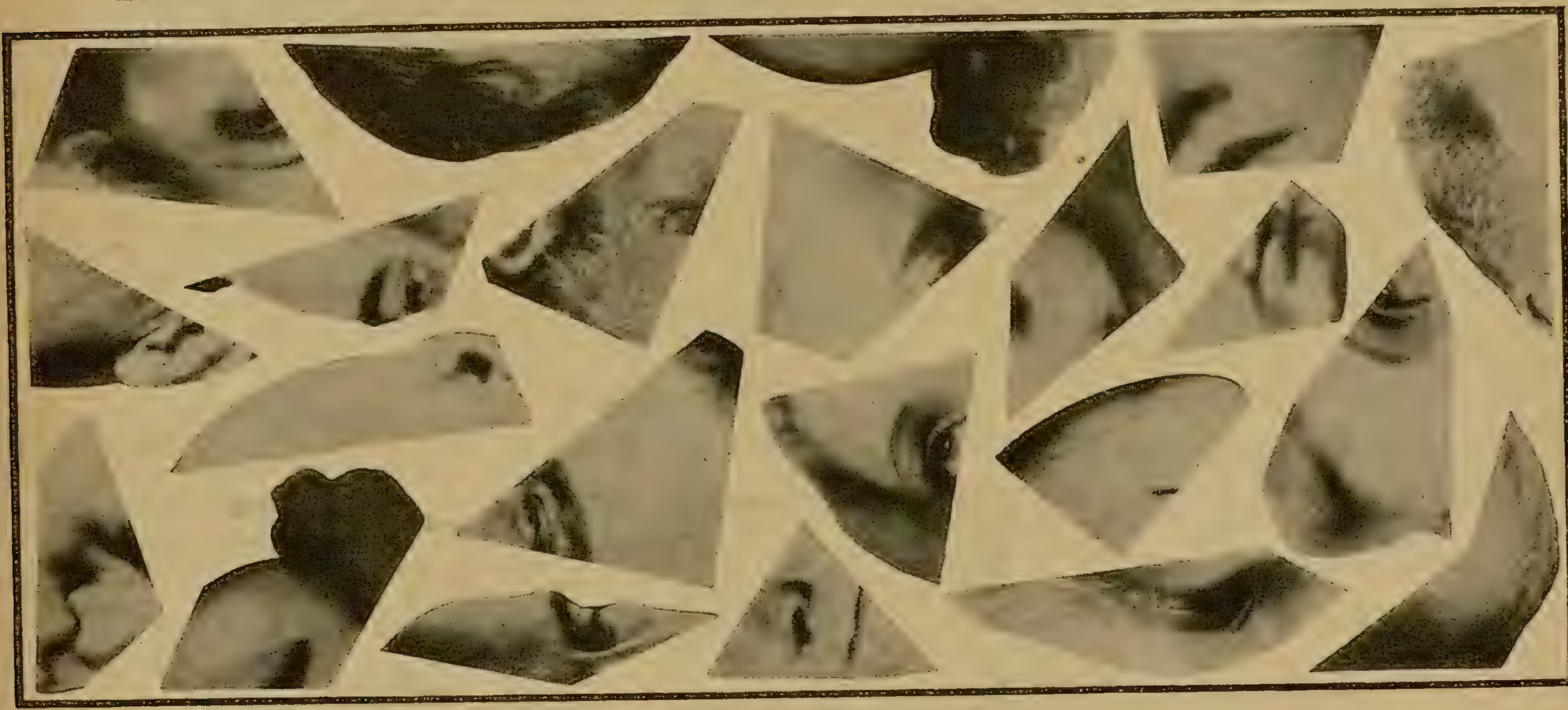
on a

Full Stomach

Here's the Final Liberty Jig-Saw Puzzle for $5,000 *in* CASH PRIZES

Send in your solutions today!

ANOTHER BIG CONTEST STARTS NEXT WEEK



THE three pictures contained in this week's puzzle complete the contest set of thirty. After you have them correctly assembled and identified and your set is complete, Liberty suggests again that you read the rules carefully before you file your entry. This is your final chance to make sure that you have complied with all the requirements. In order to judge with impartiality and exactness, the judges can consider only those entries that comply with every condition.

Make sure that yours is among them. Don't neglect to attach your seventy-five-word letter with your set of pictures.

Announcement of the winners will appear in the earliest possible issue. Allowing two or three weeks for judging and another five weeks for printing and distributing the issue, you may expect that the big news will be made public in one of the January issues.

In the meantime, Liberty invites you to profit in another big $5,000 contest beginning next week.

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

First Prize	$1,000
Second Prize	500
Third Prize	100
8 Fourth Prizes, each $50, total	400
300 Fifth Prizes, each $10, total	3,000
311 Prizes . . . . . Total	$5,000

The RULES

1—Each week for ten weeks Liberty has published a jig-saw puzzle comprised of the pictures of people who have been, or now are, prominent in the news of the day and whose pictures are frequently seen in newspapers, magazines, and elsewhere.

2—Each week's puzzle when cut apart and correctly assembled will result in three separate and complete pictures.

3—Write plainly, or print, the name of the person it portrays below each picture.

4—Save all solutions until you have a complete set of thirty pictures identified.

5—Then write one letter of not more than seventy-five words, by which each entry must be accompanied, telling " What I most admire about the character of one of the persons I have identified in this contest."

6—You need not purchase Liberty nor cut out the printed puzzles in order to compete. You may trace the puzzles from the magazine and assemble your solutions from the copies you have made. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

7—When you have your complete set of thirty pictures identified, attach your seventy-five-word letter and send by first-class mail to JIG-SAW, LIBERTY WEEKLY, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

8—All entries must be received before the close of business Friday, November 27, 1931.

9—For the set of solutions most nearly correct accompanied by the best letter Liberty will award $1,000 ; for the next best, $500 ; for the next best, $100, etc., according to the accompanying cash prize schedule.

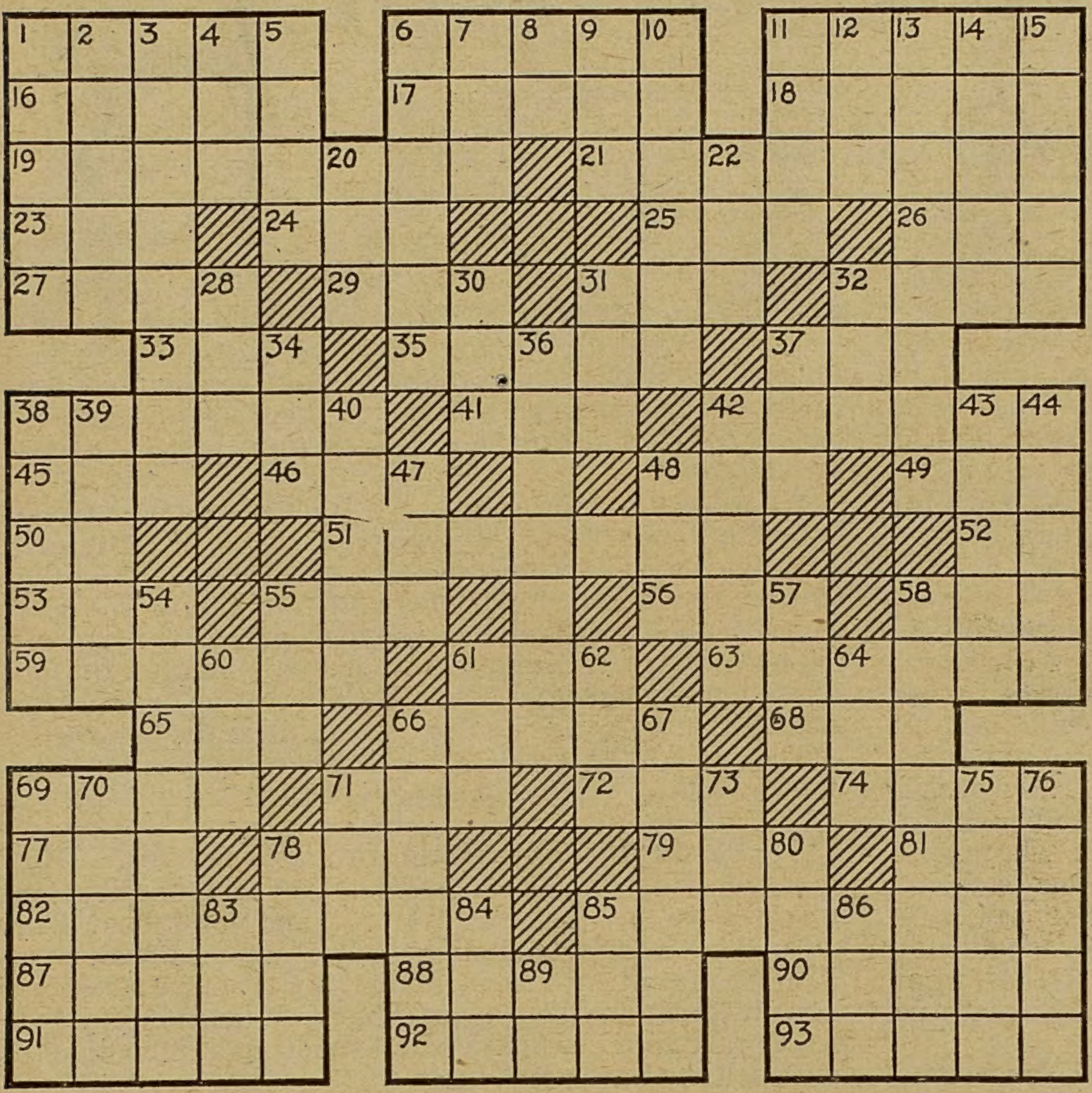
10—The judges will be appointed by Liberty Magazine. By entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. No entries can be returned nor can we enter into any correspondence relative thereto. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

11—Announcement of awards will be made in the earliest issue of Liberty Magazine compatible with careful and accurate judging.

Great news for amateur photographers! Beginning next week $5,000 cash prize Home Life Snapshot Contest pays easy money!

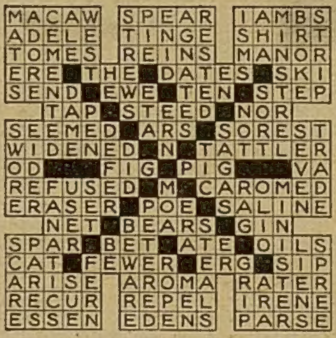
Cross Words

A New Puzzle



HORIZONTAL

1 Chinese weight
6 Thick sweet liquid
11 An ostiole
16 Obliterate
17 River in England
18 Command
19 Unworried
21 A people of ancient Greece
23 Woman's name
24 Bind
25 Greek letter
26 One of a Mongoloid tribe of Burma
27 River in Russia
29 Appropriate
31 River (Spanish)
32 Darkens; dulls
33 Supply with weapons
35 Progenitors
37 Owns
38 Gait of a horse
41 Vim (colloquial)
42 Long for
45 Fishes
46 A game at marbles
48 A cap
49 A bean
50 Perform
51 Book factory
52 Note of the scale
53 Period
55 A morsel
56 Aye
58 Yellow ocher
59 Ceased from action
61 Metal-bearing mass
63 Place emphasis on
65 Seed envelope
66 Hurls
68 A tuber
69 Vomit
71 Flying mammal



```
MACAW SPEAR IAMBS
ADELE TINGE SHIRT
TOMES REINS MANOR
ERE■THE■DATES■SKI
SEND■EWE■TEN■STEP
  TAP■STEED■NOR  
SEEMED■ARS■SOREST
WIDENED■N■TATTLER
OD■■■FIG■PIG■■■VA
REFUSED■M■CAROMED
ERASER■POE■SALINE
  NET■BEARS■GIN  
SPAR■BET■ATE■OILS
CAT■FEWER■ERG■SIP
ARISE AROMA RATER
RECUR REPEL IRENE
ESSEN EDENS PARSE
```

Answer to last week's puzzle

72 Succor
74 Present
77 Melody
78 Pernicious
79 Beverage
81 Digit
82 Conquered
85 Flowering plant
87 Close by
88 Fresher
90 A dance
91 French sculptor
92 Abounds
93 Gibe; jeer

VERTICAL

1 A nut
2 Sultan's decree
3 Company of desert travelers (plural)
4 Employment
5 Departed
6 Immerses
7 Ill temper
8 Note of the scale
9 Woman's name
10 Genus of ferns
11 Performed alone
12 Prefix: three
13 Harem slaves
14 River in Siam
15 Unaccented part of a foot (Greek prosody)
20 Long narrow inlet
22 Exclamation
28 Craft
30 Gratuity
31 Corded fabric
32 Man's nickname
34 Joined
36 Extracts by melting
37 A son of Noah
38 A beverage
39 Worship
40 Extremely violent
42 A former President
43 Genus of mollusks
44 Former English coins
47 Humorist
48 Essay
54 Slandered
55 Couch
57 Inclosure
58 Half a tone
60 Coarse part of flax
61 Cereal grain
62 Greek letter
64 Tatter
66 Having rhythmic fall
67 Oriental guitars
69 An island of the Philippine group
70 Musical instrument
71 Exclude
73 Moisture
75 A smithy
76 Meaning
78 Town in Indiana
80 Coins of an Asiatic country
83 A Siamese
84 River in Scotland
85 Border; margin
86 Chinese dynasty
89 Pronoun

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

BOYS TRAIN BOOK FREE

Greatest Values
Most Fun Features·COMPARE
American Flyer Trains

Write today for the colored catalog and see the big new steam and electric type trains that *outpull all others*—New trains as low as $5.50. Fun making automatic signals, Stations, Bridges, Tunnels, etc.

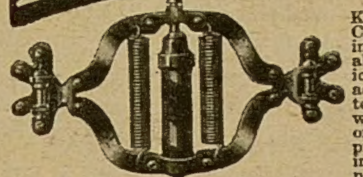
Get the catalog and *compare*—American Flyers cost less, yet lead in fun making features, speed, size, realism and number of pieces included. You want the best, only an American Flyer will do.

DADS, *too, make railroading a hobby*

American Flyer Mfg. Co.,
2232S.Halsted St., Chicago.
Send Free Train Book.
Name..............................
Address..............................
....

American Flyer Trains

Stop Slamming Doors
EARN UP TO $15 Daily!



Kant-Slam Door Check is an amazing new invention that closes all doors silently and automatically. Closing speed easily adjusted by turning screw at top of check. Holds door open when wanted open. Operates on new oil principle. Low priced. Everlasting. Easily installed in 10 minutes. Never needs attention.

A REAL DEMONSTRATOR Furnished Every Agent
You get orders quickly demonstrating actual sample on easy to carry miniature door. Every office, factory, store, institution and public building needs a Kant-Slam for every door. Rush name and address for details of amazing money-making opportunity.
FREE Demonstrator to Workers
KANT-SLAM DOOR CHECK CO., Dept. S-61 Bloomfield, Ind.

Print Your Own
Cards, Stationery, Circulars, Advertising, etc. Save money. Print for others, big profit. Junior Press, $5.90. Job press $11 up, Power $149. Easy rules sent. Write for free catalog with all details. The KELSEY Co., Y-19, Meriden, Conn.

WANT A STEADY JOB?
Work for "Uncle Sam"
$1260 to $3400 Year
MEN—WOMEN 18 to 50. Common Education usually sufficient. Short hours. Vacation with full pay. Write immediately for free 32-page book, with list of positions and full particulars telling how to get them.
FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. K223 - Rochester, N. Y.

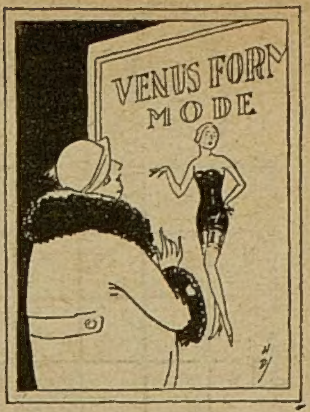
MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME
YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

To the Ladies!

By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

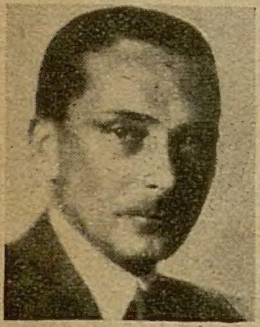
linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion.



(Reading time: 5 minutes 20 seconds.)

RED looks better on blondes than on brunettes! The "cocktail dress" is now our most important garment! Exotic perfumes are *out!* This inside information comes to me straight from the lips of breezy, cheerful M. Lucien Lelong, one of the all-powerful dictators of Paris fashiondom. M. Lelong is in New York for a few weeks. I've just met him, and of course I've been asking him all sorts of clothes questions.

Here are some of the things he told me:



Lucien Lelong

"Women belong to one type or another according to *size* and *shape*. Their coloring is not the chief classification. You cannot pick any certain color and say that it suits all blondes or all brunettes. It may look well on big ones, unbecoming on little ones. Generally speaking, red is rarely suited to brunettes.

"I believe that women who try to gain a romantic appearance by wearing old-time period styles are mistaken in so doing. They should *be* romantic in themselves if they want to look romantic. Only then will the effect be genuine.

"To dress really well, a woman must *know herself*. How?" M. Lelong shrugs an eloquent French shoulder. "She either has the instinct, or she hasn't."

The best way any woman can learn about her own clothes personality, he tells me, is by having at least one dress designed for her under the analytical eye of some really top-notch mode maker. The judgments of the expert she can then apply to all she wears.

"Never wear ornate velvet or lamé frocks before 5 P. M.," rules M. Lelong. "Then comes the hour for the cocktail or speakeasy dress, which is now as important as any item in the wardrobe. Six inches off the ground for the speakeasy dress. Twelve for day dresses. No elaborate accessories at any time, day or night."

At the age of forty-two, M. Lelong is one of the world's greatest dress authorities. Twenty years ago he started his style house with two thousand borrowed dollars. Today it fills a nine-story Paris building, keeps twelve hundred employees busy—including the boss and his artistic wife, the former Princess Natalie Paley, daughter of a Russian grand duke. M. Lelong's private distinctions are his war decorations—the Croix de Guerre and the Legion of Honor—and his prowess at golf. Decidedly a man's man.

No wonder he says, "Nothing exotic. No heavy perfumes."

Sport, he declares, and the growing cult of the body are the greatest of present style influences. Athletic forms call for clothes that reveal their fine lines. Sleek and svelte, my dear—that's the order.

"A GOOD anæsthetist has to be a first-class entertainer," says Dr. Elmer H. Stumpf, expert pain killer at the Millard Fillmore Hospital, Buffalo, New York.

The mental state of a patient undergoing an operation is of the greatest importance, Dr. Stumpf told me. Your convalescence will be quickened if you're calm and cheerful when the surgeon carves you up. Fright or worry has the opposite effect.

"It's up to the anæsthetist to get the patient into the right frame of mind," Dr. Stumpf explained. "An amusing and sympathetic line of talk does the trick—especially with girls. Men often prefer to be left alone. Sometimes just a sympathetic pat on the shoulder is the best reassurance to give them. Others need their attention distracted from the ordeal by light talk about sport or business."

We women are different. We don't like to be left alone before an operation. We want attention. Plenty of it! And the more talk the better. Travel talk, humorous stories, talk about our homes and families if we're very domesticated. Fifteen years' experience at this merciful job has given Dr. Stumpf extraordinary insight into pre-operation psychology. The development of mental treatment for surgery has endless possibilities, he believes.

The time may come when hospital operating rooms will use talkies and radio as part of their equipment.

DINTY is a bright little English terrier. Dinty belongs to some London friends of mine, and he loves bones. Just say the word "bone" and you'll hear Dinty bark. That's natural enough. But Dinty has been mystifying the family of late by displaying the most extraordinary interest in American crime. Whenever he hears people talk about gangsters and shooting and bootleggers and such, he barks furiously.

Now, why should he do that? The riddle bothered Dinty's master so profoundly that he started a thorough investigation. And what do you think the solution was? It was Al Capone. They always bring up Al's name when discussing American crime in England. They pronounce it as rhyming with *alone*. That's what makes Dinty bark. He thinks "Capone" means "bone"!

THE recent sign-language divorce between a deaf-mute wife and husband in Brooklyn recalls to my mind a story told to me by George Bernard Shaw about St. John Ervine, the noted English playwright and critic.

Mr. Ervine, said Mr. Shaw, was brought up as a child by deaf-mute relatives. He lived a strange life, conversing in sign language at home, attending a deaf-mute church. And it was his mischievous delight, says Mr. Shaw, to sing improper songs at the top of his lungs while the unhearing congregation did hymns on their fingers.

TWO books worth reading: American Beauty, by Edna Ferber (Doubleday, Doran); and Katrin Becomes a Soldier, a German Alsatian girl's story of the war, by Adrienne Thomas (Little, Brown).

SEVERAL of my readers have been clamoring for Hungarian recipes, so I'm going to tell you how to make genuine goulash exactly as the peasants of Hungary make it in their quaint old cottages along the banks of the Theiss.

Fry 2 large sliced onions in 2 tablespoons butter till golden brown, then sprinkle with 2 teaspoons paprika. Cut 3 pounds chuck steak into two-inch pieces and soak in cold water. Shake the meat fairly dry and lay it on the onions in a heavy saucepan. Dust with pepper and salt, close the pan tightly, and simmer very slowly. Goulash *must not* boil. Add a couple of tablespoons warm water occasionally to prevent burning. After an hour and a half add enough warm water to barely cover the meat and lay five or six peeled raw potatoes on top. Cover the pan again, increase the heat slightly, and cook another half hour.

? ? ? ?

WHICH is America's *Best Read Weekly?*

Announcing An Entirely New Kind of Reader Interest Survey . . .

No Reader Votes . . . No Expressions of Opinion . . .

Merely A Tabulation of Exactly *WHAT* HAS BEEN READ . . .

In The 3,789 Copies of 6 Consecutive Issues of the 4 Mass Weeklies Found Among 15,000 Persons in 6 Cities In 6 States . . .

Conducted by Dr. George W. Gallup, Professor of Journalism and Advertising, Northwestern University . . .

Under the Observation of the Association of National Advertisers.

YOU can prove the difference in circulation of the 4 mass weeklies, through their latest A. B. C. reports.

But no report on circulation—or circulation *methods*—can prove the difference in reader interest, in *advertisement* circulation.

This announces an entirely different kind of report—going beyond even such worthy experiments as solicitations of reader opinion. Now available for the first time is an actual census of every editorial and advertising item that 3,789 readers saw or read in 6 consecutive issues of the 4 mass weeklies.

Dr. George W. Gallup, Professor of Journalism and Advertising at Northwestern University and his staff of trained interviewers made 15,000 calls at random in the cities of Springfield, Mass.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Greensboro, N. C.; Columbus, O.; Topeka, Kans.; and Sioux Falls, S. D.; during July and the first two weeks of August, 1931.

Persons found to possess a *current issue* of one or more of the 4 mass weeklies were conducted through their copy, page by page and asked to check *every item* that had been (1) seen or (2) read.

A representative of the Association of National Advertisers was present in the field during the studies in Philadelphia, Pa.; Greensboro, N. C.; and Columbus, O. House-to-house calls were made in company with investigators and the manner of interrogation was observed. Processes of collation and computation were noted.

Here are answers to such questions as: "Which magazine is read most intensely?" "In which magazine will my advertisement be seen and read by the greatest number of Men? Women?" "What is the relative value of Double Spreads? Pages? Half Pages? Double Columns? Single Columns?"

Because of the specialized nature of this report only a limited edition has been prepared. If your advertising plans contemplate the use of one of the 4 mass weeklies, we shall be pleased to have a representative personally deliver a copy of the report to you. Kindly address a letter—or the memo tab below—to Liberty, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

NAME____________________________

COMPANY____________________________

ADDRESS____________________________

CITY____________________________

STATE____________________________

Massage Ipana

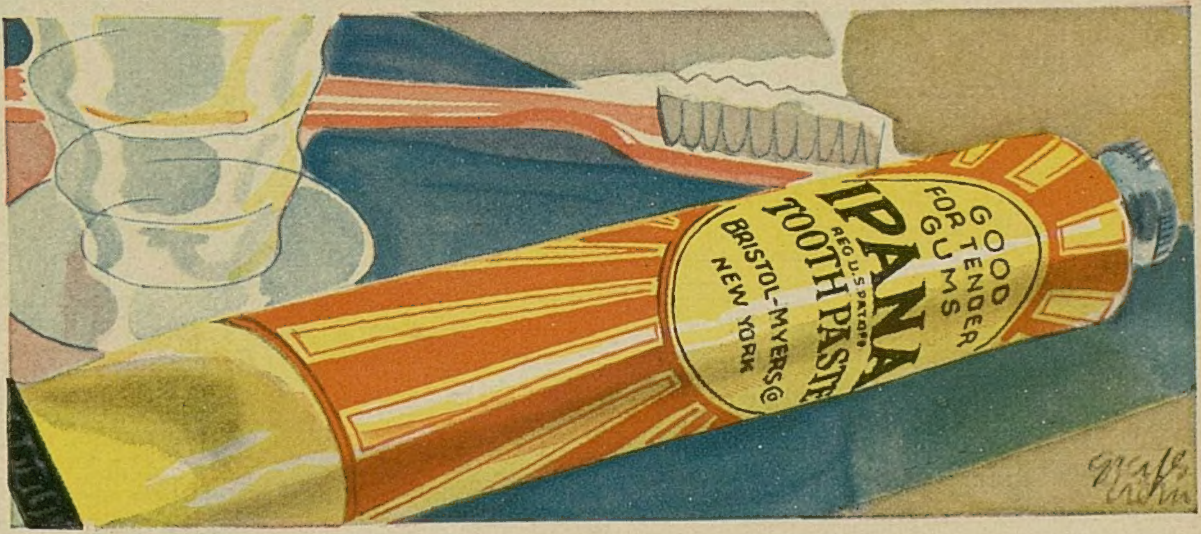
ON THOSE LAZY, TENDER GUMS !

NO MORE

pink

TOOTH BRUSH

The soft foods we eat rob our gums of the exercise needed for healthy hardness



SOME bright morning you'll awake to find that "pink tooth brush" has come to your house. And you'll have to decide whether you'll just drift along and bear it or whether you'll take some direct measures to put your gums in a hard and healthy condition.

• • •

Talk to your dentist first of all. Probably he'll answer you just like this, for this is the summary of the best dental opinion.

"Weak gums are the result of hasty eating and soft foods. Like all modern people of 1931 you have little choice in the matter of diet. You eat—and have eaten for years—easy-going foods that rob your gums of the exercise they need for healthy hardness. Sooner or later you'll probably discover 'pink tooth brush'! Don't get panicky about it but don't neglect that little touch of 'pink' on your tooth brush!

"True, you can probably clear it up with massage and a good agent like Ipana. But if you ignore it many serious troubles—such as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and the happily much rarer pyorrhea—can follow in its train.

"And 'pink tooth brush'—neglected too long—can lead to a loss of lustre of the teeth, and an infection at their roots. And *that*, of course, threatens teeth which today are sound and white."

• • •

Get Ipana, clean your teeth with it in the regular way. Then, after you've done that put a little bit of fresh Ipana on your brush and massage those lazy, inactive gums of yours. Wake them up! Give them the exercise and stimulation that modern food fails to provide. Firm their walls, increase their resistance.

Keep on, for 30 days, using Ipana and massage . . . Your teeth will be brilliantly white, your gums firm and healthy. And you'll see mighty little of "pink tooth brush" in the future.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. AB-111
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name..

Street..

City.......................... *State*..........